

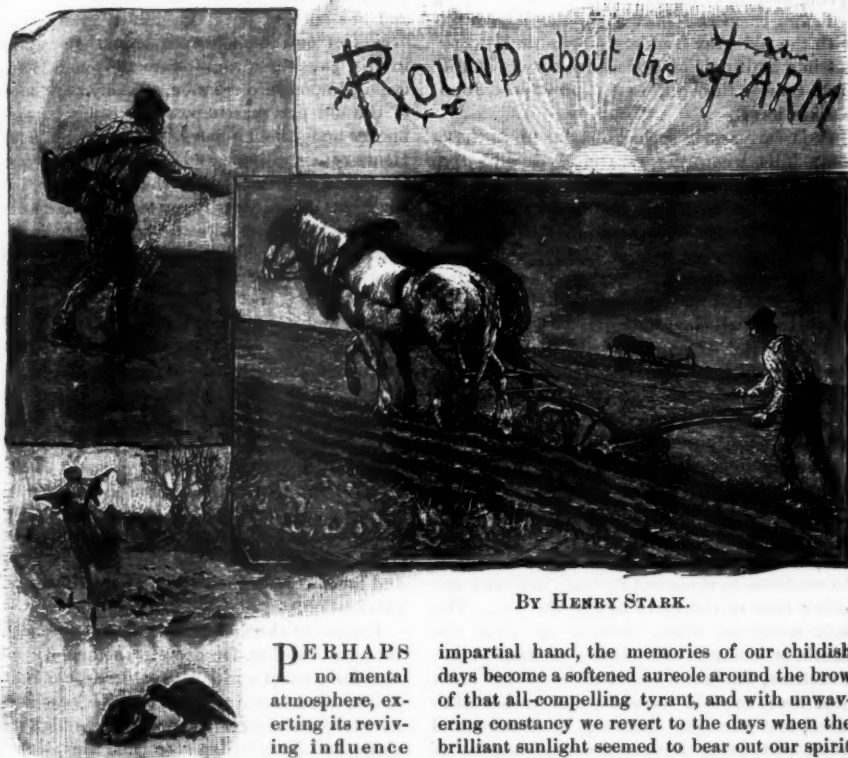


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BY HENRY STARK.

PERHAPS no mental atmosphere, exerting its reviving influence over our lives,

possesses so potent a power as the sweet, faint aroma of the scenes in that wonderful realm of childhood, from whose misty kingdom we emerge into a world of hard facts and harder natures. On the young and impressible imagination of the little creature thus newly come from unseen lands, the first influences of the world around him stamp his future with an ineradicable mark; happy, then, the child whose first surroundings are those of peace and beauty, life dealing thus gently with the tender spirit, until the mind and heart has learned a little how to fight on the glorious battle-field of Liberty and Right.

As Time sifts down his reminders with an
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impartial hand, the memories of our childish days become a softened aureole around the brow of that all-compelling tyrant, and with unwavering constancy we revert to the days when the brilliant sunlight seemed to bear out our spirit in a chain of golden links to the blue infinity around and above us, and we lived in a world of wonderful beings, Cyclopean monsters, beneficent fairies, caves of glittering stalactites, and hoards of gleaming jewels; when each small flower caused an ecstasy of delight by its exquisite coloring and delicate fibre, and the running murmur of the brook told of deep, ferny recesses from which first issued the crystal drops; when the sweet, wild notes of the bird in the deep woods, mingling with the aromatic odor of the trees and spicy fragrance of the sweet-fern, made life seem one grand paean of rejoicing and praise, and no stone or bush or stick was too small or mean to show in itself the beautiful garment of the living God.

With what delight does the weary merchant in his dusty office, brightened solely by the artificial light of the city gas, drop his tired head on his hand, as some delicate touch upon the infinitesimally small connecting line between his past and present life recalls to him the vision of the old farm far up among the rugged New England hills; and the scholar in his study drops his pen and looks back through the vistas of the past as the airy spirits of the spring peep in at his window.

Before them rises once again the lofty hills, with the old gray boulders of granite peeping out in a multitude of places, "the bones of the earth coming through," as that prose poet, John Ruskin has it.

It is early, early spring, and far up in those same hills, when they are clothed with the warm, close garment of pine and fir-trees, little patches of snow still nestle away in shady places, and lingering arbutus may be had for the looking, spicy buds of beauty giving unstintingly their treasures to those who long for them, and fulfilling the end for which they were created with all their energies.

The spirit of the spring is abroad, indeed—the very spirit of the resurrection—and the stream of life rolls on in one vast tidal wave that embraces all things in its grand sweep, not with death-dealing intent, but uplifting and up-bearing on its waters the great fleet of Creation that sails down the tide of Infinity.

The trees tremble and feel the restless movement of the season, their stiff old branches relax, and each tiny twig swells and holds itself in readiness to throw out its leafy buds with another turn of the earth nearer the sun. The soft southwest wind, blowing up from the south, is laden with secrets of unspeakable sweetness, the brown bosom of the mother earth lies ready to yield its sustenance to her children, and the scars inflicted by harrow and plow will bring forth a generous harvest of support for all. The tolling horses themselves breast the hillside with hearty tugs and pulls against the stubborn glebe; the bright plow turns up on either side the rich brown loam, floating out on the air the fresh, clean smell of the new earth, and the emerald green of the young grass contrasts in the perfect beauty of nature's arrangement.

Finally comes the sower, who, with lavish hands casting his precious burden far and wide over all the land, waits with trust trust the time of harvest with that unconscious faith in the God of the universe that each of us exhibits unthinkingly, when we plan for the morrow, or lie down on our bed at night all helpless and unconscious.

But the birds, that merry army of nature's workmen, will claim their share with chattering and piping, with quarreling and love-making, and with perfect faith in the helplessness of yonder scarecrow, "tatterboyert," in the canny Scotch tongue, that stretches its rugged skirts and arms to every flutter of the wind. Ah! these birds of the nineteenth century, they know too much to believe in the "tatterboyert" any longer, for with quick, hopping steps, and saucy upliftings of one bright eye, they chirp and chatter and peck the golden grain at the very foot of the monstrous thing. Sometime in the past these same scarecrows must have imposed upon bird creation, as many an opinion of the old past has imposed its restraining influence upon the human being, but with experience comes wisdom, and, as with humanity, so may it be with the birds of the present day, and traditions in bird-life may run to the effect that, in the long ago, some ancestor was greatly frightened by an horrid appearance set up in his accustomed haunts, but failing to work the expected ruin, it was gradually robbed of all its terrors, and now the feathered friends of God and man play and sing and eat their feast nay, even at times use it as a resting-place. Think of the vast army of busy birds making ready for the housekeeping and family experiences of the coming year—each a new and fresh event in their lives.

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;

In the spring the wanton lap-wing gets himself another crest;"

and love becomes the burden of the life-song of all creation.

But not in the visible universe alone is all of the stir of spring, for deep in the under-world, that dark, warm world, with its infinite varieties of life, filters down through the rich loam alternate layers of mild rain and warming yellow sunshine, and far-reaching roots and tiny, thread-like fibres quiver and stir as the magnetic touch of the resurrection hand is laid upon them, as well as upon the blind chrysalis and grub wrapped in its cobweb casing and its horny shell. Slowly stirs the mole from his winter's sleep, and the field-mouse cautiously thrusts his little head, with its large ears, out from his front door to greet the spring once more, and the glittering little snakes glide out from their torpor and warm themselves into new life upon the rough, gray stones on the warm hillside.

All the world, from the languid South to the ice-bound country of the extreme North, responds to the blithe call, and joins in the gay madrigal of the springtime. Barn doors are thrown wide open, and the long-pent-up cattle

lot loose to roam through the fields of tender, juicy grass, rich with promise of the honey-laden clover blossom. Those sun-traps, the buttercups and dandelions, are fast spreading their golden meshes among the grass, and the lilac-blossoms are growing into their perfect beauty, each sunray setting the earth's development forward one step more, and each turn of the earth on its axis is bringing it nearer its life-giving, central orb, the sun.

Let him, who has not faced habitually the handwriting of the Great Creative Power watch the first small movements of the spring; let him watch that line of trees stretching up their bare branches against the clear horizon in a tracery more delicate than produced by the pencil of a cunning artist. At first they will but thicken a little, and then the blue sky will no longer be seen quite so clearly, and each warm, bright day they will swell a little, and then a little more, until the buds show at last in delicate tones of color, and a few weeks later on the green will feather out into its lovely woodland dress.

But in no place is the crowning work of the spring-spirit shown as in the orchard or the farm. Here has been showered his choicest gifts. The pear and cherry trees, like exquisite white souls that have never been touched by earthly stain, stand robed in perfect purity, while the blushing pink and white blossoms of the apple trees are as the face of an innocent bride adorned to meet her bridegroom; thus they stand, drenching the balmy air in a bath of delicious odors. Beneath the trees, the genii of the spring has cast the tremulous, translucent shadows, at no time to be found save in the early season, shadows that only hint at obscuration, shadows that but tone down and soften the brilliant sunlight, shadows that dance and glide from place to place, like some swift, living creature; whilst overhead, the white clouds sail and dip, like ships afloat on a cerulean ocean. Here and there amid the grass of

the orchard nestles the brave little crocus, in its gay purple and yellow and white dress, dancing into summer over the snows of winter; and the trailing vines of the woods creep over the rough stone walls that compass round about the old farm, like green rivers with innumerable tributaries. And when the earth has turned her face from the sun, then the voices of the night arise in a serenade of pathetic sweetness, and from far-off pools and ponds sounds the musical whistling of the frogs, almost cheating us into the belief that the great god Pan still lives and pipes upon his reeds. There is nothing more charming than to hear through the soft darkness of the cool spring night the plaintive song of these little creatures; it is a very idyl, and has stirred the heart of the great King Solomon on his throne, for he bursts forth in Eastern imagery in his wonderful song of praise and love: "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;" for, indeed, it is supposed that the voice of the turtle of Solomon was nothing more nor less than the song of the juvenile frog. What a lover of nature was that magnificent Israelitish King, not of the terrors and lightnings of Sinai, but of its soft and tender aspects!

And this is the story that the spring-spirits told the tired merchant and serious scholar as he peeped in on them, and from this glimpse of the Past they arose and took up their work again, strengthened to face their Future, feeling a full accord in their hearts with a certain scholar and poet, who says, in his own beautiful language, that "everywhere, in one form or another—underground, dissolving minerals for the sucking rootlets—mounting through a million secret tubes inside young stems and solid trees—descending from the skies in sunshine and in showers—riding on the rivers—comes Spring, the savior-season, in the gladness of the resurrection."

ALMOND-BLOSSOM.

BLOSSOM of the almond trees,
April's gift to April's bees,
Birthday ornament of spring,
Flora's fairest daughterling;—
Coming when no flowerets dare
Trust the cruel outer air.
When the royal king-cup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold,
And the sturdy blackthorn spray
Keeps his silver for the May;—
Coming when no flowerets would,
Save thy lowly sisterhood,
Early violets, blue and white,

Dying for their love of light—
Almond-blossom, sent to teach us
That the spring days soon will reach us,
Lest, with longing over-ried,
We die as the violets died—
Blossom, clouding all the trees
With thy crimson 'broidery,
Long before a leaf of green
On the bravest bough is seen—
Ah! when winter winds are swaging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a tree in every bell,
Almond-bloom, we greet thee well.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

POTATOES boiled with the skins on can be cooked over to be far better than at first. Those intended for the next morning's breakfast should be removed from the kettle when about two thirds done and set away until the following morning, after the skins have been taken off. If the potatoes are cooked until fully done, they will be too crummy and mealy to cook over well, and the same trouble will be experienced if the potatoes do not stand until perfectly cold and solid.

After these preliminary preparations the

potatoes may be gotten up in a number of ways. The foundation of all the recipes is plain, warmed-over potatoes, made by cutting the cold potatoes into small, chunky pieces, none as large as an inch square. After cutting, season with pepper and salt; place in a pan enough butter to cover the bottom of it when melted; as soon as it begins to brown, turn in the potatoes, pour over them a little water, and cover closely to keep in the steam; after a few minutes remove the lid, and fry until the potatoes are a light brown.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.



BRASS REPOUSSE WORK.

BRASS REPOUSSE WORK.—Hammered or repoussé brasswork has now become a recognized artistic occupation for ladies, and is likely to

prove remunerative as well, if carried out with taste and skill. It is already practiced with very satisfactory results by numbers of ama-

teurs, and the scope of art brasswork for decorative purposes has been considerably extended since its first introduction some years ago.

There are several methods of working sheet brass into relief designs. Among them the best and most popular are the work on lead and on pitch, the technicalities of which we briefly recapitulate. It is well for beginners to practice first on lead, as it is a less yielding material than pitch, and false strokes can be more easily corrected. A sheet of lead about half an inch in thickness is firmly fixed to a square block of wood two and a half to three inches thick, and made perfectly smooth, and after the brass, with the sketch of the design, has been screwed on to the lead, first, all the outlines are gone over with a sort of blunt chisel called a tracer, and by gentle strokes of the hammer impressed on the metal. The tracer is guided by the left hand, while the right hand wields the hammer. Each blow with the hammer ought to be smartly struck to get the tracer along, tempering at the same time the stroke by a peculiar movement of the wrist, which can only be acquired by practice. Should the worker break the line he must start again about a quarter of an inch backward to prevent the line becoming jagged. Special care must be taken to keep the tracer, which is made of several sizes, well under control, to prevent its slipping about, so as to produce ragged edges. More or less curved tracers are used for outlining leaves, feathers of birds, and similar devices. Concave punches, of various sizes are used for the centres of flowers, and whenever a perfect circle or segment of it are required. Bluntly pointed tools, called picks or mats, are employed for the matting of the background, for shading, clouds, etc. In handling the picks, which are of various thicknesses, care must be taken to make the dots uniform and to place them at equal distances. The whole of the process on lead is done from the front, and answers very well for simple designs and all kinds of ordinary work, such as finger plates small panels, trays, etc.

More complicated designs in repoussé work are done on a bed of pitch, which has been prepared in a pan or deep tray of block tin, a metal the weight of which insures the necessary stability. The pan ought to be larger than the brass plate, which is to be fixed in it, and the composition wherewith to fill it can be procured from a professional brassworker; although an amateur can make his own composition, the process of combining the pitch, Russian tallow, and plaster of Paris is uncertain in inexperienced hands, and the result unsatisfactory. The brass, with the four corners hammered down, is embedded in the pitch as long as the top layer of the composition is in a semi-fluid state, and the tracing of the outlines, as well as the matting of the background, are done from the front, as on lead. If the work is finished so far, the sheet is removed from the pitch-bed by warming the brass over a spirit lamp, and then again fixed to the pitch, face downward. The parts of the design that require raising are then hammered out with the aid of round and oval repoussé tools. This part of the work requires great experience and long practice to be

accomplished satisfactorily. After this the brass is again removed from the pitch-bed and placed on a flat board to retrace the outline of those parts that require setting, and finally the bent corners flattened with a wooden mallet. If the finished work is required to be lacquered or highly polished, it must be sent to a brass-finisher; but a satisfactory appearance may be likewise obtained by first warming the brass well and then rubbing it thoroughly with rotten-stone and oil.

The foregoing general rules on hammered brasswork are only intended to teach beginners how to set about it. There are certain niceties in handling the tools which cannot be explained, but can only be taught by a professional worker and learned by practice.

FANCY WORK.—Perforated cloth is now sold to be worked in cross-stitch patterns, without the trouble of tacking canvas over the material to be ornamented and pulling away the threads. This is called "veiling work." The cloth is covered all over with small perforations just large enough to form a cross-stitch from one to the other. The work is easy and quickly done. Embroidery silks are used, and an ordinary needle—the pattern carried out in several colors. "Veiling" is applied to cushions, table-cloth-borders, curtain-borders for windows and fireplaces, and many other purposes.

Painted milking-stools are now used in drawing-rooms for putting beside five-o'clock-tea guests, in order that they may have a resting-place for their cups; but they are also used for seats, the tops covered with satin, padded and tufted with large buttons, and have ribbon bows on one leg.

The chief novelties in drawing-room pincushions are small bellows, made in cardboard, covered with satin, or a doll dressed as an undergraduate, in cap and gown, and a wheelbarrow made after the same order, the cushion being located inside the barrow. One of the newest ideas is a tiny wooden sabot converted into a pincushion, being stuffed inside. A perambulator is also adapted to a work case, reels of cotton forming the wheels. A large silk, satin, or plush sack is a good notion for a pincushion.

A novelty for those who are artistic is painting on brass. Plaques and a variety of articles have been specially prepared. Oil colors are used with a happy result. For those who cannot draw there is painting on ground glass. Luxoleum is the new name for a new art; figures, birds, landscapes, and water pieces can be produced. It is only necessary to select a suitable copy and to place the glass over it—this is ground on one side and plain on the other; the latter should be next the copy. The ground side is damped with a special medium, that the outline and colors may show more clearly through. The outline is first painted over and then the whole picture. No knowledge of drawing is necessary, and the coloring is, of course, made easy by the copy being under it. The design can, if desired, be leaded, giving the appearance of panes; and the new work is admirable for windows and screens. Special colors, mediums, and varnish are needed.

ORNAMENTAL COVERS FOR PIANOFORTE KEYS.—These serve to keep out the dust, and every one who can play at all knows the advantage of a well-dusted piano and how prejudicial this said dust is to the notes. Handsome pieces of embroidery are now to be seen on keys; a specially handsome one was recently exhibited on the keys of a piano. It is made of white satin and plush. On the satin was worked a flowing geometrical pattern in gold thread, and in the middle, in black and white silks, a music scroll. The lines and spaces were marked out in the fine black (or dark blue) silk, and a few notes were put between them. The whole had a border of an inch and a half in width in white plush all around. Other key-covers not so difficult to make and with nearly as handsome an effect, are all plush of a color to correspond or contrast with the piano-back and the colors in the drawing-room. Along this a pretty spray of flower or fruit is worked in creweil silks, such as a black or dark-colored plush and a spray of Virginian-creeper leaves. Bramble-leaves, berries, and fruit have a beautiful effect on pale blue or green plush.

If neatness and quaintness are preferred to more elaborate embroidery, repeat the black notes on white satin with black velvet. Those ladies who would like a motto better than any other design will find many suitable for the purpose. Quilted satin is rich and handsome, and requires, after the quilting is once done, but little dainty work. Most of the covers are only laid along the top of the keys, and are the exact size of them; a strip could, however, easily be sewn along one side and fall over to protect the edge of the keys. Feathers tacked closely down are warm and soft-looking, especially if the colors and shades of color are properly arranged. For a school-room pianoforte, patch-work properly lined would have the same effect as the more fanciful drawing-room elegancies; or even colored flannel, lightly wadded—one layer only of wadding—may be made ornamental by means of a little embroidery in feather and other fancy stitches.

LADY'S SLIPPER (CROCHET).—Four skeins of double Berlin wool (eight-fold), black, cardinal, violet, or blue; six small skeins of single Berlin to match; one skein of pale-gold, thick Dacca silk, filoselle, or narrow silk braid. Straight hook, as for tricot, to fit the wool—not too large, as this stitch, if for slippers, must be worked close and firm.

The stitch is a kind of double tricot, and is

worked in the same way; but the wool is *always* put round the hook *before* taking up two loops, and again to draw it through these two loops; in going back it is always drawn through three loops.

The Toe.—First bar: make ten chain, miss one, wool round the hook, draw through the next, wool round the hook; take up in this way nine stitches from the chain—there will be ten with the first loop on the hook. Go back, wool round the hook, draw through three loops every time. 2d bar: * Wool round the hook, take up two stitches, the straight one and the slanting one beyond it, draw the wool through these two, repeat from *. The last stitch must be taken up double, through to the back of it to make the edge firm. Go back, draw through three loops. 3d bar: Increase, wool round the hook, take up the little slanting stitch close to the loop on the hook. At the end of the bar, with the wool round the hook, take up a second time the slanting stitch of the one worked the last but one before the end. Go back, draw through three loops. 4th bar: Plain. Increase at both ends every other bar till eleven bars are worked, then do two plain bars between each increasing. There will be twenty-four stitches across the foot. In the 18th bar, work to six from the end and go back to eight from the beginning; then work eight and go back to the beginning of the bar.

Now work the side of the shoe upon eight stitches. There will be eight left for the front and eight for the other side. Work from forty-five to fifty bars, according to the length of the sole, taking care always to work the last stitch through to the back. Join this piece to the shoe with a large wool-needle, taking the edge stitch singly; then two stitches, first from one edge then from the other.

With the silk, work looped stars according to fancy—one on the toe, one on each side of this a little above, one in the middle below the rosette, and three continued at each side.

Sew the shoe to a double sole to the inside leather, hold the fluffy part nearest to you and take up the inside edge stitch, together with the loop above it. Work one tight row of double chain on the side piece (not across the front), taking up the inside loop at the edge.

The rosette is made of the single Berlin wool. Upon the end of the wool held in the left hand work sixty long crochet, turn, and between each of these do three chain, a single; turn, and do three chain and a single in the three chain of the last row. Draw this up tight to form an irregular rosette and sew it to the shoe.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

SOME HINTS ON ECONOMY IN DRESS.

ONE of the most difficult problems of the day, especially for ladies, is how to dress well without spending too much money—how to make best appearance at the least cost.

The maxim that in dress "the best is the

cheapest" is so old as to be almost trite, but it is nevertheless quite true. Dark stuffs, however, need to be of better quality than light ones. A very good rule for those ladies who are obliged to study economy is to confine themselves to one or two colors, as, for instance, black or blue or brown and white, so that one

set of ribbons, waistbands, etc., and one hat or bonnet, may be worn with two or more dresses. It is almost *de rigueur* for every one to possess a black costume and for every young person to have a white one, which is always new and fresh after being washed or cleaned. Good taste and a few dainty etceteras will suggest a good many changes and combinations even with only these two dresses, and if to them can be added a dark and a light brown or blue, the semblance of a tolerably extensive wardrobe can be managed. A tailor-made navy blue serge, with jacket bodice and waistcoat, is the best possible dress that any lady can wear for walking during the greater part of the year, and may be varied with one or two different waistcoats.

The success of tailor dresses is largely owing to the fact that they are made of the best wool stuffs, and, moreover, are plainly made. This should warn the amateur to avoid buying cheap woolen materials, as they are mixed with cotton, will soon look shabby, and will not endure a single shower. The well-made, all-wool gown, on the contrary, has an unmistakable air of style and fitness, to begin with, and looks none the worse after a season's wear and in spite of rough usage.

Rows of braid or passementerie frogs are put diagonally on the left side plaits of cloth and homespun dresses. Clasps of metal or of wood are also used on the sides of skirts by those who do not like large buttons.

Tailors outline with braid the curved seams on the back of basques and jackets which join the side forms to the middle forms. Two rows of braid are laid in a parallel curve on the seam, and finished near the armhole with three curved leaves.

A most important point in keeping an outdoor dress presentable for a very long time is being careful not to wear it indoors more than can possibly be helped. If each dress is kept ready to wear, with frilling in neck and sleeves or collar and cuffs, fastened in their right

places, very few minutes need be occupied in changing; and though it may with many be necessary to put on a good walking dress at breakfast time and wear it till nightfall, the custom of exchanging it for something lighter for the evening is not only civilized, but economical. An old velvet or velveteen is most valuable for this purpose throughout the winter, as none of its imperfections, short of actual holes, are visible by gas or candle light, and a lace fichu, and something of the same nature at the wrists, or, better still, the sleeves cut short at the elbow and finished off with a deep piece of lace, always make it look elegant and dressy. And by way of a word to the wise, here is a suggestion for those who cannot afford velvet, and shun velveteen as being heavy and clinging. Save all remnants of silk dresses and have the velveteen lined with them. It will look as good again, and will slip on and off with the greatest ease and always feel lissome and pleasant in wearing. For a thinner dress there is nothing like a good black net bodice and tunic worn over an old silk or satin skirt. It can be freshened up by ribbons of various colors, and is wonderfully tough and serviceable. Grenadine wears so quickly under the arms that, though very pretty and soft, it has disadvantages well-nigh insuperable where the purse is not well furnished.

A great deal of economy may be practiced in minor matters, though it sometimes involves some extra outlay in the first instance. The frilling that has long been so popular costs a great deal of money, and though it keeps clean for several days, is utterly useless when dirty. A few yards of real lace—Maltese, Torchon, or Valenciennes—bears washing a great many times (always supposing that it is done at home by a careful hand), does not show the mending which at length becomes inevitable, and when quilled into the dress with a strong white thread catching the plaits at the top to keep them in place, is more becoming and, in the long run, cheaper than any frilling.

THE RAMBLER.

THE inauguration of the Pratt Free Library, in Baltimore constitutes another source of knowledge that is presented to the public with unstinting hand. Boston is rich in these broad avenues of knowledge, New York also favored, Philadelphia, one of the very largest cities in the Union, to her shame, has not so far advanced at present, although a movement is on foot toward this end, and many other places also present, side by side with the two first-named cities, equal privileges to those who wish to avail themselves of them. There cannot be too many of them, when the deplorable inundation of ridiculous and demoralizing, if not absolutely vicious, literature, with which the youth of America is only too intimately acquainted, is taken into consideration. The question put to a bright, intelligent errand boy one day by the

writer, as they both stood at a news-stall on the corner of a street in one of our great cities, as to why he bought a five-cent novel of the typical kind described by such a title as *Zuleika*, or *the Crimson Hag of the Beetling Cliff*, or *Bonanza Bill*, both veritable names, brought out the answer, "that the rest were too dear for him to buy." Now this boy gave as good a promise of a respectable future as any other boy, decently clad, evidently belonging to respectable middle-class people, and employed in a position of trust by a good business firm; and yet this mental poison was being instilled drop by drop into his active mind, which was craving food that it might grow to maturity. Shall we give our children a stone when they cry to us for bread? And yet this is exactly what we are doing by permitting such publications to be

hawked about our streets and arrayed in tempting piles in conspicuous places to attract attention. Many a home has been made desolate, and untold agony inflicted upon the members of a once happy household, by this pernicious influence, and an honest, earnest man, a lieutenant of the police force in one of our large cities, said to the writer on an occasion of this kind, "There is hardly a week passes that we are not applied to by parents in search of their runaway children, who have, in most cases, been reading this cheap literature." Our girls, alas! those future mothers of the race—and, reader, stop for one moment and think what an immense power the mother wields in her household—are too often rendered unfit for every-day life by the strained and false views of life and its sacred relations that are clothed in what, to her untrained and immature intellect, is an attractive dress. New York city has the honor of starting a project to furnish cheap and good literature to the grasp of every one, and it has been proposed that there shall be issued a reprint of Lord Tennyson's writings, each issue containing a complete work of that poet, to be sold for—one penny. This is, indeed, a step in the right direction, but all such efforts will be rendered useless if the proper guardians of the young do not do their part. There should be a thorough waking up on this subject, parents and guardians keeping strict watch over the literature of their children, not intermittent, but steady, persistent, and, above all else, thorough. Examine the boy's breast-pocket in his coat or vest, search his bureau drawers, look among his school-books, and exercise the strictest watch over the book or pamphlet you see in your daughter's hands or under her pillow in the morning. Use every effort to create a pure standard of literature in the mind of a child, and ten to one that child comes out a victor in the struggle for the right. Give the children plenty of literary food, but see that you do not allow the mind to become poisoned, when you would shrink in horror from offering even a slight harm to the body, and the body is but the obedient servant of the mind, its master. Too much cannot be said upon this subject, nor can the importance of it be overestimated; "in season and out of season" it should be urged by parents and guardians, with a watchfulness that never sleeps and an earnestness that will carry weight with it. There is no reason why each little town and village should not possess a small free library, for there are always public-spirited people in every community who, with a little sound judgment as to ways and means best suited to their particular locality, and a little persistency in the carrying out of their plans, might institute a reform in this matter, and establish at a very small cost a library of good and entertaining reading for those who could not otherwise afford it. The books should be interesting and popular, but of sterling worth, and the reading-room made attractive by light, heat, and facilities for the readers; then throw open your doors to the people, and bid them freely enter and partake of the feast. It is easier in small communities than in large cities to reach the individual, and unlimited good

may be done in a thorough way, and as the circles caused by a stone cast into water widen indefinitely, so the good influences of such a thing will spread themselves far and wide from their original centre. Reader, this is but a hint, but it is worth a serious thought.

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Will the folly of mankind never cease, and will the race never learn from the experience of others? Hardly a week passes without some fatal accident being recorded by the daily journals caused by the stupid antics of a would-be wit, who calls the handling and joking with firearms fun. It is an old and trite subject, but, notwithstanding all that has been said and written in regard to it, with the awful consequences of this idiocy staring one in the face with the freshness of every-day occurrence the list keep on increasing, and such accidents are of daily record. Lately, an account published in the daily papers tells us of a young girl who, in the midst of entertaining her guest, a young man of her acquaintance, was shot dead by him, his sole explanation being that she had first pointed the weapon playfully at him, telling him "that she would show him how young ladies sometimes killed their recreant lovers," and he returned the jest in kind, except that in his case the pistol accidentally went off and killed his friend. Look this position well in the face; there were no witnesses, and though the jury almost unanimously agreed in exonerating him, and he had always borne a good character, the doubt will forever cast its dark shadow upon him, and the frame of mind of a man with such a burden to carry in his memory must be a far from enviable one. Is it worth while to fasten a murder upon one's conscience, to risk his peace of mind and the overshadowing of his life in a play only suitable to the pranks of a monkey?—to say nothing of the stupidity of the thing, for one cannot for their life see the least spark of fun or wit in the whole proceeding.

.

And yet the world does move, for instead of men fighting each other like wild beasts, and in lieu of claws and teeth employing cannon and the bayonet, it seems as though there was a remote prospect in the future of the world that there would be some other way found to settle differences of opinions and interests. The Philadelphia Press informs us of a recent important strike in a large mill in the northern part of that city, but, contrary to the usual story, we are refreshingly surprised by the account continuing in a totally different strain than is customary in such cases. The superintendent, a man who rendered himself obnoxious to the employees by his overbearing and unreasonable treatment of them, had been frequently complained of, but the head of the firm, having implicit confidence in him, left all the affairs of the mill in his hands, and the complaints were unheeded. Grievance after grievance was piled one on the other, until the load becoming unbearable, the hands determined to strike, as they had done before, but hesitated, as the severe lesson taught them previously by privation arose in their minds; therefore, relying upon

FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1886:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE No. 1.—MISSSES' TOILETTE.

FIGURE No. 1.—This consists of a Misses' basque

The basque shows a diagonal closing, which is

and skirt. Both patterns are in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. The basque pattern is No. 783 and costs 25 cents. The skirt pattern is No. 782 and costs 30 cents.

This very stylish toilette shows the tailor mode of finish, and is here developed in novelty goods. As the skirt is completely covered by the draperies, it may be of lining goods when economy is to be practised or when the material is heavy. Upon the gores at each side are two narrow panels, the front one of which slightly overlaps the back one; and surmounting these panels are *panier*-draperies which are prettily cross-plaited, the plaits being formed in the front and back edges. Slightly overlapping the front of the *paniers* and nearest side-panels is a broad panel, which is arranged upon the center of the front and extends from belt to edge. All the visible edges of the panels and *paniers* are piped with the material, and a row of large oxidized buttons is arranged down each side of the center panel to a little below the lower edge of the *paniers*. The back-drapery is very full, and at the top its draping is very *bouffant*,

being made by plaits arranged high up in the side edges and at the center and loopings to the skirt.

upright or crosswise lines or in various fancy designs, and the basque will be decorated to correspond.



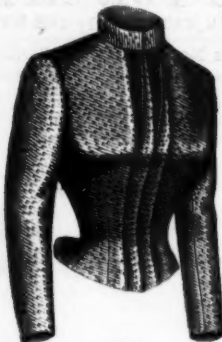
FIGURE No. 1.—MISSSES' TOILETTE.

made with three large buttons and button-holes nearly to the bust, and with smaller button-holes and buttons below the bust, hooks and loops being used between. All the edges are piped with the material, and the fitting is smoothly made by single bust darts, under-arm and side-back gores, and a well-curved center seam that terminate at the top of coat-laps. Its shape at the back is a short position without plaits; at the sides it displays a pretty curve, and at the front it deepens to a slight point at the closing. The pretty coat sleeves have their outside seams left open a short distance at the wrists and the edges piped with the material. The standing collar is similarly piped, and the *lingerie* consists of a linen standing collar and cuffs.

Cloths of all kinds, also flannels, Cheviots, serges, cashmeres, corduroys, velvets, velveteens and dress goods of all varieties, will make up stylishly in this way; and two or three materials may be most attractively combined. Plaid, striped or figured goods unite stylishly with plain goods. Braids may trim the panels in



760



760

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 760.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, each with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the ornamental sections, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of lining 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



788

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 768.—The pattern of this costume is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years old. For a miss of 12 years, it needs 9 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 48 inches wide, each with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of silk 22 inches wide for the vest, and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the vest lining. Price, 35 cts.

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 788.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years old. For a miss of 12 years, it needs $11\frac{1}{8}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 48 inches wide. As pictured, it requires 6 yards of plain goods and $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of striped 22 ins. wide, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of Silesia 36 ins. wide. Price, 35 cents.



799

Right Side-Front View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 799.—Plain dress goods and velvet are effectively united in this handsome walking-skirt, the latter material forming the front-gore. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt of one material for a lady of medium size, will require $11\frac{1}{8}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 48 inches wide. As here represented, it will require $9\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting goods, each 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



799

Left Side-Back View.

**793***Front View.***793***Back View.***GIRLS' WRAP.**

No. 793.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and is a stylish fashion for all wrap fabrics. To make the wrap for a girl of 8 years, will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cts.

**781***Front View.***781***Back View.***GIRLS' COAT.**

No. 781.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for girls from 3 to 12 years of age. To make the coat for a girl of 8 years, needs $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 27 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, each with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the collar, pocket-laps, etc. Price, 25 cts.

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 751.—The accompanying engravings portray a very stylish costume developed in plain and striped suiting. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and will be chosen for all sorts of fashionable dress goods, with any preferred arrangement of garniture. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, will require $15\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. As represented, it will require $12\frac{5}{8}$ yards of striped goods and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of plain material 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.

**751***Front View.***751***Back View.*



FIGURE NO. 2.—BOYS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates Boys' costume No. 811. It is here shown developed in checked cassimere, with braid and buttons for its stylish completion. The pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the costume for a boy of 6 years, will require 3 yards of goods 27 inches wide, together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of Silesia 36 inches wide.

808
Front View.

BOYS'
SINGLE-
BREASTED
JACKET,
WITH
PLAID
BACK.

No. 808.—
Fine cloth
showing a
plaid design
was employed
for the making of
this stylish-

808
Back View.

looking jacket. The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. For a boy of 7 years, it needs 2 yards of material 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

809
Front View.

BOYS'
SIDE-
PLAITED
JACKET.

No. 809.—
This stylish
little jacket
is here shown
made of fancy
cloth, with
machine-
stitching and
buttons for
trimmings.

809
Back View.

The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. For a boy of 7 years, it will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



FIGURE NO. 3.—BOYS' SUIT.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This consists of Boys' coat No. 870, and trousers No. 812. The coat pattern is in 6 sizes for boys from 3 to 8 years of age, and costs 20 cents. The trousers pattern is in 11 sizes for boys from 5 to 15 years of age, and costs 15 cents. For a boy of 7 years, they will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.



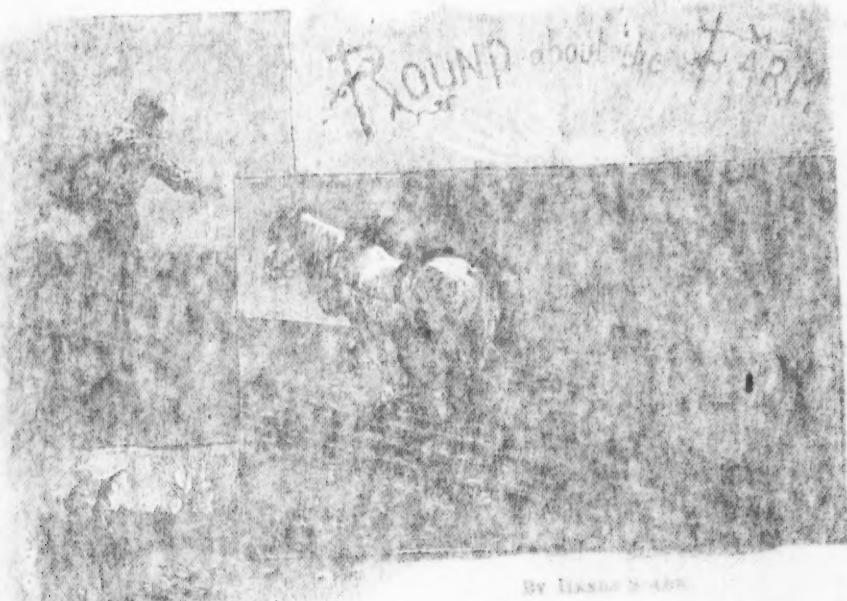
And the scars inflicted by harrow and plow will bring forth a generous harvest.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIV.

APRIL, 1886.

No. 4.



BY HENRY D. ABEL.

PERHAPS no mental atmosphere, exerting its reviving influence over our lives

possesses so potent a power as the sweet, faint traces of the scenes in that wonderful realm of childhood, from whose misty kingdom we emerge into a world of hard facts and heavier sorrows. On the young and impossible imagination of the little creature thus newly come from unseen lands, the first influences of the world around him stamp his future with an ineradicable mark; happy, then, the child whose first surroundings are those of peace and beauty, life dealing thus gently with the tender spirit, until the mind and heart has learned a little how to fight on the glorious battle-field of Liberty and Right.

As Time sifts down his reminders with so

impartial hand, the memories of the childish days become a softened mosaic around the brow, of that all-compelling spring, and with its ever-lingering constancy we enter the days when the brilliant sunlight seemed to beat out no shadows in a choir of golden links to the infinity around and above us, and we lived in a world of wonderful beings, eloquent emotions, beneficent feelings, waves of ethereal volubility, and hoards of gleaming jewels; first, such small flower veiled an ecstasy of delight by its exquisite coloring and perfume; then, the running murmur of the brook, the deep, ferny recesses from which drop the crystal drops; when the sweet, wild notes of the bird in the deep woods, mingling with the aromatic odor of the trees and spicy fragrance of the sweet-fern, made life seem one grand pean of rejoicing and praise, and no stone or bush or stick was too small or mean to show in itself the beautiful garment of the living God.



And the scars inflicted by harrow and plow will bring forth a generous harvest.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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BY HENRY STARK.

PERHAPS no mental atmosphere, exerting its reviving influence over our lives, possesses so potent a power as the sweet, faint aroma of the scenes in that wonderful realm of childhood, from whose misty kingdom we emerge into a world of hard facts and harder natures. On the young and impressible imagination of the little creature thus newly come from unseen lands, the first influences of the world around him stamp his future with an ineradicable mark; happy, then, the child whose first surroundings are those of peace and beauty, life dealing thus gently with the tender spirit, until the mind and heart has learned a little how to fight on the glorious battle-field of Liberty and Right.

As Time sifts down his reminders with an
VOL. LIV.—17.

impartial hand, the memories of our childish days become a softened aureole around the brow of that all-compelling tyrant, and with unwavering constancy we revert to the days when the brilliant sunlight seemed to bear out our spirit in a chain of golden links to the blue infinity around and above us, and we lived in a world of wonderful beings, Cyclopean monsters, beneficent fairies, caves of glittering stalactites, and hoards of gleaming jewels; when each small flower caused an ecstasy of delight by its exquisite coloring and delicate fibre, and the running murmur of the brook told of deep, ferny recesses from which first issued the crystal drops; when the sweet, wild notes of the bird in the deep woods, mingling with the aromatic odor of the trees and spicy fragrance of the sweet-fern, made life seem one grand pean of rejoicing and praise, and no stone or bush or stick was too small or mean to show in itself the beautiful garment of the living God.

With what delight does the weary merchant in his dusty office, brightened solely by the artificial light of the city gas, drop his tired head on his hand, as some delicate touch upon the infinitesimally small connecting line between his past and present life recalls to him the vision of the old farm far up among the rugged New England hills; and the scholar in his study drops his pen and looks back through the vistas of the past as the airy spirits of the spring peep in at his window.

Before them rises once again the lofty hills, with the old gray boulders of granite peeping out in a multitude of places, "the bones of the earth coming through," as that prose poet, John Ruskin has it.

It is early, early spring, and far up in those same hills, when they are clothed with the warm, close garment of pine and fir-trees, little patches of snow still nestle away in shady places, and lingering arbutus may be had for the looking, spicy buds of beauty giving unstintingly their treasures to those who long for them, and fulfilling the end for which they were created with all their energies.

The spirit of the spring is abroad, indeed—the very spirit of the resurrection—and the stream of life rolls on in one vast tidal wave that embraces all things in its grand sweep, not with death-dealing intent, but uplifting and up-bearing on its waters the great fleet of Creation that sails down the tide of Infinity.

The trees tremble and feel the restless movement of the season, their stiff old branches relax, and each tiny twig swells and holds itself in readiness to throw out its leafy buds with another turn of the earth nearer the sun. The soft southwest wind, blowing up from the south, is laden with secrets of unspeakable sweetness, the brown bosom of the mother earth lies ready to yield its sustenance to her children, and the scars inflicted by harrow and plow will bring forth a generous harvest of support for all. The toiling horses themselves breast the hillside with hearty tugs and pulls against the stubborn glebe; the bright plow turns up on either side the rich brown loam, floating out on the air the fresh, clean smell of the new earth, and the emerald green of the young grass contrasts in the perfect beauty of nature's arrangement.

Finally comes the sower, who, with lavish hands casting his precious burden far and wide over all the land, waits with truest trust the time of harvest with that unconscious faith in the God of the universe that each of us exhibits unthinkingly, when we plan for the morrow, or lie down on our bed at night all helpless and unconscious.

But the birds, that merry army of nature's workmen, will claim their share with chattering and piping, with quarreling and love-making, and with perfect faith in the helplessness of yonder scarecrow, "tatterboyert," in the canny Scotch tongue, that stretches its rugged skirts and arms to every flutter of the wind. Ah! these birds of the nineteenth century, they know too much to believe in the "tatterboyert" any longer, for with quick, hopping steps, and saucy upliftings of one bright eye, they chirp and chatter and peck the golden grain at the very foot of the monstrous thing. Sometime in the past these same scarecrows must have imposed upon bird creation, as many an opinion of the old past has imposed its restraining influence upon the human being, but with experience comes wisdom, and, as with humanity, so may it be with the birds of the present day, and traditions in bird-life may run to the effect that, in the long ago, some ancestor was greatly frightened by an horrid appearance set up in his accustomed haunts, but failing to work the expected ruin, it was gradually robbed of all its terrors, and now the feathered friends of God and man play and sing and eat their feast nay, even at times use it as a resting-place. Think of the vast army of busy birds making ready for the housekeeping and family experiences of the coming year—each a new and fresh event in their lives.

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;

In the spring the wanton lap-wing gets himself another crest;"

and love becomes the burden of the life-song of all creation.

But not in the visible universe alone is all of the stir of spring, for deep in the under-world, that dark, warm world, with its infinite varieties of life, filters down through the rich loam alternate layers of mild rain and warming yellow sunshine, and far-reaching roots and tiny, thread-like fibres quiver and stir as the magnetic touch of the resurrection hand is laid upon them, as well as upon the blind chrysalis and grub wrapped in its cobweb casing and its horny shell. Slowly stirs the mole from his winter's sleep, and the field-mouse cautiously thrusts his little head, with its large ears, out from his front door to greet the spring once more, and the glittering little snakes glide out from their torpor and warm themselves into new life upon the rough, gray stones on the warm hillside.

All the world, from the languid South to the ice-bound country of the extreme North, responds to the blithe call, and joins in the gay madrigal of the springtime. Barn doors are thrown wide open, and the long-pent-up cattle

let loose to roam through the fields of tender, juicy grass, rich with promise of the honey-laden clover blossom. Those sun-traps, the buttercups and dandelions, are fast spreading their golden meshes among the grass, and the lilac-blossoms are growing into their perfect beauty, each sunray setting the earth's development forward one step more, and each turn of the earth on its axis is bringing it nearer its life-giving, central orb, the sun.

Let him, who has not faced habitually the handwriting of the Great Creative Power watch the first small movements of the spring; let him watch that line of trees stretching up their bare branches against the clear horizon in a tracery more delicate than produced by the pencil of a cunning artist. At first they will but thicken a little, and then the blue sky will no longer be seen quite so clearly, and each warm, bright day they will swell a little, and then a little more, until the buds show at last in delicate tones of color, and a few weeks later on the green will feather out into its lovely woodland dress.

But in no place is the crowning work of the spring-spirit shown as in the orchard or the farm. Here has been showered his choicest gifts. The pear and cherry trees, like exquisite white souls that have never been touched by earthly stain, stand robed in perfect purity, while the blushing pink and white blossoms of the apple trees are as the face of an innocent bride adorned to meet her bridegroom; thus they stand, drenching the balmy air in a bath of delicious odors. Beneath the trees, the genii of the spring has cast the tremulous, translucent shadows, at no time to be found save in the early season, shadows that only hint at obscuration, shadows that but tone down and soften the brilliant sunlight, shadows that dance and glide from place to place, like some swift, living creature; whilst overhead, the white clouds sail and dip, like ships afloat on a cerulean ocean. Here and there amid the grass of

the orchard nestles the brave little crocus, in its gay purple and yellow and white dress, dancing into summer over the snows of winter; and the trailing vines of the woods creep over the rough stone walls that compass round about the old farm, like green rivers with innumerable tributaries. And when the earth has turned her face from the sun, then the voices of the night arise in a serenade of pathetic sweetness, and from far-off pools and ponds sounds the musical whistling of the frogs, almost cheating us into the belief that the great god Pan still lives and pipes upon his reeds. There is nothing more charming than to hear through the soft darkness of the cool spring night the plaintive song of these little creatures; it is a very idyl, and has stirred the heart of the great King Solomon on his throne, for he bursts forth in Eastern imagery in his wonderful song of praise and love: "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;" for, indeed, it is supposed that the voice of the turtle of Solomon was nothing more nor less than the song of the juvenile frog. What a lover of nature was that magnificent Israelitish King, not of the terrors and lightnings of Sinai, but of its soft and tender aspects!

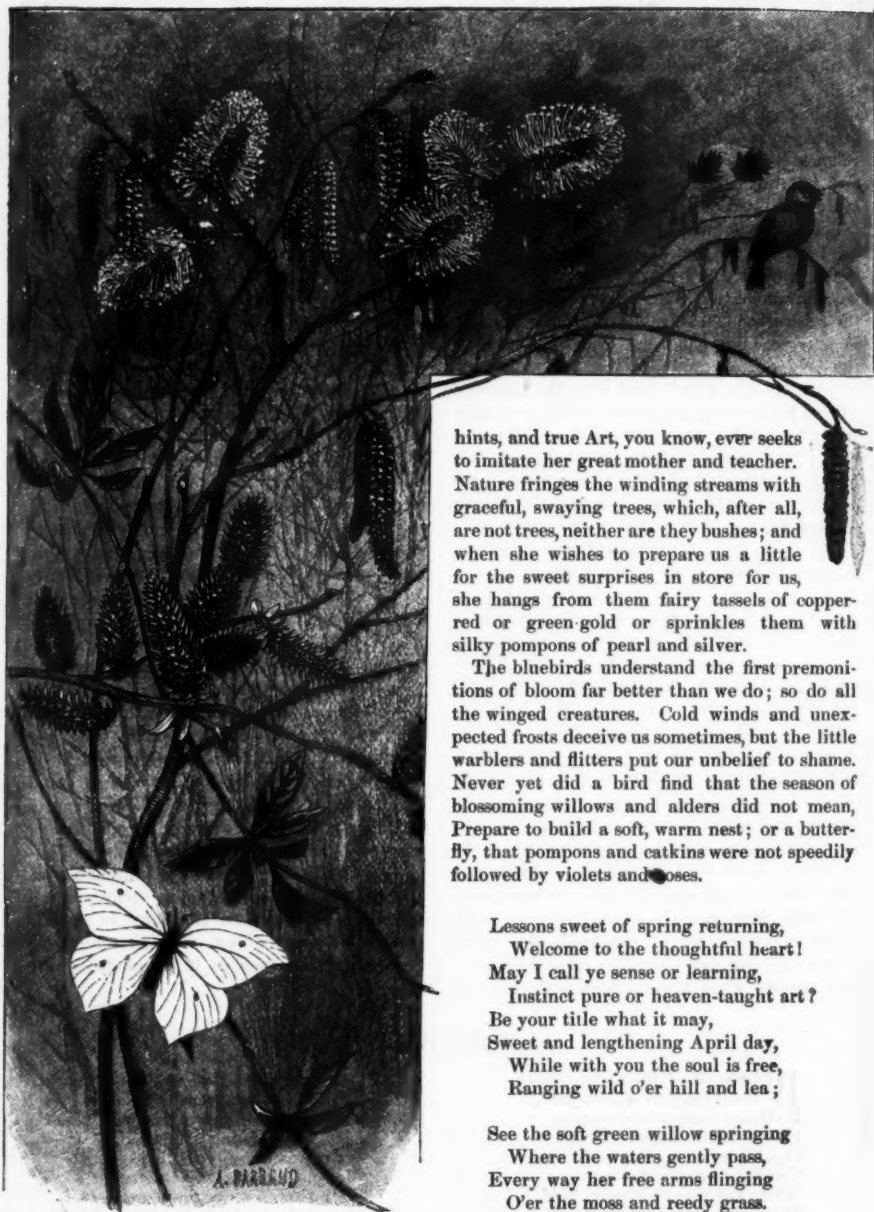
And this is the story that the spring-spirits told the tired merchant and serious scholar as he peeped in on them, and from this glimpse of the Past they arose and took up their work again, strengthened to face their Future, feeling a full accord in their hearts with a certain scholar and poet, who says, in his own beautiful language, that "everywhere, in one form or another—underground, dissolving minerals for the sucking rootlets—mounting through a million secret tubes inside young stems and solid trees—descending from the skies in sunshine and in showers—riding on the rivers—comes Spring, the savior-season, in the gladness of the resurrection."

ALMOND-BLOSSOM.

BLOSSOM of the almond trees,
April's gift to April's bees,
Birthday ornament of spring,
Flora's fairest daughterling;—
Coming when no flowerets dare
Trust the cruel outer air,
When the royal king-cup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold,
And the sturdy blackthorn spray
Keeps his silver for the May;—
Coming when no flowerets would,
Save thy lowly sisterhood,
Early violets, blue and white,

Dying for their love of light—
Almond-blossom, sent to teach us
That the spring days soon will reach us,
Lest, with longing over-tried,
We die as the violets died—
Blossom, clouding all the tree
With thy crimson 'broidery,
Long before a leaf of green
On the bravest bough is seen—
Ah! when winter winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond-bloom, we greet thee well.

EDWIN ARNOLD.



SPRING.

PUSSY-WILLOWS, alders, butterfly, and birds—why, this must mean spring—surely it does! This is just how Nature gives us her early

hints, and true Art, you know, ever seeks to imitate her great mother and teacher. Nature fringes the winding streams with graceful, swaying trees, which, after all, are not trees, neither are they bushes; and when she wishes to prepare us a little for the sweet surprises in store for us, she hangs from them fairy tassels of copper-red or green-gold or sprinkles them with silky pompons of pearl and silver.

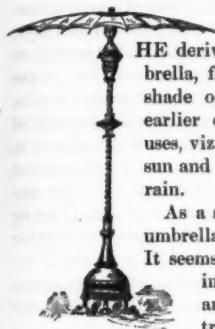
The bluebirds understand the first premonitions of bloom far better than we do; so do all the winged creatures. Cold winds and unexpected frosts deceive us sometimes, but the little warblers and flitters put our unbelief to shame. Never yet did a bird find that the season of blossoming willows and alders did not mean, Prepare to build a soft, warm nest; or a butterfly, that pompons and catkins were not speedily followed by violets and roses.

Lessons sweet of spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure or heaven-taught art?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet and lengthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea;

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moss and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her, tipped with vernal red,
And her kindly flower displayed
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE UMBRELLA: ITS HISTORY.



THE derivation of the word umbrella, from the Latin *umbra*, shade or shadow, denotes the earlier of its present twofold uses, viz., as a shade from the sun and as a protection from the rain.

As a shade from the sun, the umbrella is of great antiquity. It seems to have had its origin in the East, in the most ancient civilized countries in the world, in

very remote times. We see it in the sculptures and paintings of Egypt, in the sculptures of Nineveh, Persepolis, and Assyria, and it appears to have penetrated eastward even as far as India. Though known in all these countries, it would seem not to have been extensively used, but to have been regarded as an emblem of royalty or a mark of distinction. Judging from the sculptures, it is probable that the King alone carried it in Assyria, Nineveh, and Persepolis; in Egypt and India, the privilege was extended to persons of the highest rank. The earliest sculptures of Nineveh show that it was borne over the King by a slave, not only in times of peace, but even in his war-chariot when driving to battle. In shape it was similar to those in use at the present day, but whether it admitted of being closed is doubtful, as it is always represented open in the sculptures. Its plainness was relieved by tassels, which hung from the edge of the parasol, and there was generally a flower or some such ornament on the top. In the later bas-reliefs, the umbrella seems to have given place to a long curtain-like piece of silk or linen, which, falling from the side of the chariot, completely screened the King from the sun. On several bas-reliefs from Persepolis the King is similarly represented under an umbrella, which a female slave holds over his head. In Egypt a curious sculpture has been found, representing a chariot drawn by two horses and containing three persons. The principal figure is a bearded man, lifting his right arm and holding a bow in his left hand; behind him is a beardless slave, bearing an open fringed parasol or umbrella; to his left is the charioteer with the reins and whip. And Sir Gardner Wilkinson has engraved a representation of an Ethiopian Princess traveling through Upper Egypt to Thebes, in whose chariot a large umbrella is fixed to a tall staff

or pole which rises from the middle of the chariot, the whole arrangement being very similar to the carriage-umbrella of the present day or resembling still more closely the large umbrella of the London Metropolitan Railway omnibuses. In India the umbrella was formerly so distinctive of rank and eminence, that the title, *ch'hatra pati*, or "Lord of the Umbrella," was much coveted by Mahratta Princes, and it is said that the King of Burmah styles himself "King of the White Elephants and Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas." A huge umbrella is, to this day, carried over many of the petty Princes of Western Africa. It is believed that the finials of Buddhist topes take their form from the umbrella.

From Asia and Africa, the umbrella was introduced into Greece and Rome at a very early date, where its use, though not so strictly limited as in the East, was still comparatively rare and regarded as a luxury or a mark of effeminacy rather than as a general convenience. The *skiadeion* or day shade of the Greeks was borne over the head of the effigy of Bacchus, the festivals in honor of whom were introduced into Greece from Egypt by Danaus and his daughters, Bacchus being in all probability the Isis of the Egyptians. And in Athens, during the great festivals of the Panathene, in honor of Minerva, the patroness of Athens, the daughters of foreigners were required to attend the virgins of the city with umbrellas or parasols. In Rome we find that the umbrella or *umbrellacum* of the period was in use by ladies and effeminate men as a screen from the sun when the veil could not be spread over the roof of the theatre. The covering was of leather or of the skins of animals, and it could be raised or lowered at pleasure.

It is strange that such a useful contrivance did not become more general among a people living in the hot countries of the South. We gather from a passage in the *Crudities Hastily Gobbled up in Five Months' Travel*, of the well-known writer Coryate, that even as late as 1608 the umbrella was not in general use among the Italians, but lingered in the country merely as a remnant of ancient Roman manners. Speaking of the time he spent in Italy between Pizighiton and Cremona, he says: "I will mention a thing that, although, perhaps, it will seeme but frivolous to divers readers that have already traveled in Italy, yet because unto many that neither have been there nor ever intend to goe

thither while they live, it will be a meere novelty, I will not let it pass unmentioned." After describing the fans of the Italians, he goes on to say: "Many of them doe carry things of a far greater price, that will cost, at the least, a duckat, which they commonly call in the Italian tongue, umbrellaes—that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heate of the sunne. These are made of leather, something answerable to the forme of a little canopy, and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoops that extend the umbrella in a pretty large compass. They are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs, and they impart so large a shadow unto them that it keepeth the heate of the sunne from the upper parts of their bodies."* It is interesting to note that the Cardinal's hat, of the Roman Catholics, is believed to be a modification of the umbrella suspended in Basilican Churches in Rome. The umbrella doubtless had by this time penetrated to Spain and Portugal. Phillips, in his *New World of Words*, published in London in 1716, thus defines it: "Umbrello (Italian) a great, broad fan or skreen, which in hot countries people hold over their heads to keep off the heat of the sun, and, therefore, by the Spaniards, among whom it is chiefly in use, it is otherwise called a Quitasole." From Spain it would seem to have passed to the New World. It will be remembered that Defoe makes Robinson Crusoe, when solitary in the island of Juan Fernandez, construct an umbrella, after the pattern of one he had seen in the Brazils. Crusoe says: "I was in great want of an umbrella, as well for the rains as the heat. I covered it with skins, the hair upward, so that it cast off the rain like a pent house, and kept off the sun so effectually that I could walk out in the hottest of the weather with greater advantage than I could before in the coolest."

The umbrella was introduced into England early in the seventeenth century as a luxurious sunshade, and became fashionable among the families of the highest rank. We find mention made of it, in terms which clearly bespeak its novelty, by various writers of the time. Ben Jonson speaks of it in a comedy published in 1616, and in Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, which came out about the same time, "Altea" says:

"Are you at ease? Now is your heart at rest?
Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,
To keep the scorching world's opinion
From your fair credit."

*See *Coryates Crudities*, pp. 111, 112.

To whom we are indebted for the idea, or in what country the idea, of using the umbrella as a screen from the rain, originated, must remain unknown. In 1752 Lieutenant-Colonel (afterward General) Wolfe, writing from Paris, says: "The people here use umbrellas in hot weather to defend them from the sun, and something of the same kind to save them from the snow and rain. I wonder a practice so useful is not introduced into England." Colonel Wolfe does not seem to have been aware that, previous to the date of this letter, in the reign of Queen Anne, the umbrella was extensively used in England, but by women only. Swift, in the *Tatler* for October the 17th, 1710, says, in the "City Shower:"

"The tuck'd-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides;"
and Gay, in his "Trivia," which gives us such an insight into the street scenery, customs, and manners of the time, does not neglect to mention it. His words are—

"Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise—
Or underneath the umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames the umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad—
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid."

In the passage which follows, he confirms his previous statement as to the exclusive use of the umbrella by women by praising the ordinary masculine protection from the rain, the surtout. Additional proof of Gay's statement is afforded us in the seventh edition of Phillips' *New World of Words*, which was revised and published in London in 1720. The reviser, to the previous definition of the umbrella by the author in 1716, given above, adds the words, "or such as are commonly used by women to shelter them from rain."

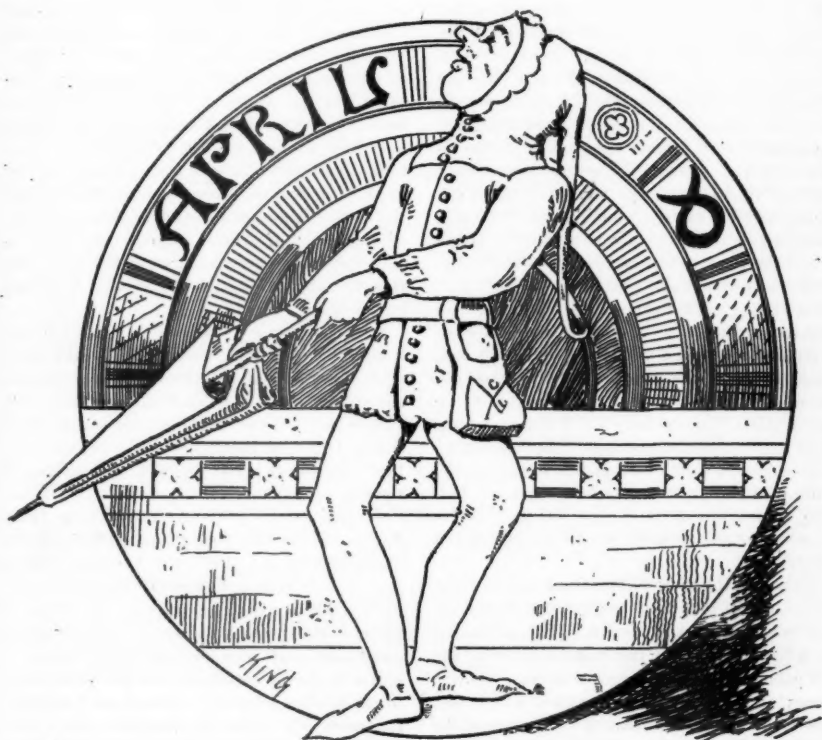
The first man who ventured to appear in the streets of London with an umbrella will be always remembered. He was the famous Jonas Hanway, the great philanthropist, the founder of the Magdalene Hospital, who, in 1750, returned to London from Persia and in very delicate health. "A parapluië," we are told, "defended Mr. Hanway's face and wig." From pictures of the event, the jeering and abuse he received must have been considerable. After its introduction by Mr. Hanway, the umbrella was adopted as a necessary appendage to the costume by the fashionable men of the times. As late as 1784 Cowper, in describing the change which was then taking place in the manners and customs of all classes, mentions the umbrella in

such a way as to show that, although its use was becoming much more general, yet that its adoption by the lower classes was still sufficiently novel to call for comment.

The slow progress toward general use of the umbrella was due, no doubt, to the abuse and jeering with which its appearance was received and to the idea that it was only fit for the effeminate and the infirm. Much of the annoyance to which those who adopted it were exposed originated with the chairmen and hackney coachmen, whose trade they clearly saw was in jeopardy and who considered that the shelter their vehicles afforded from the rain was the only legitimate protection for a gentleman. In form and weight, the umbrella of the time was also exceedingly cumbersome. When introduced as a sunshade into England it was covered with the feathers of birds to represent the plumage

of water-fowl. Later, feathers were discarded and oiled silk was adopted, which material continued to be used when the umbrella became a preservative against rain; the stretchers were of cane, the ribs of whalebone. When wet, these umbrellas were difficult to open or to close, the frame was heavy, and the whole article very expensive. The umbrella which Mr. Jameson introduced into Glasgow from Paris was of heavy wax cloth, and must, indeed, have been a "ponderous article." Oiled silk was, however, speedily supplanted by gingham, and gingham, in turn, gave way to silk, alpaca, and mixed fabrics.

The first umbrellas used in England were all imported from abroad, chiefly from India, Spain, and France. Now the manufacture has reached an enormous extent, both in this country and Great Britain.



after Moyer Smith.

FLORENCE.

NO city in Italy has better right to be called a cradle of art than Florence. If Rome preserves most completely the traditions which made her the mistress of the world, if Ravenna in her ancient churches and her pine-wood growing on the harbor which once held the Roman fleet recalls to the mind the union between the Eastern and Western Empires, Florence is the centre of the new Italian life, of the spirit which has given Italy her predominance among the nations of Europe, and which has made her the place of pilgrimage for all peoples of the earth. Florence is pre-eminently the city of towers, domes, and spires. As we climb one of the gently sloping hills which surround the town and look down upon its white houses with red-tiled roofs and the multitudinous villas which, if collected within one wall, would make another Florence, we see her towers group in picturesque diversity. We have abundant choice in our point of view. We may ascend the hill of Fiesole, the old Etruscan citadel, still guarded by its Cyclopean walls, the refuge of the remnant of Catiline's conspirators who formed the nucleus of the future capital of Tuscany. The most convenient point of view will be the terrace of the Villa Mozzi, once the home of the Medici, where the dining-room still exists which was to have served the Pazzi as the murdering place of the brothers Lorenzo and Giuliano.

On passing to the other side of the Arno we may mount the hill of Arcetri, where Galileo lived and was visited by Milton, where through "optick glass" the Tuscan artist viewed the moon and surveyed "rivers or mountains in her spotty globe;" or we may see a different view from the ilex-shaded gardens of Boboli; or we may choose an easier task in wandering to the Villa of Bellosguardo or the convent of Oliveto, where the evening bell swings heavily between the sister guardians of the cypress and the pine.

Varied as the view will be from each of these points, it will present the same features and recall to us the same memories. High in the air rises the tall tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, the old palace of the popular government. It overhangs and dominates the square, which has now recovered its old name of the Square of the Signory. High in the tower is the little room which served as prison to Cosimo de' Medici; higher still is the bell which on occasions of crises summoned the people to Parliament.

Conspicuous above all is the huge dome of the cathedral, Our Lady of the Flower, the masterpiece of Brunelleschi, larger than but not so lofty as the dome of St. Peter's at Rome. Next to it is seen the variegated campanile of Giotto, brilliant with all the rich colors of varied marble, but wanting the golden crown which was intended one day to complete the edifice. Two more domes are visible, one covering the Church of San Lorenzo, where lie the remains of the proud family of the Medici, whose humble members who have left no fame or celebrity of their own are immortalized by the sculpture of Michael Angelo; the other flatter and less conspicuous, vaulting the little Church of San Giovanni, the parent church of the city, where the poet Dante once broke the marble font in order to save a child from drowning. One spire remains at a little distance, less beautiful than the rest, but not less illustrious. It marks the Church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, where repose her illustrious dead. Here are the tombs of Dante, the city's most famous son, who, exiled during his life, has repaid her ingratitude by a deathless immortality; of Galileo, whose name is only second to that of our own Newton; of Machiavelli, the coldest and most passionless of the observers of mankind; of Alfieri, who in the times of Italy's deepest abasement reminded the world that she was a country not only of memories but of hopes.

Such is the view which will meet our eyes from whichever point we look—this and much more than this—and swift as an arrow through the middle of the town, lo! the rushing Arno, yellow as the Tiber, roaring over its shallows, spanned by its three historical bridges, and hurrying through the Val d'Arno to Pisa and the sea.

Toward the end of the Arno quay—the Lung' Arno—lies the Borgo Allegro—"the cheerful quarter." In the thirteenth century painting had scarcely emerged from that Byzantine formalism which we see perpetuated in the sacred pictures of the Greek Church. Partly from the employment of mosaics and partly from the entire decay of artistic spirit, the painter followed tradition instead of truth, and repeated the same old copies in the same old colors. Virgins with long faces, with brown olive complexions, with thin noses and small pointed eyes, bore but little resemblance to the human face from which they had been originally de-

rived. At last a genius, by name Cimabue, had by long study arrived at a higher perfection, and had completed a masterpiece. It was of huge size. The Virgin, more life-like than her

and admiration at their incarnate Lord. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. The people carried the picture in glad procession with such exuberance of mirth and gayety that



COURTYARD OF PALAZZO VECCHIO.

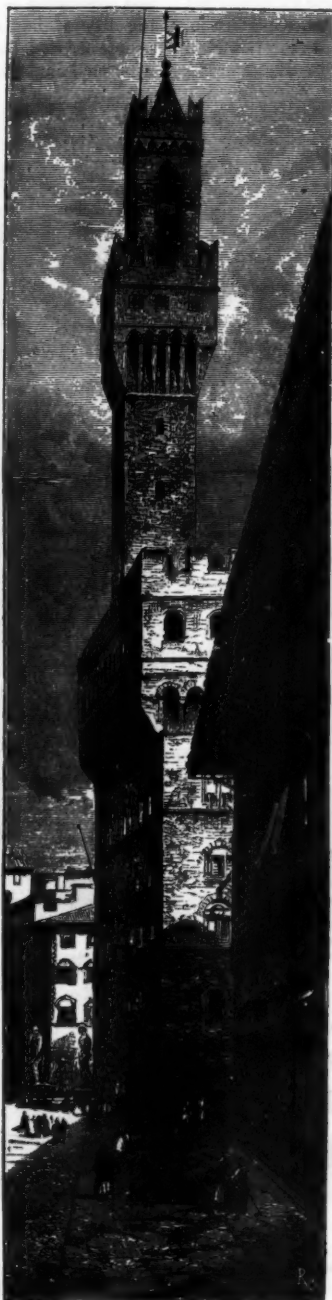
predecessors, but far from modern perfection, was seated majestically on a throne, holding on her lap the Holy Child. All around were hovering attendant angels gazing with reverence

the streets through which it went have ever since retained the name of joyous. It was borne to the Church of Santa Maria Novella, dedicated to the youthful Virgin, and there it

still hangs by the side of the altar.

This church is also one of the glories of Florence. Its marble façade has toned down to a golden yellow, and it seems in our day to deserve even better than before the praise which Michael Angelo gave it of being as beautiful as a bride.

After the production of this masterpiece, Cimabue's name was the greatest in Florence. But it was to pale before that of a pupil of his own. One day, the story goes, as he was wandering in the fields, he saw a shepherd boy watching his flocks and drawing on a piece of slate a rough picture of one of his sheep. Struck by the excellence of the drawing, he took the boy home and taught him, and in due course of time this boy became the most famous painter of Italy—Giotto, the friend of Dante. Giotto's was perhaps the greatest genius that ever applied itself to art. The limits in which he worked were narrow. He felt bound to follow ancient models, and he set himself certain laws of design which he did not consider himself justified in passing. Perhaps his masterpiece in painting is the decoration of the Scrovegni chapel of the Arena at Padua, which is entirely painted by his hand. Above in two tiers he has narrated the story of the Gospel history, and below in *chiaroscuro* he has depicted in a most original and striking way the cardinal virtues and their corresponding vices. What can be more lovely than the three attendant boys who wait on our Lord as He washes the feet of His dis-



PALAZZO VECCHIO.

(See page 252.)

ciples, or the figure of the Virgin as she walks in maiden stateliness and purity to her bridal? These figures have never been surpassed in beauty; but more remarkable is the ingenuity by which such elaborate designs are concentrated within so small a space, and, above all, the depth of thought with which the most recondite ideas are worked out. We admire not only the hand of the artist, but the mind of the poet and the philosopher; and it is no vain tradition which records how Dante was present with Giotto in the completion of these frescoes, and how he watched with sympathetic eyes the realization of the images which he afterward gave to the world in the guise of poetry. How touching is the union of the arts of poetry and painting! Dante, we are told, under Giotto's guidance, once painted an angel; and Raphael, we know, wrote sonnets with the silver-pointed pencil with which he was accustomed to draw Madonnas.

The friendship of Dante and Giotto is commemorated by another work of art. In the chapel of the Bargello, over the altar, is a fresco containing portraits of the most eminent Florentines of the time. Among them is the youthful Dante, with the same powerful nose and chin which are so conspicuous in his later portraits, but without those lines and wrinkles which were the witness of his long pilgrimage through Hell and Purgatory to Paradise. Close by him is Guido Cavalcanti, the friend of his youth, who died from fever caught in the exile

to which the impartiality of Dante had condemned him. This portrait is now clothed in brown, but it was once adorned with the tricolor of Italian unity—white, green, and red. In the Grand Ducal times this chapel was used as a prison, and it was only by an accident that the head of the poet was discovered under the whitewash. A nail had been driven into the eye, and when it was pulled out the eye came away with it. When the people heard of the discovery, they rushed through the streets crying out that their poet had come to life again; and when they learnt that he was dressed in the Italian colors, then proscribed by law, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The authorities first painted a new eye, and then a new face to suit the eye, and then converted the present dress into a wholesome brown, in which guise the figure now appears. Giotto was not only a painter, he was equally great as a sculptor and an architect.

The campanile, or bell-tower, of the cathedral is one of the most perfect buildings of the world, the most beautiful of those numberless campanili which deck from Alps to sea the mountains and plains of Italy. How shall we describe it? It rises square from a solid base, so massive that nothing can shake it, so light that it seems to lay no weight upon the earth. It is surrounded by bands of various colored marbles inlaid in exquisite design, and it is adorned with sculptures and bas-reliefs, the minutest detail of which deserves close inspection. A door gives access to the staircase. As the structure rises it becomes more ornate. In one tier are twin windows, with slender twisted columns and exquisite tracery. On the upper tier a greater height of imagination is reached. Four lofty windows of richest design and ornament look to the four corners of the heavens and make the summit of the edifice as light as the base is strong. The top is formed by a square battlement, from which now rises a flagstaff, but which was to have held aloft a golden crown, "crowning Florence as Florence Italy." Such are the outward features, but no one can depict the delicate tints and subtly changing lights which deck the ivory and orange marbles "as with the hues of a sea-shell."

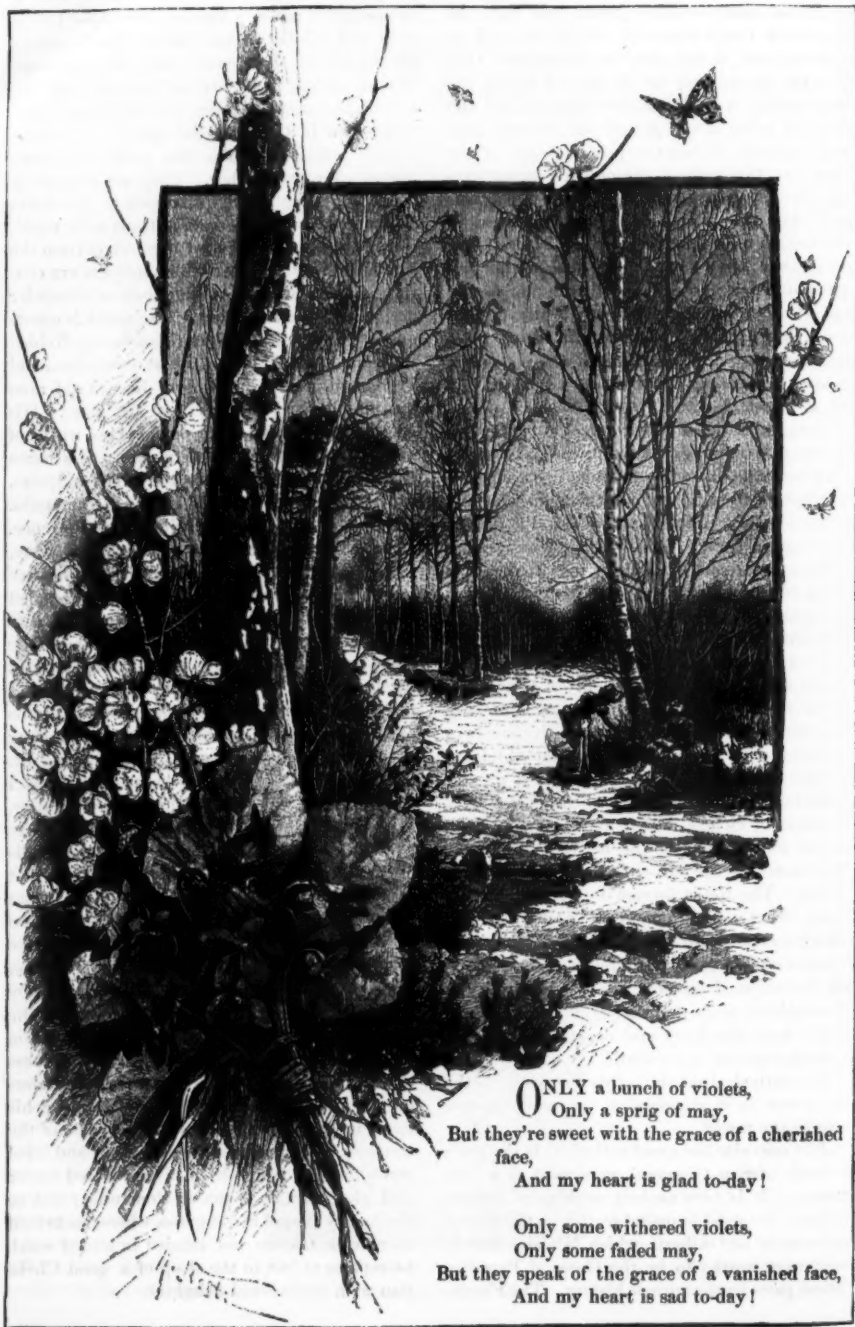
The cathedral of which this campanile is the bell-tower is, in our opinion, the most impressive in the world.

Just opposite the great cathedral is the little Church of San Giovanni, now used as a baptistery. It is very ancient, perhaps of Roman origin. Its most beautiful feature is the bronze gates made by Ghiberti, which Michael Angelo said were worthy to be the Gates of Paradise. These gates have a curious history. The Floren-

tines, wishing to ornament their baptistery in this way, opened a limited competition. Selected artists were to design and mold each a panel of the projected gates. Among these were Donatello and Ghiberti—the first in the height of his reputation, the second young and unknown. The designs of both are still extant, and we cannot too much admire the prophetic taste which saw in Ghiberti the prophet of a new artistic revelation. The first gates were completed after great labor. They are extremely beautiful, though, perhaps because of the orders of the government who caused them to be made, they have not emancipated themselves from the limits of Giottoesque art. The subjects are continued in small octagonal panels of irregular design, and the invention of the artist is consequently cramped. The whole surface is divided into ten panels, which represent scenes from Old Testament history. Ghiberti died an old man just after he had finished these last gates. His whole life had been spent on these two works of art. But he had not lived in vain. His name stands among the highest on the roll of sculptors.

We have said that his rival was Donatello. He is not left without a witness in Florence. If we go down the Street of the Shoemakers, which leads from the cathedral to the Square of the Signory, passing by the hospital founded by Folco de Portinori, the father of Dante's "Beatrice," we shall find near the end, on the right-hand side, a square church, called Or San Michele. Round the outside walls are niches filled with statues given by the different guilds of the Florentine commonwealth, and among them two are conspicuous, St. Mark and St. George. So lifelike do they seem that Michael Angelo, the great critic of his contemporaries, is reported to have commanded one of them to "Speak!" But the masterpiece of Donatello is at Venice, the equestrian statue of the great *condottiere* leader, Bartolommeo Colleone. What forms so grand a monument as this composition of spirited horse and dominating rider? As we look at the face of stern command, the firm grasp of the hands upon the reins, the steady grip upon the saddle, we have the career of the bold *condottiere* brought before us. We see him now, as he rode at the head of his hired troopers to many a hard-won fight; our memory wanders to the other monuments which preserve his name in Italy—to the Castle of Malpaga, in the territory of Bergamo, where he lived and died and where the triumphs of his checkered career still glow in the colors of Romanino; and to the family chapel at Bergamo, where, enshrined in marble tracery and effigied in gilded wood, he reposes at last in the sleep of a good Christian with his beloved daughter.

VIOLETS AND MAY.



ONLY a bunch of violets,
Only a sprig of may,
But they're sweet with the grace of a cherished
face,
And my heart is glad to-day!

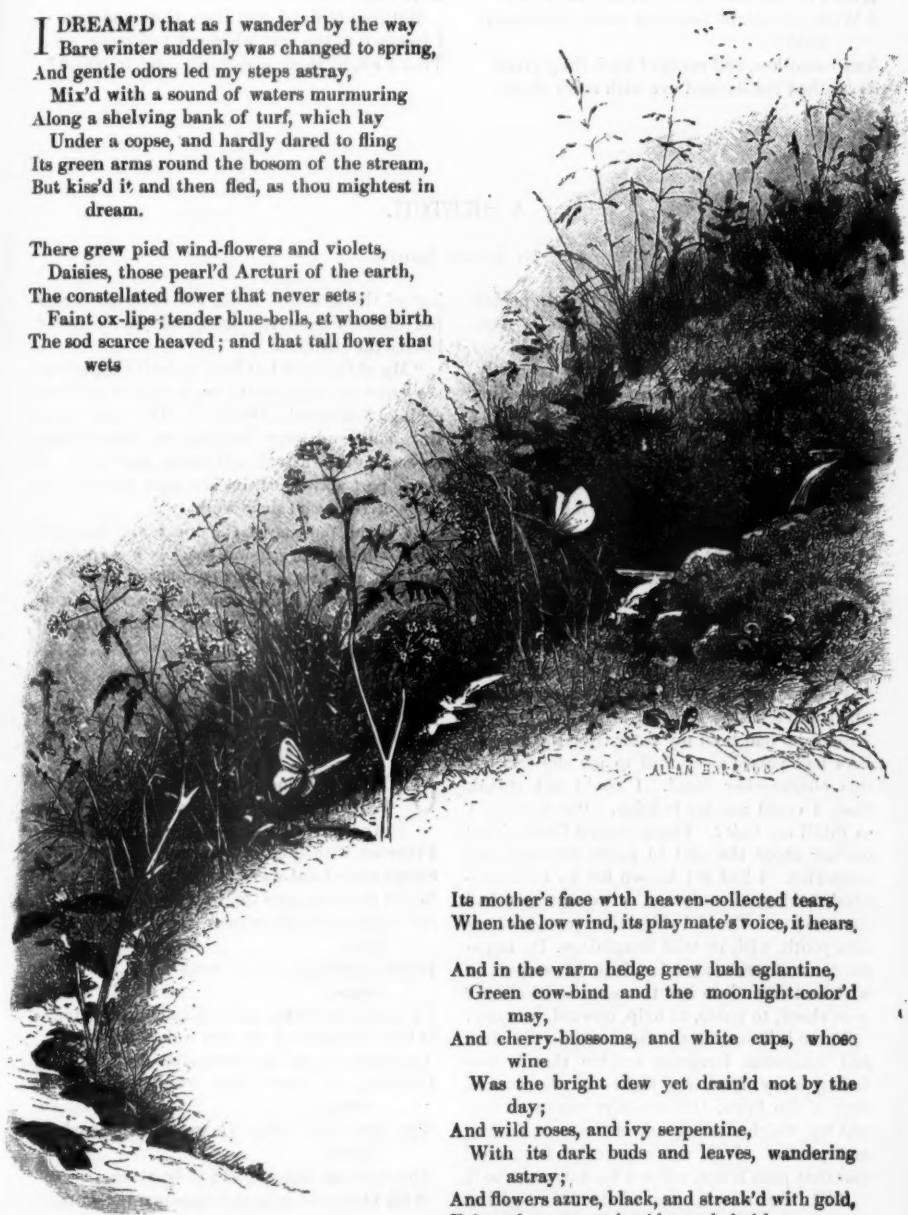
Only some withered violets,
Only some faded may,
But they speak of the grace of a vanished face,
And my heart is sad to-day!

THE QUESTION.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I DREAM'D that as I wander'd by the way
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in
dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint ox-lips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that
wets



Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-color'd
may,

And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose
wine

Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the
day;

And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering
astray;

And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked
 with white,
 And starry river-buds among the sedge,
 And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
 Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
 With moonlight beams of their own watery
 light;
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
 That the same hues, which in their natural
 bowers

Were mingled or opposed, the like array
 Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
 Within my hand, and then, elate and gay,
 I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come
 That I might there present it—oh! to whom?

A SKETCH.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

ONLY a profile outlined in the deepening twilight against the window pane—a mere silhouette. Further back in the room I am sitting studying the face before me earnestly, as though my fate depended upon my reading of it. Fate? What has fate to do with me? I am an old woman now—forty, fifty, sixty—it matters not, so only that youth, with its dreams and hopes, is a thing of the past.

And yet this young girl cannot fail to change the complexion of my quiet life. The years when I had thought to plan it all out for myself were all gone by, and I had given it over into His hands without whose building every work of man cometh to naught, thinking I saw how it was to be, lonely and quiet, but so calm, and then—all was changed, and this new element had come into it. For happiness or misery, who could tell?

She who had been my sister friend in the old days had passed away, and to me she had left this charge—her child. I could not shrink from, I could not lay it aside. But how was I to fulfill my task? There seemed little of her mother about the girl to guide me with past memories. I had not known her in her childhood, and now—only not a woman she had come to me. Could I remember enough of my own youth, with its wild imaginings, its impatient, uncomprehended longings, to sympathize with and enter into her thoughts and feelings?—to check, to guide, to help, onward, forward?

There is beauty in the face, even in the dark and somewhat irregular outline that is now fading away from my sight—in the smooth line of the brow, the sensitive curve of nose and lip, which also bespeak restlessness, feeling, and passion. It is not a peaceful face, and I fear that pain is not, will not be, a stranger to it.

Still she stands, the whole lithe, girlish figure motionless, save for a little restless twitch-

ing of the graceful head, till darkness wraps her entirely from my sight, and yet no sound breaks the stillness.

"My child," I say at last, and with a passionate burst of sobs she throws herself at my feet, crying, "Mother! Mother!" The one strong link now and ever between us. She listens unwearingly while I tell again and again of those past days, and in her turn finishes the story of the years since we parted.

It is the one name, the one topic, that ever after stills her in passion, soothes her in grief, and fast and firm on that foundation grows her love for me and mine for her—a love which lends my life's declining days their brightest radiance.

SONNET.

AFTER DARK.

FIRST delicious nights of early spring!
 When the warm dews are falling—when
 the air,
 Pregnant with subtle perfume everywhere,
 Seems some faint wave from Araby to bring:
 When meadow, pasture, woodlands whispering,
 Are warm with their new verdure; when the
 bare,
 Brown, stubby fields, of fresh green, take their
 share
 Upon the wet banks of each bubbling spring.
 O fresh delights of the fast wakening year!
 To wander in the meadows after dark,
 Catching no sound save where, far distant,
 clear,
 The herd boy calls.—To watch till, spark by
 spark,
 The stars are lighted, and to be alone
 With Him who calls this mystery His own.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

MY ROSE-TOPAZES.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

"SIGNORINA ZAVELETA, the artist? Ah! exactly. From your name I always supposed you Italian, yet you speak English—?"

"My mother was an American," I answered, quietly, "my father an Italian."

"You will bring a piano and wish to practice, of course. In that case I shall have to put you in a little room, a sort of annex chamber, which we reserve for artists and students who apply."

"I thought from your advertisement," I hazarded, "that this was an artists' pension."

Mrs. Lee smiled.

"No," she replied, pleasantly. "If you will look at the card again—here is one—you will see that it is a *Penston Anglaise*, and the 'Terms Moderate to Artists and Students,' is in small print, quite secondary. In fact, the annex building, which I will now show you, contains just three rooms, and they happen to be all vacant at the present time. But as you are a young lady, and alone, you would not care for either of the ground floor apartments. The upper room will doubtless please you."

While talking, she led the way down a few steps, then through a dim, almost dark passage-way, and stopped before a slight, shakyl-looking door. Outside, all was utter gloom, but once within I was obliged to confess that the room pleased me. Yet it was not cheerful; for the only light came from a double glass door or French window, which let out on a little balcony, shaded by a cool-looking awning, and still further screened by ivy and oleanders in square green boxes. Only one thing made me hesitate about taking the room at once, which was that I suddenly became aware of a peculiar, faint, sickening odor, like that of a half-faded magnolia, which filled the air and made me feel dizzy and confused. Instinctively, I turned toward the door, and saw, or thought I saw, the retreating figure of a woman, tall, commanding, and richly dressed. I caught Mrs. Lee's arm with more fear than the incident warranted.

"Look," I whispered, "some one has followed us."

"I see no one," she returned, quietly.

"But, surely, you perceive a very singular, sickly odor."

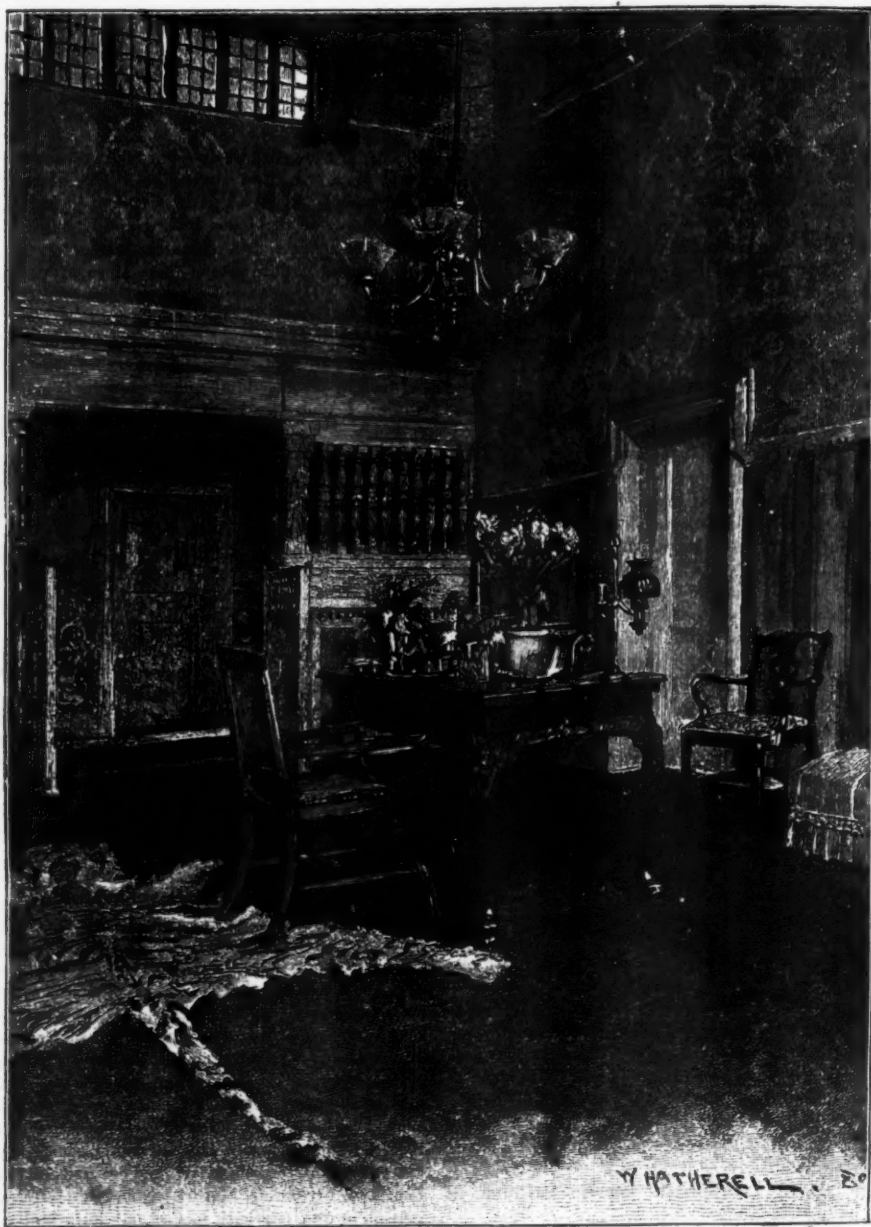
"Yes, I certainly do. It is like—"

"Like a half-dead magnolia!"

"One of the pensionnaires has taken a wrong turn," said Mrs. Lee, carelessly. "The house is full of odd twists and windings; indeed, it is an old wing of the Loria Palace, and I believe there is some passage which leads by a secret panel entrance into one of the salons of the Princess. I cannot say I approve this selection of a perfume," she added; "it is most oppressive. Let me throw open the window. There! it will soon go."

In spite of a sudden, unaccountable heart-sinking, I took the room, and moved in that very day.

Perhaps just here I ought to say that I had been studying for years at Stress, under Signor Lamperti's direction, and that for the last few months my services had been in demand for musicales given by the fashionable Italian and English society at Milan. I had also made my appearance in several operettas, and, on one occasion, when illness had prevented her appearance, I had even filled the place of a favorite contralto at the grand opera, and I had been well received. On the latter occasion I attributed part of my success to my toilette, for, in these days, dress and taste have much to do with an artist's success in any department. In the last scene I appeared in a costume of dull, pink velvet, my neck and arms covered with the only treasures I possessed, a magnificent *parure* of rose-topazes, set in quaint and battered silver. The fierce suns of South America on the burning sands had given an unwonted glow to these rare stones. They had been bequeathed to me by a far-off uncle, and I knew there was but one other *parure* like them in hue and setting. He had left them to me, he said, for my marriage dower. I had never worn them before that fateful evening. The curtain had scarcely fallen when I was summoned to the private box of the Princess Loria, who had honored me by persistent stares through her lorgnette ever since I had appeared in my rose-costume. She received me graciously, blandly complimenting me on my singing, my acting, my costume, and finally on my jewels. There was but one other person in the box with her—a tall, dark individual in full evening dress, whose face was turned away; but even if it had not been I should not have seen him, so fluttered and excited and—shall I confess it?—flattered was I at the great lady's notice of an obscure *debutante*.



"THE EMPTY LONELINESS OF THE STRANGE ROOM FRIGHTENED ME."—p. 263.

I soon became aware, however, that her interest was more in my jewels than in myself. She questioned me closely as to their history, and I

told her all about them, even to the fact of there being but one other set of the same pattern and tint.

"I know that," she muttered. "I know that but too well," and she cast an expressive glance at the manager, who had accompanied me to her box.

But her look was lost. He was staring at her fixedly in surprise, not unmingled with terror. "Ah!" she laughed. "Did you never notice it before, Signor? The resemblance, I mean, to Teresa Azara. Why, in the same costume, my own son would not know us apart."

"But the eyes, Princessa!" stammered the Signor. "Hers—Signora Azara's—were dark, like yours, while oh! pardon me! the Princessa's blue eyes have been sung by the poets."

"And did you never hear," she answered, in amused contempt, "that the changefulness of her eyes was the poet's theme? Yes; Bianca di Loria's eyes vary from palest blue of morning sky to sombre darkness of midnight, while Teresa Azara, the actress, who resembles her as her own shadow in other respects, is unlike in that alone—her eyes are always black."

"Again, pardon me, excellent lady," murmured the old Signor, confusedly.

During this talk the dark man left the box, and the Princess dismissing us, we also withdrew.

This had happened the week before, and immediately after I decided to give up my little lodging at Stresa, which, indeed, I now rarely occupied, and move into Milan, especially since I had received a pressing request from the Princess Loria to sing at her Thursday musicale. The compensation offered was very liberal, but should be doubled, so said the note, if I would favor her by appearing in the rose costume and jewels I had worn at the opera. This nettled me a little. I did not like to be dictated in matters of toilette, nor to be paid for anything outside of my profession. After some reflection I replied, accepting the offer so far as the engagement to sing went; and stating simply that I would obey the Princessa's wish about the costume, for which trifling service I desired no other reward than her pleasure.

Matters were thus when I took the queer little apartment. It was late in the afternoon when I arrived, and I busied myself for some time in unpacking and arranging my clothing, music, and few little ornaments. Then I thought me of the insecurity of my door, my isolation from the main part of the house, and taking the box which contained my topaz *parure* I carried it to Mrs. Lee, and saw her put it safely under lock and key with her own valuables. The room was so dark when I returned that I lit a candle, and drawing up a chair before the table, sat down to rest and feel at home. I was bending over a musical score, intent on

that, and that alone, when again the sickening odor surrounded me, a mist came between me and my page, and the light of the candle was blurred and rendered rayless, as when a torch is obscured by a fog. My back was turned to the door, but I heard it open, and I had no power to stir. Soft movements sounded around me, I felt the brush of garments, heard a clicking noise as of something unlocking, then suddenly my hands were held in a firm and icy clasp, and dimly, as in a dream, I saw before me a dark form, with waxen face and evil, sinister eyes. Closer beside me stood a tall woman. I could see that her dress was blue, and on her bosom lay something white that looked like a flower but was not a flower, for as she leaned near me it fell and struck the table, and gave out a faint metallic ring. A thin vapor again floated before me, and as her hand touched my neck and arms, I tried to scream, tried to move, but my tongue was thick and my limbs heavy. Then came a blank.

The discordant clanging of the late dinner bell and a cool, fresh breeze blowing over my face carried off the faintness and left me once more mistress of my actions and my will. As my calmness returned I made a mental note of several things. That my fancy had not deluded me seemed clear from the fact that on the two occasions the mysterious woman had worn a different dress; the first time she was clad in something sombre, while this time she had appeared in that dark, brilliant blue, so seldom worn because it is so singularly unbecoming. That the bewildering perfume really existed was equally evident, for Mrs. Lee had also perceived it, and, moreover, I saw lying before me a half-consumed pastille which still emitted the faint yet heavy odor. I was comforted a little by the reflection that whatever other object my unwelcome visitors had, my life seemed not in danger, since the cool air had been let in to restore me.

My first thought was to go at once to Mrs. Lee to complain that two of her boarders had intruded on me in a very singular fashion; then I decided to wait until after dinner, thinking it better to discover who they were before accusing them. But among the many faces around the long table were none in the least like either of those I expected to see. I then related my adventure, but my landlady smiled incredulously and asked if I were of an hysterical temperament and subject to such unfounded fears and fancies. I merely reminded her of the fact that she herself had noticed the heavy scent in the room, and said no more, resolving firmly to trust to myself, and myself alone, to bring these uncanny proceedings to a clear so-

lution, which resolve I may as well admit at once was broken through, for it was Prince Loria, and not I, who found and followed the clue.

The conversation at dinner had turned on a robbery that had recently been committed. I could not catch the name of the great lady who had lost a valuable set of rare jewels, but suspicion, they remarked, was turning on a young singer who had lately appeared in the missing *parure*. As no one in their senses would do anything so audacious, the surmise was that the gems had been given to her or that she had bought them at some second-hand shop. The police had her in surveillance, and were working up the case. She had already been questioned by two agents, but her own story was wildly improbable and had but strengthened the suspicion against her.

I wondered who it could be, but failed to divine. Buried in these thoughts as I returned to my chamber, I presently became conscious that I was very long in reaching it and feared I had lost my way. The darkness increased at every step and ended in dense gloom; there was not a ray of light to guide me, and I was beginning to feel anxious, when a faint glimmer in the distance attracted me and I saw a man coming toward me carrying a lantern. He was walking lightly, without the slightest sound; his head was thrown back, and as a long ray of light flashed up I instantly recognized the evil face that had glared at me through the vapor—dark, sinister, wicked. If he had been walking less carelessly he must have seen me as I crouched back quickly, but as it was, the swinging lamp lit up the other side of the wall and left my corner dark. An instant after he disappeared; and hurrying, almost running, I soon found myself at the head of the stairs where I had started. A moment more and I was in my own room.

The next day I had to appear in rehearsal. I was sitting at one side waiting my turn, and two people were talking in the *coulisses*, so near that I could hear them distinctly through the music.

"Then you think her story is true, that the *parure* is her own; in a word, that she is the possessor of the duplicate set?"

"I do, undoubtedly"—this reply in the voice of the manager.

"She is young and pretty. I hope she may be as innocent as you believe her. Can you present me?"

"Certainly; by what name?"

"Ah! wait. Say Captain Enrico."

"Signorina Zaveleta?"

"Signor?"

"Il Signor Capitano Enrico desires the honor of a presentation."

I bowed silently. I could think of nothing to say, and he seemed equally at a loss. The manager was then called to settle some trifling question among the singers, and we were left gazing mutely at each other.

He was a fair, soldierly looking man, with kind blue eyes and something about him which inspired confidence. Yielding to the feeling that I might trust him, I said, impulsively:

"I overheard what you were saying just now to Signor Ricardo, and I begin to understand that people suspect me of having the stolen jewels that some great lady has lost. Surely, if that is so, you will explain matters a little, that I may be able to answer for myself. My rose-topazes are my own, and I can prove it both by a certain peculiarity of the setting, and—if I had time—by my uncle's friends, who knew of his gift."

"I am sincerely glad to hear you say so, Signorina," he returned, gravely. "I have never been able to believe you capable of—pardon me."

"Of wearing stolen jewels? I hope not, sir," I answered, proudly turning away.

"Yet listen to me, young lady," he added, hastily; "appearances are certainly against you; suspicion has fallen upon you; affairs may turn out most unpleasantly. Permit me at least to offer you my aid. My mother—" he paused abruptly and bit his lip.

"Well, sir," I returned, coldly, "you were saying that your mother—"

"Yes, I will continue," he went on, resolutely, looking me straight in the eyes, "my mother, the Princessa di Loria—"

"Then you were presented to me by a false name!" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"By my Christian name and soldier's title only; but now that I have spoken with you I regret using even so much deceit. I am Prince Enrico di Loria, and it is my mother who has lost her favorite jewels. You can scarcely wonder that I am interested in trying to recover some trace of them, and can pardon me for acting as my own private detective, especially as I abandon the *role* at our first interview."

"If I might trust you," I began, timidly.

"Indeed you may," he said, eagerly.

I shook my head, smiling.

"I will wait till I see your mother again."

"Again! then you have seen my mother?"

"Certainly. On the night I wore my pink costume she sent for me to her box and complimented me and asked many questions about my rose-topazes."

He looked doubtful.

"You are mistaken, Signorina; my mother left town the day after the robbery and has not been here since."

"But Signor Ricardo went with me and both saw and spoke with the Princess. She was attended by a tall, dark man, who did not say anything."

"There is surely some misunderstanding," he insisted, firmly.

To convince him I drew the lady's note from my pocket and handed it to him.

"There can be no mistake about *this*! You see, I am engaged by Princessa Loria to sing at her house on Thursday afternoon, and she desires me to wear my pink velvet with the rose topazes."

He read the note, pulled his blonde moustaches, looked at me thoughtfully, read it again, and handed it back in silence.

"You see, she is in town," I cried, triumphantly.

Still he did not speak. After a few moments he asked me if I had answered the note and what I had said. I told him, and he seemed to ponder deeply.

"It may be necessary for me to see you before Thursday," he said at last. "In that case, have I your permission to call? and will you give me your address?"

This I gave, and the manager returning, Prince Loria left me in a tumult of conflicting feelings. Signor Ricardo, a good, fatherly sort of man, looked at me, half curiously, half pitifully.

"Come now, courage," he said, cheerfully. "It will all turn out well. Truth is truth."

"Who is the Teresa Azara that you spoke of the other night?" I queried, more to stop his well-meant condolences than because I cared to know.

"She was formerly a cantatrice," he replied, uneasily glancing over his shoulder; "but her voice gave out some years ago and since then she—well, they say she serves the government."

"In other words, you mean she is a police agent?"

"Just so. And they say, too—" here he again threw an anxious look behind him and sank his voice to a whisper—"that she is assisted by a magician, a Greek who knows all the devices of the evil art, all the secrets of René, Nostradamus, and Cagliostro!"

Thursday came. I had received no word from Prince Loria, and, while half relieved, I yet felt vaguely disappointed. Still, I remembered with pleasure that I should see him in his mother's salon, and my heart beat a little

faster at the thought that I should sing for him.

The rooms were full of guests when I arrived—I could see, as I passed, that they were crowded; but, to my surprise, I was ushered down a long hall to a remote apartment, where, bidding me wait, my conductor left me.

The room was very lofty, and lit from above by clere-story windows. A great tiger-skin spread over the softly carpeted floor gave an air of luxury and comfort, for our Milan climate is chilly and often cold. A curious panel, with side screens figured over in arabesque and quaint hieroglyphics, occupied the centre of one of the walls, and seemed to lead to some vault or passage-way beyond, as a little railing on one side was evidently designed to furnish light and air. But scarcely had I taken in these details when my whole attention was riveted on a table laden with flowers, both cut and blooming, in costly jars of choicest faience. The heavy, thick-leaved, white blossoms were like no flower I had ever seen, and gave out the sickly fragrance I had learned to dread.

I could hear the far-off sound of music, the dulled, indistinct murmur of conversation, and vague movements of the guests. The empty loneliness of the strange room frightened me. I lingered on the threshold and then entered with hesitation. Hardly had I done so when the door closed softly behind me and I heard the key turned. I crossed swiftly to the opposite entrance. It was also locked. Daylight was fading, and the heavily scented flowers gleamed like ivory-tinted lamps. But were they really flowers? As I watched them I saw a thin, faintly luminous vapor rising up from their creamy corollas; the air grew misty, weird laughter seemed to ring around and die away in plaintive cries, and then, from beyond the railing beside the panel, a sinister face glared in at me with burning eyes.

No scream escaped me; I had not the power. My head sank, my eyes half closed; yet I saw the panel move noiselessly aside, a man step into the room, come near, and stare into my rigid face. Then I felt his cold hands touch my neck and arms, and very dimly perceived that he returned to the panel, deposited something, and came back to me. Again the icy touch on neck and arms, and faintly I heard the sound of a turning key. A rush of fresh air passed over my face and a woman's voice called my name.

"Signorina Zaveleta! wake up! What! has she fainted? Some water, there, Signor Otho. Cara Signorina, we are waiting to hear your song."

I rose mechanically in obedience to her com-

manding entreaties and slowly followed her to the crowded salons. A little rustle of curiosity and expectation greeted my entrance; but before I reached the piano where the accompanist awaited me, the dark man, who was addressed as Signor Otho, exclaimed, as if in amazement:

"The rose-topazes! the lost *parure* of the excellent Princess Loria! Arrest and hold this cantatrice to answer for these jewels!"

He clasped his cold hand roughly around my waist, and I shrank back with a cry of fear and indignation.

My hostess, affecting to see my ornaments for the first time, was echoing his words, when, even through my surprise and terror, I observed that something else was attracting every one's attention.

"The Princess Loria is here to claim her own place in her own house and to claim aught else that may be hers, with Madame Azara's gracious permission," said a high, clear voice in a sarcastic tone; and in another moment a lady entered on Prince Loria's arm.

My hostess drew back for one moment in brief dismay, then, drawing herself up, replied, boldly:

"I was commanded, Princessa, as an agent of the law, to trace your stolen jewels, to effect their restoration. This plan seeming the most certain, I adopted it."

"Yes, I understand. Relying on my absence, on your resemblance to me, on the fact of my having given so many Thursday musicales that guests would not be apt to count up to see whether there happened to be one too many, and enjoying nothing so much as an opportunity of personating me—not for the first time, I am assured—you got up this performance, excellent actress that you are, and deceived my very domestics! Even, however, in the interests of law, order, and restoration, Madame Azara, I do not like to be misrepresented in my own home."

The guests looked on amazed, as they saw the two women almost identically alike, and there was a general movement to avoid an embarrassing scene and go; but the Princess objected.

"Wait," she said; "let us examine into this affair. I have heard of you, my child," she added, gently, addressing me, "and am told that you can prove your ownership to these rare topazes."

"So I can," I replied, "to my own; but these are not mine. My *parure* was taken from me in a lofty room, where a tiger skin lies on the floor and a strange panel opens into the wall."

Signor Otho's waxen face turned grayer than

before, and he slipped toward the door, but was stopped by a gendarme, who also barred egress to Madame Azara. Prince Loria had left the room as soon as I had spoken. He now returned carrying an iron box, and took from it a *parure* and a handful of pale pink stones.

"Can you explain this, Signorina?" he asked, respectfully.

"The silver clasp at the back of my necklace contains an enameled miniature—here." I opened a secret slide and showed the face.

This identified my own jewels. Princess Loria's topazes had been removed from their setting, worthless imitations in colored crystal set in their place; my own ornaments had been taken from my person and replaced by the false stones, that I might bear the blame of all. Madame Azara and Signor Otho, counting on their security from suspicion as agents of police, had planned this double theft between them. Both were held for trial and both escaped, owing, doubtless, to Signor Otho's Nostradamian arts.

Is there anything more to tell? Well, yes; I do not sing now, except in private and to please my mother-in-law, the Princess Loria, whose musicales are yet the fashion at Milan.

The passage-way from the lofty room has been walled up and the panel turned into a cabinet for curios, for which my husband has a passion. In fact, those wonderful white flowers, still standing there, which Signor Otho used for his mesmerizing, drugged pastilles, are not real flowers at all, but enameled perfume-burners from Stamboul, which now breathe the only Oriental essence from wide spread blossom and from folded bud.

APRIL.

UPON THE BRIDGE THAT SPANS THE CONE-
WANGO.

'TIS winter on the meadow, white and chill,
Where Conewango's silent waters flow;

'Tis winter on the dull stream—winter still

Upon the bridge that spans it; but below
(Where the first flush of spring begins to show

Among the catkined willows, warm and bright)
The stream is stirring now, beneath the snow,

Like an awakened spirit. * * *

How filled with solemn thought art thou to-
night,

O my beloved waters!—longingly

I lean above thee, and, with wak'ning sight,

Follow thy far, faint shadows, till they lie

So still, so deep, I almost seem to see

Another world in their calm mystery.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

BREAKING A HEART.

BY ROBERT C. MEYERS.

THEODOSIA put her head in at the door
"And now you must not be lonesome, though it is *lebewohl*, Uncle Billy," said she.

"Off to conquests, Theodosia?"

"Off to the field of carnage, yes, oh! yes; to Mrs. Aitche's ball."

"Come back from the fray heart-sound and head-sound."

"Now that is very nice in you, Uncle Billy," cried she, her luminous eyes sparkling with anticipation, "considering that you put the cart before the horse—I mean the heart before the head. Our heads being the parts of us nearest to heaven, are, by analogy, the better portions of us, the means of locomotion, the horses. My head has to do with my mission in life—to break a heart."

"Dossie Dale!" rebuked I, "when will you have done with that nonsense?" for I had heard it before.

"Nonsense?" she echoed. "why, one should have an object in life; and I read in a great book one time that an object is a cluster of vivid states of consciousness. I love states of consciousness; I dote on 'em," rattling the door-knob. "Now look at me, Uncle."

I looked at her—a brown-eyed, brown-haired witch, with never even a pardonable suspicion of that *tedium vitæ* so endemic in this age of æsthetic use, but, instead, enough coquetry to add a sparkle to the liveliest of times—a girl with a toss in her head, who, having the room next to mine in the boarding house, had learned that I was a confirmed invalid, and the day after her arrival had insisted upon having her aunt and chaperon bring her to me, who thereafter constituted herself my one daily visitor.

"Will I do?" she demanded, still rattling the knob, her diaphanous robes shimmering till my room seemed flooded with electric-light and the student-lamp a mortified subterfuge; "will I do?"

"You look quite like an angel." And so she did.

"Then I can only bless, not ban," she laughed.

"Yet theology tells us that angels are only of the masculine gender; and even then there are good and bad—" I began, when she stopped me.

"Don't spoil it, don't spoil it; let me be an angel. Yet my visits to you are not 'few and far between,' are they? There! Aunt's call-

ing! Good-night! I'll think of you at the ball!" and the electric-light subsiding, the student-lamp put on airs.

I had few visitors; Chandos and Noël came for five minutes once a year to satisfy the usufructory conscience of sister Maggie, their mother, stopping to see me on their way home from Newport in September. They are young men; I on the zero-side of sixty and have outlived intimacy with much of the world after twenty years of movelessness in my chair. The world has small cause to remember me; I forgot it often enough when I depended upon its lessons. But, as Dossie Dale corrected me when I once said that the race had little reason to love me: "Reason and Love keep less and less company together nowadays, as Bottom might say." The twinkle in her eye told me that she scarcely viewed reason and love as I did. No, I had no visitors and missed none—if they never came I could not miss them. Besides, for ten years and over I have been revising my manuscript poems, which I contemplate publishing one of these days—not soon, though, for I take the advice of Horace, and turn my verses over in the morning and turn them over in the evening—none of the new-fangled, slipshod rhymes for me; Pope is my model. Yet, I did not mean to say all this about myself, I but intended to explain that I am not treated harshly, that Noël and Chandos drop in once a year and write oftener. Good boys, both, though Maggie Burke is my sister.

But Theodosia from the beginning seemed to think that I might, could, would, or should be lonesome. So she came every day to see me, always knocking with her hair-brush on the wall while she made her toilet—"a good-morning pound," she called it, a warning that she was about to make me a call. I did not altogether like her visits at first; I was not used to society and I wanted to polish my verses. Her good aunt appreciated my objection.

"O bother!" cried Theodosia, showing her pearly teeth, "you know we cannot have everything we like in this selfish world," and kept on coming.

So I grew used to her and her bringing in to me a sage volume which had in it passages surpassing her comprehension and upon which she desired elucidation; for she was omnivorous in her nervous reading, taking science, meta-

physics and sensational romance with equal elaborate gusto—"For we must have heavy and light in equal ratio in order to establish equipoise," said she.

Then, when it became patent to her that she hindered the ascent to Parnassus, she stayed away for a day or two. And how I missed her.

"I knew it would be thus," she said, with the air of an oracle, the next time she saw me; "for you adore me, and fight against the adoration and tie it up with ropes of sand. I read you like a book—better."

I never denied her again. She was not inquisitive neither; selfish as she might be, never asked me about my relations and the like, as women are prone to do, accepting one's relations as moral opera-glasses through which we may be seen the better and our unfortunate foibles detected. No, I might have been Adam before Eve was created; she took me for myself alone, coming and rattling on about Dosie Dale most of all, and secondly, her admirers; for, I am sorry to say, Theodosia had shoals of men in her net, whole types and sects and schools of devoted fish, and the fair ones from Donegal now in the kitchen, disclaiming cousinship with mermaids, bitterly lamented the continuous waiting on the front door of evenings.

"Why, I cannot help it, Uncle Billy," she said, in pretty distress; "they *will* come. What am I to do? I must be gentle and kind, like Old Dog Tray. By the way, has it often struck you that things estimable in dogs are admired in women? That fawning philosophy has been preached to me by Bother." She called her aunt Bother, "for short."

Now "Bother" as earnestly deprecated the amount of attention bestowed upon her niece as could any gentlewoman with a not quite selfish desire for rest. But Theodosia had the same desperate answer for all: "I cannot help it!"

"But your object?"—her aunt ignored the denial.

"You know my object," Theodosia telegraphed over to me, tapping above her heart. And I understood her nonsense.

"I doubt if she cares for the gentlemen," I mollifyingly said; for a feeble look of arousement came into her aunt's face.

"Indeed I do, then," Theodosia cried quite shocked at any such supposition on my part; "I love all the world and everything in it. 'He loveth best who loveth well all things, both great and small,' you know. I love lambs—even peas."

"Theodosia!" I said, in exasperation, "no wonder that your aunt—"

"Bother my aunt," interrupted she, flinging her arms about that estimable woman till she quite crushed her cap. "You fling her at my head on all possible occasions. Poor, dear aunt."

"Why, I never mentioned her in this connection before."

"That does not change the premises. Sir William Hamilton will tell you the difference between induction and analogy; so that when I assert that you fling Bother at my head on a possible occasions when this is the one time you've done so, I am making *one* to be *all*, as it is, which—which—dear me! I thought I understood my 'logic' better."

Her aunt, with every evidence of injured dignity, left the room, straightening out her headgear.

"Let logic alone," I said.

"Then I don't see what shall become of us. It is logical for me to desire a confidante; it is logical for me to refuse to make my aunt that confidante because she disapproves persons not of her sex who approve me; it is logical in me to make you the desired moral keeper of my mind, because you, being a man, dare not disapprove those who approve me. and, being a dear old man with enough sentiment in you to drive a logical engine to destruction, dare you tell me to leave logic to itself? Say nothing more, or I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of arranging your papers neatly."

This operation of arranging my papers neatly consisted in tidying them with that feminine degree of nicety which never fails to render a writing man furious. So you see, in order to be rid of Theodosia, I was forced to put up with her, as her poor aunt was.

She did not like my room in the very beginning, and set about altering it to suit her exacting taste. She made all the pretty brightnesses that are around me, all the glittering bits of silk, wool, painting, and what-not. Whenever she felt that she had been unusually bad and had accepted my correction, some new treasure would be added to my store. Yet in time these cajoleries ceased to impress me as she wished, and I was thoroughly displeased at her heartlessness. It culminated on a day when I had remonstrated with her for driving me to the verge of distraction by saying "No" to a young man's cordial invitation for her to accept the position of his wife, and her aunt had taken to bed in consequence. The case had been one of special flagrancy, and I told her that henceforth she must not rely upon me. She left the room with her handkerchief to her eyes; she left the house a'one, hurriedly, determinedly, and I feared she had repented because of the general

distress she had occasioned, and gone in contrition to the young man and accepted his invitation incontinently—and she did not care for him! What had I done?

But in a little while she came in again, with a regular scaffold of a linen collar, which she solemnly adjusted about my neck, nearly choking me. She had her palette of colors with her, and she played upon my countenance with her brushes; and all the time I was too aghast with astonishment to utter a remonstrance. She pulled from her pocket a strange, uncanny wig and clapped it upon my head; and all without a word. Then, a settled, icy calm upon her face, she wheeled me in front of the mirror.

"There!" triumphantly pointing to the reflection that faced me, "you are literally the *drawn* image of him! Tell me candidly what rights he possessed which I have not respected?"

"Theodosia," I said, with a shudder for the awful apparition, "move me away or I'll send my foot through the glass."

"Exactly!" cried she. "Then imagine how I feel about it," and sent me spinning to the other end of the room. She constructed for me that day a very beautiful pen-wiper.

Again, when another gentleman had made a complimentary proposition and she had refuted it and her aunt was full of vague threats of the North Pole and some other equally impossible places, for the poor lady could stand little more and own to a conscience, Theodosia, shrugging her lovely shoulders, slipped in to me.

"Uncle Billy," she whispered, confidentially, "Bother is in one of her expository moods, and advances, as a scientific fact, that we cannot draw blood from a turnip. Can we not, really?"

"Now, Theodosia," I returned, raising my finger sternly, "you've done it again."

She threw down the fancy work that encumbered her hands and knelt at my feet, her eyes raised to mine.

"Do you honestly think me heartless?" she asked, softly smiling—"thoroughly?"

"You—you are a—thoroughly lovable," I could not help saying. "You have ways, though—"

"I don't care anything about ways; I like means. I am a political economist—I treat of that part of the science of man as existing in society and in relation to his welfare. I should, as you know, make a miserable wife to any one, except—"

"Except whom?" for she had hesitated.

"Except the man I love," she answered, with warm cheeks.

Yes! and I understood her better at that moment. When that man should come to her then Heaven help her!

That was what flashed across me on the instant; and there she was kneeling at my feet, a soft smile lighting up her face, as a sunbeam on a dewy morning may light up a garden of roses.

After that we spoke no more of the old troubles, tacitly acknowledging that there are some points which are best agreed upon when they are never broached, and I only knew when a poor fellow had received his *congé* by some little, bright gift being added to my stock. At such times, while I might sigh and shake my head, no words were uttered on either side; so well did we understand each other now.

But what a name she must have gained in the world of women!—especially with those whom nature had selected as her counterfoils in the masculine eye! One day, as she wrought upon a silken marvel, crouching down in the flare of the fire, surpassing sweet and beautiful, I undertook to tell her what a sad life is that of a coquette; for she looked so innocent and childish in the fire-light, so thoughtless of consequence.

"That is my opinion," she said, energetically. "It is indeed sad. What is it that Junius says in one of his letters relative to unjust taxation? And was there not a man who once designed to prove that crumpets, tabooed by his physician, would not injure him, by eating all that he wanted and then putting a bullet in his head before the crumpets had time to work their vengeance? Then there was Procrustes and his bed that must fit everybody. Yes, indeed, a flirt is a combination of impossibilities, and—" She let her fingers drop and looked into the flame. "I am very tired, Uncle Billy," she said, in reverie; "a poor little tired thing, and some day I will tell you the secret of it all."

"There is a secret then?"

She partly roused herself.

"Is there not a secret in your verses that makes them just a little wistful? Do you not put yourself in them all? 'God sent a poet to reform His earth!'—that is a very beautiful idea." Then, waking thoroughly: "Yes, there is a secret. Ah is me! Now you must tell me something; in your lucubrations and thought wanderings have you never come across any pleasant gentlemen whom you might compliment by an invitation to visit you? For I shall be out a great deal now, and I do not like to leave you so much alone."

So she loved me—tenderly, daughterly. But to think of inviting gentlemen to visit me! Why, I would not have mentioned Noël and Chandos to her for a fortune, while as to imagining them here in the halo of her fatal

attractions—no, no! Yet her solicitude was appreciable.

So she went out "a great deal" that winter, as she had said would be the case, and erewhiles the knocking of the brush upon the wall was the one intimation of her nearness for days at a time. I polished my verses very well that winter, not displeased that I had so much undisturbed repose in the daylight. But of evenings, when she went to a ball or assembly that was grander than usual, she would come in for a minute, with her rich silks toiling after her, to let me see her in all her loveliness before going to the wars, as she termed it, and to ask my opinion of her "armor." And she would slip under my door on her way to her room, late at night, programmes of entertainments, unique dinner menus, dancing lists, and the like. Yes, I loved her, fondly loved her.

As I say, she was on the go all that winter, and we were becoming almost strange to one another, and I missed her.

Early spring found her a little worn and tired. And then she began coming to me again, glad and bright and comfortable. She would sit with me and tell me the old stories of "men and manners," and it was the old times over again. Yet this coming to me made me suspicious. I arrived, one night when I had lain awake purposely to conjecture upon it—I arrived at the conclusion that there had been a special awfulness, particularly as her aunt was taciturn and gloomy and resisted even my overtures, and ostentatiously examined the list of outgoing steamers, and let it be currently known that she was in sympathy with missionaries to the wilds of New Zealand.

Theodosia even refused invitations and callers, and only to sit with me evening after evening and weave her ivory fingers through some pretty work she was raptly doing. What in the world had happened? And what did that pretty work portend, if it were meant for me? Surely I was suspicious.

March and April thus, with brief spells of the old flightiness, and as yet nothing had been told to me and I was full of dismal prophecy.

In May I was hysterically worried by her close attention; for Noël and Chandos usually went to Newport in May, and any hour might hold the five minutes yearly allotted to me, their letter telling me that they would probably stop on their way to the coast instead of *from*, later on. And Theodosia's new and sympathetic manner was more inimical to the heart's ease of young men than her former and now strangely obsolete mode. But, as we often beg trouble, they did not come, going by another way; they would stop at the end of the

season, and I was greatly relieved. And all this time Theodosia was working at that pretty netting that seemed to be intended for a stupendous achievement, as whatever had occasioned it had evidently been of a stupendous character also. For that scarlet netting developed slowly, as she sat often with motionless hands, forgetful of her work, that lay like a red and quivering heart under her soft palm. She saw that I was worried.

"Do I tire you so?" her pretty voice caressingly crept up to me.

But I deprecated this, and she was satisfied. When I fully realized that I was not to be enlightened as to the cause of the change in her I ran over my memory to find any lost gleam reflecting last winter. No, there had been but the usual nonsense. But her manner?—the fancy work that took so long in the completing—the gore-colored fancy work?

She arose before me one day, after an inordinately silent spell, and without prelude cleared away the clouds.

"Uncle Billy," she said, "I have found him!"

"Him?" I was startled into saying.

She leaned across the scarlet silk that was so like a throbbing heart.

"He has come at last!"

"Who is it, Theodosia?"

"Let us call him Number One, for short."

"A suitor? Then I should call him Number One Hundred and One, you arch Penelope!"

"You forget your Homer; Penelope had three hundred suitors. Don't be so opaque," tossing the fancy work. "I have found Number One. He has failed me."

"Failed you?"

"Why do you repeat my words after me? That is Bother's patented method; it makes me imagine that I am in a cave with an interminable echo. What I mean to say is"—and she shifted her work—"that I have taken care of Number One this time!"

"Theodosia!"

"I know it is a rude, vile way of speaking"—was there a helpless little note of despair in her voice?—"I have found Number One, and he refuses—"

"To come into your meshes," I interrupted, watching her knitting-needles that glistened like the cruel probes of a surgeon, as she man-gled the scarlet mass so like a human heart. "I expected as much!"

"'Prophet,' cried I, 'thing of evil.' I will not quote any further."

"I hope you have learned a lesson, Theodosia."

"Thank you, Uncle Billy, thank you. I can easily learn lessons; I always could."

"This fancy work over which you dawdle—is it for me? I can read it very plainly, in that case."

She threw the glittering probes into her lap, she ripped the bright red mass apart till it lay all over her like angry veins, a shredded heart indeed.

"The curse is come upon me," said the Lady of Shalott," she laughed, winding the crinkly stuff about her like a web. "I have grown 'half sick of shadows,' I have looked down to Camelot and seen Sir Lancelot."

But her flippant manner would not do; she was more in earnest than she had ever been before—she had been touched at last!

I had bowed my head on my hand, thinking back, oh! so many years, to a time when another girl had been touched. That other had died when we were both still young—that other and I. Theodosia, that red web all about her, arose and coming to me smoothed my hair.

"I know, I know; don't mind me," she whispered. "I know, I know."

I know not what she thought she knew, but she looked at me as I looked at her, and I knew.

She turned it all off lightly, however, winding the red web up into a ball.

"Now," she said, pocketing the needles and bright floss as though she had done with fancy work thenceforth, "I want you to recollect what I said to you once—that I have a secret. It is this—oh! did you know that Bother and I are off to the wilds to-morrow? The secret? A rather unmaidenly avowal, but a part of the secret is that I have ever wanted to find a heart in man."

"Is that all? It takes a heart to find a heart."

"I have found one then," she said, so strangely that I started. She was smiling whitely, a terrible passion in her eyes.

"I will not, I will not," she was iterating and reiterating under her breath, "I will not be slighted and thrust aside. I will not—"

"But what *will* you do?"

"I will break the heart of him who lets me feel that he does not care that he has found a heart in me!"

It was all told, and she had hurried from the room. And this was Theodosia, the heartless! I could read all the little story—her meeting with some one, "Number One," in the winter, the man whom she could at last care for. And she was nothing to him!

I had said once before, Heaven help her! when such a time should come. I said it again now that the time had come, although I could not think that she had been unreasonably treated.

All the same I was sleepless till dawn, for, strangely enough, I was sorrowfully imbued with what she had told me, sorrowful for Theodosia. At break of day I dropped off into a heavy slumber, and thus I never knew if the brush-tap came upon the wall; there was a slip of paper under my door—Theodosia saying farewell, as she had gone with her aunt in an early train not to return until autumn. To what place she had gone she did not say, only this parting quip: "Remember that I have said I will break a heart. I will do it—or die!" Was she laughing at me? had it been acting all along? Surely she owed me more respect than that.

But no; there could be none of the old, extravagant jesting in this; something—that indefinable intuition called "something"—told me that there was enough seriousness in it to be appalling. I had a weakened or strengthened opinion of Theodosia from that time on; she was bad, a woman false to truth but true to falsity, consequently not untrue, as she would once have said. She now possessed a dignity I had never given her credit for—the dignity conferred by *strong* wickedness. She had deceived me; her flippancy had been absolute wickedness cultivated to a high degree toward perfection, until its polish reflected something better than itself and deceived those who called their own reflections her.

How I grieved over the finding of the clay feet of another idol of my life, the shattering of the last illusion I should ever have!

Heighho! I let my verses—those solaces of many years—call aloud for their physician, and I was soon heartily disturbed by the throes of a morbid dithyrambic. It cost me all of July and August to effect a cure in that dithyrambic, and even then its faltering gait gave me great concern and kept my thought from false Theodosia and my old fondness for her.

I had no letters from her, nor did I expect any after that last word of hers—she would "break a heart—or die." I made no effort to ascertain her whereabouts; I wanted to forget her, to wipe her out of my memory, as men of my age have learned to wipe away many a troublesome mark from the surface of their lives.

She would break a heart—or die, and I believed her! But all the time I was forgetting her the conviction was wearing upon me that revenge such as hers was no mere pique, no coquettish spite; she might be wicked, but she was not weak. Thus my old love for her elevated her from the mire of contempt unto a pinnacle from which she smiled down as awfully strong.

I was never to know the exact truth of whatever dereliction there had been which had forced her true character to light. But on the 16th of September, when my dithyrambic was cured and sprightly and I was grown restless again and wanted—what? Theodosia?—yes!—who should come in without warning but Noël and Chandos. I pretended to be too busy over my verses to say much, for I feared my speech would betray me, though they were in haste to catch a train. And I was not sorry that a change in their own condition and their close attention to that created an admirable selfishness in them which rendered me of no account; for Noël was not looking well and Chandos was scowlingly nervous, and I inanely rallied them with having left their hearts behind them at Newport. But they would not even smile—the first time the mention of a heart in that connection had failed of that symbol of a young man's superiority. It was no business of mine, however, and I certainly wished they would go; had I not enough without this? At last:

"The truth is, Uncle Billy," burst out Noël, "Chan and I have had a bitter experience."

"Oh!" I ejaculated, still weakly determined on the smile, "the inexpressive she?"—and oh! if they would only go!

"Yes," Chandos took it up with assumed gayety—I suppose I was the first one they had come across who was helpless—"yes, a lady, by my troth! a lady who met Noël and me once or twice last winter and once or twice a couple of winters ago—a lady who has led us both on; who has kept us both silent because we never knew which of us she preferred—"

"What talk is this? *which* of you she preferred?"

But he continued:

"A lady who followed in our wake this summer; who is a known coquette—a false, fleeting, heartless creature whom we both—"

"Love," finished Noël, gently, and Chandos hung his head; "whom we both love, Chan, but who is unworthy of either of us. Curse her!"—the intensity of that quiet imprecation! He placed his hand upon his brother's shoulder—rivals in love, brothers in love's affliction.

And I?—that intuitive "something" again! From whom had they learned that flippant trick of talk so like Theodosia's? Was that the current speech of the day?

There came a sharp, ringing knock near at hand, and I shrieked, and my nephews ran to me in alarm.

"It was only something that fell in the next room," said Noël. "Forgive us! we should not have spoken as we did—your sympathy has made you nervous."

But it had been a stroke on the wall, the "good morning pound," the presage of Theodosia Dale's advent. She was here—they were here—her old fascination was here. And did they know her?

"Go into the next room," I managed to say, "my dressing-room, and close the door. Quickly! There is some one coming to me on private business. Go! go!"

The blood was pumping through my heart with the terrible energy of my hatred for her, when I thought of those two boys; but I was calmly leaning over my desk when the door opened. I expected some extravagant word as usual. I did not look up—how could I? I could only hope that she would remain but a minute, noticing my intense preoccupation and my bearing toward her; could only hope that that door leading to the dressing-room would remain closed, that there would be no sound back of it. She walked straight up to me, placing her little hand upon my sleeve. Still I could not look at her.

"All the little things I have made for you are still here," she said, alluringly, evidently glancing about her.

I kept my eyes down upon my desk. Her voice sounded again.

"That tidy is the memento of poor Jack Summers! he is going to marry a widow, universally accredited with being the younger sister of Methusalem. That green lamp-shade vividly recalls poor little Tom Minor; he has found silver on a place he bought for a song in Mexico, and lives in adobe houses—Tom, who was such an Adonis. Captain Armstrong positively leers at me from that decorated hand-glass; the Captain does not go with an absolutely teetotaler party, I am sorry to say, and requests ladies to drink to him only with their eyes, and he will pledge with his—goblet. That blacking-box with the satin cover is the epitome of Willie Lamson's sonnets, in which he rhymed 'Theodosia' with 'me who knows you.' Mercy! how that atrocious plaque reminds me of Ned Knollys, who had such a fine voice that I recommended him to become wedded to song."

So she ran on, callous and hard; I had not known her voice could be so harsh. Had it been so when I trusted and was in the glamour?

Then she became silent. She left my side, and I heard a key turned—she locked the door leading to the hall; she crossed the room and locked the door leading to the dressing-room. If she did this to attract my attention, she failed signally, for I would not look up from my desk. Had she brought back that awful red silk netted into some huge form, the monument of a supreme effort and victory?—and was she

placing it in position, something to drape both doorways?

"Uncle Billy," she said, "you are angered against me. I admire you for it. I knew such would be the case, have long realized it. Yet I owed you something—I owed you a farewell. For I go away with Bother in a quarter of an hour—we are here after some old traps; she has taken to hops tea and is going to waft me over to Europe—the North Pole, I believe. And the hops tea and the North Pole are both for the benefit of my health," and she laughed blithely. "I have been threatened with an incipient trip to Europe for three years; now the malady has assumed virulent forms, and I have it. And I call her a Mede and a Persian, because she will not deviate from the letter of her law and I have not opposed its spirit. Then there was something else I owed you. I vowed, or I promised to tell you about the heart I should break. It is broken—I shall not die!"

"I refuse that horrible blood-colored silken token, which—"

Then I looked up at her; she was laughing, her teeth sparkling. But such a changed Theodosia, such a haggard, worn-out woman.

"My God!" I said, "and this has been sport!"

"A merry jest," she went on rapidly, "the merriest of jests. But it has told on me, as games have been known to tell upon the players with whom it is imperative to get through with the thing begun. It was imperative for me to finish my game. It is always imperative for me to finish what I begin—all except the 'horrible blood-colored silken token,' as you called it. I had meant it for you, a red-floss banner of a victorious crusade. It will never be finished—I have forgotten the stitch. That is all! Bother erroneously imagines that she is correcting me by bearing me away from my native shores. But I have lost interest—we always do when our life-quest is over. My life-quest was to find a heart and break it. Then Bother is quite ill herself, and must drink of the waters of Lethe over in Carlsbad. Don't look at me thus, Uncle Billy, or I shall arrange your papers for you. Nay, you will not smile. And I shall never be near you to worry you any more, shall I? I shall be thousands of miles away—long, green, watery miles away, and you will hear the 'good morning pound' no more forever. 'The broad stream bore her far away,' as is said of the Lady of Shalott—do you mind the day I spoke of that pretty poem?—the day I was webbed all over with the raveled floss from the banner I was making. Ah is me! I shall often think of you and the dear hours in this

cozy room. I used to think you liked me a good deal, and—but I am not sentimental; I hate fluid sentiment. I promised to tell you something more. Here it is. There were two doughty brothers, hight Noël and Chandos—"

I groaned aloud; it was all so plain then, and I no longer hated her, for my love was gone—I despised her.

She paused, almost insolently.

"You are astonished that there should be two brothers in the world," she said, briskly. "I once knew seven brothers, and all left-handed. The youngest had the gift of prophecy. Then the seven sleepers of Ephesus, you know. But to my tale! These brothers bold, you must be told, I dubbed Number One and Number Two. No matter which was One, which Two; you can have no interest in knowing. Number Two I made happy in order to render Number One miserable. Then I reversed this accepted order, trying to be impartial. And how they hated one another then; and brothers too—Cain and Abel brothers. But Number One—he was the most to me, too much to me. Too much! For I had met him once, a long time ago, and after that meeting I could never care for any one else—all other men seemed as shadows, he the substance. That is the secret I once promised to tell you—that one meeting with Number One! Hush! There is a little more. Number One saw what he had become to me, how I treated others for his sake, and he loathed me. Then I determined to have an object in life, to break that heart of which we have so much spoken."

"And you broke it," I mourned, "you broke it!"

"I called you prophet once before; you must be a seventh son yourself," she said. "Yes, the heart is broken, Uncle Billy, and I am glad for it—oh! so very glad that I know the full extent of a woman's power." She had clasped her hands together, wringing them in a sort of ecstasy, "so very, very glad."

I should never know which was Number One, which Number Two; and they were both in that other room but a few feet away! Suppose they should burst out and see her so fiendishly gratified! She suddenly caught my hand in hers, pulled it up to her bosom above her heart:

"Does it beat?" she demanded, huskily. "Is there too much life in it yet? Is there more heroic work left for it to do? Does my very hand burn you, that you shrink so?—does the blood in the veins pound too importunately against its barriers? Ah! that is because it is a great thing to find and break a heart; a life-work! And you act as though I were a responsible agent, when—"

She as suddenly threw my hand away from her—her aunt was rattling at the door.

"The carriage is waiting, Theodosia. Do you hear me?" imperative as never before.

"Bother the carriage!" Theodosia said, in something of the old manner; but went over to the door at the same time, and with alacrity.

"You are glad I am going?" she asked me.

I did not answer.

"You will not say good-bye! even?"

"I am thinking of the two brothers, Theodosia."

How she laughed then.

"Rather think of my troublesome efforts," she cried. "You give me no credit at all."

I shuddered.

"You would not kiss me for the world, would you, Uncle Billy? You think I am a dreadful creature, don't you? So I am. But silly?—insane? I doubt that. And don't you feel that I understand you? You do not quite hate me—you have kept all the little things I ever made for you. Don't destroy them, please; I liked to make them for you; you were the only one I had to whom I could go when I—"

"Theodosia," called her aunt, "the cabman is swearing at his horses. Come here to me. What does this mean, you ridiculous thing?"

Theodosia put her hand upon the knob, obeying the call.

"You will always think of me as a frightful woman, Uncle Billy?—a creature of the kind to warn young men against? You will think of me as one so full of the baser clay as to be proud of having shattered a divinely-earthly vessel. Is there any one in that dressing-room?—surely I heard some one laugh."

"Theodosia," called her aunt, "Theodosia."

Then with a cry that drowned the rattling of the knobs of both doors, she had run to me, kneeled at my feet, grasped my hand, and held it down upon her beautiful hair, as though I blessed her, turning her gaze upon me a whole intense life shining out to me from her wild eyes; and then there was a burning press-

ure of her lips upon my cheek—and she was across the room, had unlocked the hall door, passed over the sill, closed the door after her, as the dressing-room door was wrenched open, and Noël and Chandos were with me.

"There were loud words?—you called?" said Noël, while Chandos went toward the hall, inquisitively.

"Into the dressing-room, one minute more," I commanded. "My visitor is coming back; I had rather you did not meet her. Respect my secret, boys."

They looked at each other, the smile I had tried to excite when they had first entered the room now irradiating their countenances.

They were safe inside the dressing-room, and I had wheeled myself from behind the hall-door, which I had held tightly closed against Theodosia's efforts to open it. Then her face was in the room, a mystery of smiles with all the life of smiles faded out.

"There is just one thing more I would say, Uncle Billy, in extenuation of my feeling for Number One."

But I cried out, that kiss on my face burning down to my heart, and I know there were briny drops rolling down my cheeks, "My poor Theodosia! My poor Theodosia! Forgive my harshness! And tell me that I am not loving a wholly false woman—let me know that I can love you for a little suffering you have had; tell me only that you have known pain for the pain you inflicted, that your heart is not quite adamant."

"Don't," she whispered, faintly—"don't." And the purple lids drooped over the lambent eyes like a dead woman's. "There was one thing more for me to say. We have had so much cant about that heart, you know; I have said I have succeeded in finding and breaking it. And I have told you the truth. But the heart was in my own breast here—the heart was my own!"

Then she had closed the door, and was hurrying down the hall, and Noël and Chandos were coming into me again, quizzically smiling.

QUESTIONING.

IF we could meet her 'neath the quiet skies,
What should we ask her, questioning her eyes?
If she is happy? Doubt could find no place
With his dark shadow, looking in her face!
If she still loves her earth friends? Could it be?
Nay! all distrust must from her presence flee!
If she will watch for us at Heaven's gate?
We know her answer,—we can smile and wait.

S. J. J.

BY ACCIDENT ONLY.

A ROMANCE OF THE NEW ENGLAND HILLS.

By H. S. ATWATER.

THE rays of the afternoon sun, slanting from low in the west and brightening the newly mown meadows, fell full in the face of a tall, slender girl of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, as she stood carelessly leaning against the door-post of a snug New England farmhouse. There was an angry look on her expressive face, and her fingers beat nervously and impatiently on the crown of a coarse sun-hat she carried hanging from one arm. So she stood, an unamiable looking girl, and yet with the possibility of an infinitely tender love expressed in her fiery dark eyes.

Presently there broke upon her ear the sound of wheels. She started quickly, her brow relaxed, her face softened, as, shielding her eyes from the dazzling sun, she looked eagerly up the road, from whence came into sight a huge hay-cart piled high up with its fragrant load, the heads of a couple of boys, surmounted by ragged straw hats, just showing over the top; and Abel, the "hired man," seated across the shafts, found but little trouble in guiding the wearied cattle through the broad gate, swung wide open.

Evidently it was not this for which the girl waited, for she shook her shoulders impatiently and resumed her listening attitude.

"Judith! Judith!" resounded in a shrill voice from the house.

The angry look deepened on the girl's face, and a sullen pout of the red lips was the only answer vouchsafed.

"Judith! Judith!" was repeated in a higher key and in more impatient accents. A door opened at the extreme end of the hall and a head was thrust forth. "Well, really! There you stand, and you *must* have heard me. Where are your boasted manners? You are your father's daughter, truly." So saying, the body to which the head belonged emerged more fully into view, and proved to be that of a buxom woman of about forty, whose stout and well-conditioned frame gave promise of an amiability of temper which was flatly contradicted by her sharp black eyes and red face.

The girl braced herself, as if for a conflict, and turned quickly, her whole nature in arms against the speaker.

"Yes, I heard you," she said, shortly, evi-

dently trying to repress the bitter words that rose to her lips.

"You saucy minx!" said the elder woman, her face growing redder with anger; "you dare to stand there and tell me that, do you?"

The girl laughed contemptuously, and, turning her back, resumed her listening attitude.

The look and action appeared to anger the woman beyond endurance, and she grasped the girl's arm with anything but a gentle touch.

Judith turned swiftly, her hands clinched, her eyes fairly flashing fire.

"Take your hands off, step-mother!" she hissed between her set teeth.

The woman involuntarily retreated a step, loosening, as she did so, her grasp upon Judith's arm.

At this moment a wagon drove into the side-yard, and, with one look in its direction, the girl, shaking off her step-mother's hand, rushed through the hall and kitchen and made her way out into the orchard, that lay back of the house. Through it she sped, hardly knowing, scarcely seeing, where she went. Over the stone wall she scrambled like a cat, and, entering a grove of trees, flung herself down, with a torrent of tears, on one of the granite boulders with which the ground was strewn pressing her feverish face closely to the rough stone, as if it were the breast of an old friend.

Sobs and moans broke from her, and tears rained down her face until, perfectly exhausted, her sobs grew fainter and less frequent until they ceased, only occasionally a long, quivering breath giving evidence that, although the storm had indeed been a midsummer one in its fury, it had spent its strength in proportion to its violence.

Suddenly she raised her head and listened intently.

Through the stillness of the woods came the crackling sound of footsteps among the dried leaves of last year that thickly covered the ground.

Judith rose to her feet and quietly withdrew behind the rock, peeping out from one side to see who this intruder might be.

The figure of a tall and rather slightly built woman, over middle age, emerged from the clearing and came toward the spot where Judith

stood concealed. She was straight as an arrow, with hair plentifully sprinkled with gray and drawn tightly away from her face in a small knot at the back of her head. High cheekbones and a determined mouth gave to her a masculine appearance which was not rendered any the more feminine by her weather-beaten complexion. In her hand she held a short, knotted stick, which she evidently carried for use, and not for ornament; and on her head, or, rather, slanted down over her eyes, was a Shaker bonnet with a long calico cape descending half way to her waist. Her dress was plain enough—common six-penny calico—and the only article of ornament and value about her person was a long string of gold beads, wound several times around her neck.

Her keen gray eyes had caught the flutter of Judith's dress as she disappeared behind the rock, and, in a deep voice, she called:

"Come out, child; I saw you. What's the matter now?"

"Nothing new, Mother Goodman," said the girl, appearing, "only the same old story."

"Sharp tongue on one side, bad manners on the other, and hot tempers all around, eh, Judith?"

"Have it as you choose, Mother Goodman; it isn't a very pleasant subject, anyway. But when will you give me my next lesson? See here what I have done since I was with you last," said the girl, searching eagerly in her pocket and drawing forth two small figures made of hardened putty, and which, although roughly executed, gave evidence of unusual power.

The woman seated herself on a rock, and, motioning Judith to sit beside her, examined them critically.

"They are very good, very good indeed, child," she finally said. "If you keep on in this way you will soon be beyond me."

The girl's face brightened with an eager pleasure, and, in an unsteady voice, she said:

"You do me good when you speak so to me, Mother Goodman. Oh! that others were more like you," and buried her head in her hands, rocking herself to and fro.

"Tut, tut, child," said the old woman, a suspicious moisture dimming her gray eyes and softening their hardness, "why do you take things so to heart? You have a good home, plenty to eat, good clothes to wear. What more can a woman want?" A bitter look passed over her face as she uttered the last few words half aside, but the girl's quick ear had caught their meaning, and, with a fierce gesture, she dashed aside her tears, turning quickly.

"And must the heart grow faint with hungering for love, must the brain lie rusting for

want of sympathy, and shall one's soul go down to destruction in beating itself out against wrong and injustice?"

Mother Goodman's head sunk upon her breast, her pipe dropped from her hand, and for a few moments naught was heard but the faint chirrup of the grasshopper and the distant sounds of country life.

Judith plucked nervously at the sweet-fern at her side, her slender fingers mercilessly crushing their fragrant leaves and scattering them right and left. At last, stealing a side-long look at the old woman, she arose and, gathering up her small models, turned to her companion and rather sullenly said:

"I suppose I must go back. Father"—and her voice lingered tenderly on the word—"will have come home by this time, and I shall only worry him by staying away."

"Your father! yes, he was always good, good, good," Mother Goodman said, dreamily; then rousing herself with evident effort, she patted the girl encouragingly on the arm.

"Never mind, Judith; things will straighten themselves out some of these days; so patience, patience! You will come to me to-morrow afternoon, will you not?"

"You need not ask me if I *will*, Mother Goodman, but rather if I *can*. Father went to-day to Whitefield to bring back step mother's son; so, you see, that will make more work for us, as he is to stay with us all summer. I don't see what a city gentleman sees in a place like this, I'm sure. But I'll come if I possibly can; you know that. Good-bye," and she started off at a quick pace over the path she had taken a short half-hour previous.

Mother Goodman slowly rose, bent her steps toward the wood and in an opposite direction from that taken by Judith. She crossed the fields and, clambering over a stone wall, proceeded up the road with a settled swing which showed her to be a steady and persistent walker. She passed several cottages on her route, and two or three barefooted children ran after her, crying: "Mother Goodman! Mother Goodman! old witch! old witch!" to which she did not pay the least attention until one, more venturesome than the rest, flung a stone after her. On this she turned and drew down her features into a horrible grimace, which appeared to transfix them with terror, until, with a cry of fear, they all took flight, leaving the old woman to continue her way unmolested.

After a toilsome walk of over a mile, she turned off the road to the right, up quite a steep, rough hill-side, but her vigorous steps soon overcame the short but difficult ascent, and she halted before the door of a one-story-and-a-half

house—a rough, unpainted, primitive structure, the door in the centre, and one window on either side. Several bird-cages hung at the side of the door, and a large black cat sat on the sill, blinking lazily in the sun. Hopping around the cat, and sometimes perching on her back, but without disturbing her in the least, was a tame crow, who no sooner perceived the old woman, than he turned his attentions from the cat in her direction, with long hops and loud *caw! caw! caw!* The cat raised herself, elevating her back and rubbing affectionately against the woman's skirts, venting her satisfaction in an audible purr. To each and every pet Mother Goodman gave a kindly word or touch, and passed through an open door into a room, than which a more curious sight could not well be imagined. It was a long, low room, with painted floor and strips of carpet laid here and there, containing naught but the ordinary kitchen furniture, but the peculiarity of the place laid in the innumerable bird-cages that filled the walls, chairs, tables; in fact, almost every place that offered space for a cage was occupied in that manner.

No cage-born birds were these, but the wild denizens of the woods—fledglings, many of them, almost all young. There was the red breast of the robin, the sober plumage of the cat-bird, the brilliant oriole, the blue-jay with his proud crest and coat the color of the midsummer sky, contrasted finely with the subdued brown dress of the thrush and the speckled breast of the meadow-lark.

As Mother Goodman stepped within the room a soft commotion greeted her. Fluttering wings, soft chirpings, and low bursts of melody laden the air with delicious sound; little, half-fledged wings quivered quickly, and small bills opened eagerly, each and every one appearing to recognize the form and hand that tended them so gently and successfully.

Divesting herself of her bonnet, she at once proceeded to minister to the wants of her feathered family. Carefully and tenderly she gave to each one its proper food, oftentimes feeding the youngest and weakest from her mouth. It was marvelous, the skill she exhibited in handling the frail and tender little creatures. Having accomplished her delicate task, she opened the doors of several cages, calling their occupants with a peculiar whistle to which they answered with alacrity. They came boldly forth, circling around her, now lighting on her shoulder, now perching on her head, and pulling and pecking at her roughened hair. All this time the black cat continued her caressing movements, taking no notice of the birds, and even allowing them to perch

unmolested upon her back. Finally, returning the birds to their several cages, she took up a small bag of corn and other grain, and going outside, called loudly, at the same time scattering the grain far and wide. From all directions came pigeons, by tens and twenties, until Mother Goodman was surrounded by a busy crowd, jostling each other in their race for their meal. Pigeons of every variety, from the commonest to the most aristocratic breeds, seemed united by one common bond, of which the old woman was the centre. Suddenly the cat arched his back and tail, spitting and snarling, and upon turning to discover the cause of this proceeding, Mother Goodman found herself face to face with an intruder, who, standing hat in hand, kept a wary eye upon the animal. Involuntarily, the old woman raised her stick with a menacing gesture, but gradually lowered it, as she became convinced of the pacific designs of the intruder. He was a fashionably dressed man of thirty or thereabouts, with crisp, black hair curling close to the well-shaped head and fine brow, which impressed the beholder favorably, and this feeling was not lessened by the candid expression of his full brown eye.

"Pray do not be alarmed, my good lady," he said, in a pleasant voice. "I assure you I mean no harm to you or yours. Behold in me only a tired traveler, who, through too great a confidence in his own skill, has lost his way, and only wishes to be set straight on his journey. Can you put me on the right path to reach Farmer Elmswood's house?"

A keen, scrutinizing look came into the old woman's eyes as he thus mentioned Judith's father, but with more cordiality in her tones, she replied:

"Excuse me, sir. I am so unused to visitors that you alarmed me at first." And pointing out the way to him, she watched his retreating form until out of sight, when, with a doubtful "Humph!" she shrugged her shoulders and returned to her feathered family.

Her visitor continued his journey with a steady step, using his light cane more as a plaything than as an aid. He looked curiously from side to side, with a keen delight in even trifling beauties that spoke well for his artistic nature. At length he reached his destination, and halted at the gate of the house in the door of which Judith had lounged that same afternoon. It now stood hospitably open, and glimpses through the window revealed a snowy supper table set with lavish care. He pulled open the gate and walked up the path, bordered on either side with sweet-peas, gay nasturtions, and great, deep red roses, their flaunting coquetry confined by a hedge of decorous box. A

buxom woman, the same one Judith had called "step mother," appeared in the doorway, and flung her arms around his neck, laughing and crying at the same time.

"O Theodore! Theodore! how glad I am to see you! how glad I am to see you!" and her trembling tones spoke, more than her words, the full measure of her joy. "David," she called, and in reply to her summons, her husband made his appearance from around the corner of the house. "This is my son, David, and this, Theodore, is your step-father; I hope you will like each other, for I can't stand nonsense."

Theodore shook the old man cordially by the hand, a compassionate look crossing his face. The old gentleman seemed to wince under the acerbity of his wife's tones, and a settled, pathetic look of patience appeared to have become the outward exponent of his inward life.

"What made you so late, Theodore? Supper has been waiting an hour, and David could not find you in Whitefield, although, like enough, he was behind time when the cars came in."

Again the old man winced, and Theodore, pitying him, hastened to explain the cause of his late arrival. At this moment Judith entered the room, looking cross and uncomfortable in a stiff ruffle and clean cambric dress.

"This, Theodore," said Mrs. Elmswood, "is my step daughter," with a spiteful inflection on the word "step-daughter."

Judith stiffly bowed, casting at the same time a look of half-concealed aversion at the stranger.

"What an unamiable-looking girl," was the thought of the recipient of this grudging courtesy.

"But you did not tell me, Theodore, why you were late," continued Mrs. Elmswood.

So the young man had to relate how he had undertaken to walk, how he had lost his way, and the curious woman he had met.

"Oh! that was Mother Goodman," said Mrs. Elmswood, as she seated herself at the tea-table, motioning the others to follow her example; "they call her an old witch around here and I shouldn't wonder if there was more truth in it than seems on the outside. She is an ugly old woman, and no fit company for a girl like Judith here, who prefers her company to that of her betters."

Judith's breath went and came, and she bit her lip, almost bringing blood, but still she kept silence.

"She is no better than she should be," continued Mrs. Elmswood, casting a sidelong glance at Judith, "and keeps a lot of worthless birds, and steals all the pigeons in the neighborhood. You needn't tell me any decent woman would live like that. I don't know

where she finds money to support her crittens, unless she steals it."

"For shame, step-mother," burst forth Judith; "you shall not speak so of Mother Goodman; she is good and kind, and would scorn to take a cent from any one, but *you*—you do not care if you take away a person's good name. You *know* that what you said just now was not true. Yes, madam, it was a *falsehood*."

Mrs. Elmswood's face grew redder, and her eyes snapped more viciously than ever, as, turning on her husband, she vehemently said:

"I will not sit here, Mr. Elmswood, and be insulted. If you don't order your daughter out of the room, I'll put her out myself."

The old man feebly raised his hand in protest, and cast a beseeching look at Judith, who sat tapping the table with her fingers and glaring defiantly at her step-mother. Catching her father's eye, she left the table, and with a low, derisive laugh, quitted the room.

Theodore, looking, as he felt, exceedingly uncomfortable, rose and sauntered out into the garden, where he soon forgot this unpleasant episode under the influence of the moon and the soothing sounds of the summer night.

Thus the summer ran its course. Many and bitter were the quarrels waged between Judith and Mrs. Elmswood, all the more bitter, perhaps, that they were displayed in a subdued manner.

The quiet presence of Theodore Brent exerted an invisible but potent influence over both these fiery natures—on Judith, through her natural delicacy of feeling and her pride; and on his mother, by her idolatrous love for her only child. His influence over Judith was peculiar, and a constant source to her of rebellion within herself. In the midst of her wildest outburst, did she catch his eye, with its mixture of kind reproof, pity, and some amusement as well, then her color would flush to her temples, and, despite herself, she would turn away with a defiant toss of the head, but with shame and mortification raging within her heart. Then, too, she had discovered his profession as a sculptor, and she regarded him with a species of awe, not unminged with a longing to ask of him a thousand questions, but to which her pride and dislike forbade her to give utterance.

It was she who attended to the room his mother had assigned to him for a studio, and it was a positive delight to her to linger over the implements of his art, to touch them with a timid and reverent hand, and sometimes mold with trembling fingers the damp clay she occasionally found.

Theodore was but little in his studio this summer, for he had been an overworked man,

and spent much of his time, book in hand, rambling over the hills and breathing deep draughts of the life-giving mountain air. He was perfectly contented thus to live through this bright, warm summer, and drank deeply of the cup of indolence.

It thus came about that Judith's stolen visits to the studio became more frequent, and many a delicious moment did she snatch from the hateful routine of household work to revel in the midst of these treasures. Many hints for the pursuit of her beloved art did she gather from the books of which Theodore possessed a goodly stock, and these hints she carried with her into the lessons she still continued to pursue under Mother Goodman's guidance.

Mother Goodman had not always been the lonely old woman she now was. Her talent for modeling was inherited from her father, who had been a man of genius in his day and who had carefully cultivated the artistic inclinations of his daughter, but when at his death she had been thrown into the world to make her own way, she had found work which, though not to her taste, proved more remunerative than had

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

she followed her art, so her talent was carefully hidden away "in a napkin," and was almost forgotten until Judith's genius had caused the old woman to brighten up her rusty knowledge for the sake of the girl whose father she had loved.

Thus it was that the lives of Judith and Theodore drew nearer and nearer to each other, entirely unsuspected by one and angrily thrust out of sight by the other.

On his side Theodore did his best to make friends with this strange girl, but each effort resulted in a mortifying failure. Positive hatred seemed to flash from her great black eyes, and a short, "No, thank you," met all offers of kindness or civility; and yet perhaps it was by this very persistency of ungraciousness that he found himself continually thinking of her and taxing himself to find some way by which he might propitiate this inaccessible nature. He surprised himself wondering more and more as to her way of life; where did she secrete herself hours at a time, when his mother fretted over her absence, and there was sure to be a hard fought battle on her return?

A HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

BY SEDDIE P. SMITH.

FATE had not been very kind to Lettie Lorin. It had given her a nose too short, a forehead too high, a mouth too large, irregular teeth, and freckles. Of course, she had been aware of all these deficiencies for a good many years of her life, but they had never presented themselves to her eyes in quite so painful a light as on this bright birthday morning, the day she was sixteen.

"Ugh! how I hate you!" she said, giving a vicious little rub with the towel to the offending blemishes on her soft cheek; "the rest is bad enough, but *freckles!*" and she threw the towel over the rack with a disgusted toss and went down the wide stairs into the garden.

In a moment she had forgotten all about her looks. The soft air was full of the morning song of birds, the low hum of the bees, and the scented breath of the apple-blossoms overhead; the whole world seemed filled with perfume and music. She knelt down by the low stone wall that lay between the orchard and garden, and gathered a handful of the wild blue violets that grew in the damp mosses and pinned

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them in the bosom of her blue-and-white print dress.

"My own little darlings," she said, touching them caressingly. Then she ran lightly up the steps into the breakfast-room, to see that all was bright and pretty and in good order; for Fate, or whatever we choose to call the Providence that shapes each life, had given to Lettie a love for dainty, orderly ways and a pair of deft little hands that had but to touch and beautify.

That was why she always looked, in her simple print gowns, as if she were dressed for a party; at least, that was what Belle said when she came in that morning: "Why, Lettie, what are you fixed up so for? You look as if you were ready for a party!" But that was only because her pretty golden curls—her greatest beauty—were caught neatly back with their bit of blue ribbon and the knot of blue violets matched the sunny blue eyes above them. But Belle was a little cross, and did not look very tidy herself, a fact that was rendered more patent by contrast with her dainty cousin.

The keen-eyed young doctor, who was sitting by the sofa hearing the symptoms of Aunt Lucy's last "nervous attack," glanced up, at Belle's peevish remark, a swift glance from the slim young girl in the door to handsome Belle lounging in the easy chair, and then, with a grave bow to the former, continued his conversation with the invalid.

For Aunt Lucy, as she said herself, was "all nerves," a fact which put many a dollar in the pocket of her favorite young doctor and caused gossiping people to say that it showed her wisdom, encouraging the doctor's attentions to Belle, for a doctor would be an important thing to secure in the family and save Oliver Huntley a sight of money.

But these nerves laid many a burden on gentle Lettie, and only a patient spirit like hers could have borne the daily strain and not get its own nerves 'jangled out of tune."

Aunt Lucy's nerves could not sustain the care of her young baby. Belle "detested youngsters." This youngest nursling of the flock must not be trusted to a hired nurse, so it fell to Lettie's lot to lift and carry and soothe the fretful child, to feed and dress, and, finally, to care for it nights as well. Lettie had also to wait on the invalid when she had her "nervous spells," run up and down stairs, and help with the sewing and household matters in the intervals. On the whole, she was a sadly overworked little girl, though she never said so, even to herself.

"I'm sure I ought to help," she used to say; "it is so good of uncle to give me a pleasant home now that poor papa and mamma are dead."

Belle often reminded her of this when she wanted any little extra work done. Belle was five or six years her senior and the object of Lettie's pride and admiration. Her unselfish little heart gave its most loyal love to these friends who were giving her so much for nothing. And to the baby—her baby, as she always called her—she was devoted, soul and body. Her tired feet never wavered when she had to walk miles to and fro in her room to soothe the baby while others slept; and her face never lost its sunny smile, though her eyes might droop for want of the slumber that her growing young body needed.

"Poor young thing!" Dr. Mayne said to himself, noting many things as he made his numerous visits; "she has a hard time!"

It had come up in a wave of pity from his heart as he glanced at her on this birthday morning and heard her sweet reply:

"It is my birthday, you know; so I wear the flowers I am named for?"

He almost lost some of Aunt Lucy's symptoms in the next moment.

"Violet!" he thought. "Rightly named for once! Wonder if any one here remembers her birthday by anything pleasant."

But he wrote out his prescription as carefully as usual and took his departure.

When the mail came that evening there arrived a little box addressed to Miss Violet Lorin, and in it, on its soft, white-satin lining, lay a lovely pin—a bunch of blue violets, turquoise and gold. And all the wondering of the whole family failed to discover who sent it. But Violet accepted and rejoiced in it, her beautiful and only birthday gift.

The summer faded into autumn. Then, one night, the village was aroused by the terrible cry of "Fire!" An anxious crowd soon filled the streets, and it was found that Mr. Huntley's house was in flames. Already tongues of flame were leaping from upper windows, licking sash and sill, and a hoarse roar proclaimed that the demon of fire was devouring his prey.

Mrs. Huntley had been carried to a place of safety, the two little boys were safe, eager hands were pulling out such valuable furniture as could be saved, when Mr. Huntley appeared, scorched and blackened, his arms full of valuable papers—for he was a lawyer, and held many such in trust—and called, above the uproar:

"Are all safe? Where is Violet—and the baby?"

Aye! time to ask that question, with the roof tottering and no access possible.

No one had seen them. In the crowd and confusion it was supposed that all the family had escaped when the fire was first discovered. Now it was passed from lip to lip, "Violet Lorin and the baby are not to be found!"

A fierce invective cut the air, as Dr. Mayne, who had driven up but a moment before, caught a blanket from his buggy and sprung upon a ladder under one of the burning windows.

"No use, Doctor; it is too late! The floor has fallen!" cried some. Then a mad shout: "There she is!—on the roof! The child is with her! She has the child!"

And there indeed she was—a slender white figure outlined against the inky sky, clasping tightly the little child wrapped in a blanket and creeping with careful naked feet over the steep roof to the eaves below. Her mass of golden curls was blown back from her face by the wind, that also blew back the flame and cinders and left that side of the roof still safe. But how could they help her?—how save her from her terrible position? No ladder could reach her, no human hand extend its aid. Still,

she slowly crept on, her face calm, her wide eyes fearless and intent.

Mr. Huntley dropped his face against the trunk of an old tree and groaned aloud. He could not bear to see the end.

But another there, keen and alert, had not stood idle. In a rapid voice he had given orders, quickly obeyed by many willing hands, and by the time that the slight, swaying figure had gained the edge of the roof, a great heap of mattresses and bedding was spread thickly over the ground below, covered again by as many pillows and good, old-fashioned featherbeds as could be rallied. Then a clear voice rose:

"Violet!"

The girl's eyes sought Dr. Mayne's face below.

"I am listening!" she replied, her voice soft and clear above the roar and crackle of the flames behind her, now shooting madly up through the open scuttle through which she had reached the roof.

"Move about a yard to the right," called Dr. Mayne, "and kneel down carefully that you may not lose your balance; then drop the child upon the bedding below. It will not be hurt. Then look carefully and follow as soon as we have lifted the babe away."

In a moment the girl leaned over and dropped her precious burden. A soft thud in the pile of feathers, and the baby was safe! Then the little figure rose upright again. Those below her saw her lift her eyes upward a moment, then her form cleft the air, and a great shout arose, cheer upon cheer, as the brave girl was lifted from the mattresses and clasped in her uncle's arms. But in a moment she fell back, pale and lifeless, across his knee.

"She has fainted!" said Dr. Mayne, as with professional celerity he applied restoratives from his "emergency case," always in his pocket. But when she revived it was found that she had, in making her daring leap, struck the ground in such a way that her ankle was badly sprained, giving her acute pain.

"Let me put her in my buggy and take her to my mother," said Dr. Mayne.

And very shortly Violet was lying on a sofa before a bright fire, her ankle comfortably bandaged, and old Mrs. Mayne soothing and petting her in a way she had never known since her babyhood, while the Doctor hurried back to give his help at the fire.

Then followed many a delightful day while she remained in that pleasant home, for they would not hear to her being moved, and it was long before the Doctor would let her place her weight on the injured foot.

"The poor child shall have a chance to rest a little while; she needs it!" said Dr. Mayne

to his mother. And so she rested and read, and was petted by Mrs. Mayne and lionized by the public, until she sometimes wondered if she could be the same plain little girl that no one had known or cared for a month before. But it agreed with her. Her cheeks had grown rounder, and, thanks to a simple lotion which Mrs. Mayne had given her, they had almost lost their obnoxious freckles. "A very lovely girl!" was what Mrs. Mayne called her.

Her handsome cousin Belle came to see her one afternoon, richly dressed and brilliant, as usual. From his seat across the room Dr. Mayne stole quiet glances at the two girls, and the thoughts in his mind would, if revealed, have astonished them both.

But Lettie at last was well and bade her kind friends good-bye, while she went back to her uncle's—not quite to the old drudgery, and not to hear any more the old story of how grateful she ought to be for all that had been done for her. But her unselfish spirit always prompted her to take upon her slender shoulders all the family burdens that the rest could not or would not carry, and even gratitude does not cure selfishness, so her burden was heavy still.

Two years later she stood again in the old garden. A new house occupied the place of the old one, but the old orchard and garden are the same, with the hum of bees, the song of birds, and the scent of apple-blossoms filling the air. Again she kneels in the soft grass to gather her birthday knot of violets, when a well-known voice speaks at her side:

"Two years ago to day, Violet, I gave you a birthday violet. To-day I want you to give me one."

She looked up brightly and rose to her feet.

"Then it was *you* that sent me my lovely namesake gift! How kind of you! You see I always wear it." Then she laughed and said, with a little flush: "It was the only one of my possessions that I saved that dreadful night of the fire. I had only two precious things—my one birthday gift and the baby! It seems rather late to thank you for your thoughtfulness, but I will give you my thanks and the violets too," and she held out the handful of blossoms to him.

But he took the hand that held them, and said:

"I want one more Violet—the human one. May I have it?"

The birds and the bees and blossoms all know what she answered him. All I know is that there was a wedding not long after and many remarked how handsome Dr. Mayne was, how sweet the bride looked, and one lady said: "I never knew before what a lovely girl Violet Lorin was!"

But Dr. Mayne calls her his household angel!

A WOMAN'S LIFE IN THE WESTERN WILDS.

BY ISADORE ROGERS,

Author of "Lester's Wife."

CHAPTER X.

OLD EAGLE EYES was furious. His sorrow, rage, and jealousy, the strong elements of his ferocious nature, had been fully roused, and had it been in his power he would have wiped every pale face out of existence, but not being able to do this, he determined to do what he could. His stubborn heart was filled with stern grief and vengeful ire, and he called his councilmen around him and plotted vengeance against all the white settlers along the border. He knew full well that this particular party would be beyond his reach ere he could bring reinforcements for the pursuit, also that for a time the settlers would be on their guard, so it was decided in council to wait until whatever suspicions the whites might have of this movement had been allayed, but to improve all the time in active preparations.

The squaws began to prepare poisoned arrows, so fatal in their effect, and many a reader unacquainted with the method may wonder by what means these illiterate people manufacture a poison so deadly as to defy the skill of all our learned physicians; but this may be because they are unacquainted with the nature of the poison.

First, they kill a deer, and take the liver to the burrows where the prairie dog and the rattlesnake abide, and torment a snake until it is greatly enraged, then extend the liver upon a long stick, and let the snake bite it again and again. When the virus of one snake is exhausted they go to another, and repeat the process until the liver is thoroughly saturated with the poison, then lay it aside until it becomes a putrid mass. The heads of the arrows are dipped in this deadly preparation, dried, and dipped again, until sufficiently poisoned to send certain death to any enemy upon whom they may happen to draw blood. To make them still more deadly, the arrow heads are glued on with a substance which moisture speedily dissolves, so that when the arrow is withdrawn, the head remains sticking in the wound.

This may seem like digression, but I am presenting facts along with romance. A warrior will discharge twenty arrows in a minute, so that one thousand warriors will discharge twenty thousand arrows per minute, and when

a superior officer, living at Washington, issues an order to a subordinate in the West not to fire until fired upon, he might as well say, "Do not shoot until you are shot," for although they may be easily kept at a respectful distance by the long-range rifles, if permitted to come near enough to use their arrows the effect is terrible.

The ponies were exercised daily to harden them to unusual endurance, and a few ears of corn added to the rich buffalo grass upon which they were pasturing, and early one morning, after a month had elapsed without any demonstration of hostility, a settler living near the territorial line was looking for a stray cow, when he chanced to look down into a cañon about a mile from his dwelling, and was horrified to see about one hundred Indians concealed there, fully equipped for the war-path.

They had approached during the preceding night, but not reaching the place until toward morning, they intended to remain in concealment until daylight had faded, and attack the settlers in their beds. Not certain whether the Indians had observed him or not, the man leisurely continued his search, drove home his cow, ate his breakfast without mentioning the matter to his family, harnessed his team, and drove out into his field to gather corn as usual, but before starting he told his wife to be ready in an hour, and he would take her and the children to visit her brother, living about ten miles to the northward.

She was ready by the time that he had gathered his load of corn, and he requested her to get into the wagon with the children, and help him to gather corn a little while before starting. She expostulated against this freak of her husband's, but finally consented, and after they had been engaged in the work for a few moments, he requested her to take the children and walk through the corn to the north side of the field, saying that he would soon join them.

They did as he desired; some ponies were grazing near, and he tied one to the end of his wagon, while his wife and children were taking their seats in the vehicle, and drove slowly away until out of sight of his own residence, then, stopping the team and handing the lines to her, he said:

"Ann, you think I am acting strangely this

morning, but I don't act any worse than I feel. You and the children are out of danger now, but the cañon a mile south of our house is alive with Indians in full war dress, only waiting till night comes to attack the settlement. I want you to drive straight to your brother's as fast as you think the team will stand it, and tell it at every house you pass, and I will mount the pony and ride around and warn the rest. You must do your part," he continued, as a deathly pallor overspread her features. "I have taken you out of danger first, and the lives of our neighbors are in our hands. The least cowardice or neglect of duty upon our part may be death to them. Don't be afraid, but drive steadily, and think how much good you may do. Tell your brother to go farther north as fast as he can, and I will join you when my work is done here."

The woman looked around upon the frightened faces of her children, seized the lines with a determined expression, and, begging her husband to be careful not to expose himself to unnecessary danger, drove away.

By noon every family within fifteen miles was on the move, but so speedily and quietly had it been done that the Indians had no intimation of their discovery until one of their number, sent out upon pretense of selling articles of Indian manufacture, but in reality to reconnoitre and report, found every dwelling vacant. They had watched the man who first observed them, but seeing him go quietly about his work as usual, their suspicions were not excited. The least hurry or precipitancy upon his part would have proved fatal to the settlement.

Convinced that the man had discovered and outwitted them, and knowing that their only hope of accomplishing any part of their plans was in overtaking the whites before a company could be formed for defense, they started in pursuit.

It was about eleven o'clock A. M. when a horseman dashed up to Willis Blake's door, exclaiming, "Fly for your lives! *the Indians are coming this way!*" and immediately rode on to warn the other settlers. He passed around to the opposite side of the lake, paused a moment at the shanty of Mr. Barnaby, Isis's uncle, and repeated the warning.

The husband and father was away, but Mrs. Barnaby was equal to the emergency.

"*Haar, John,*" she shouted; "harness them mules an' hitch 'em onter the wagon in double-quick time. Mary Ann, you git what bread there is in the box and all the cold biled venison, and come on. Melinda, you an' Tom and Billy and Sam climb inter that ther wagon as

quick as the Lord 'll let ye!" and snatching up the baby and a couple of blankets and making a grab for her sunbonnet, Mrs. Barnaby started on a run for the wagon. The two older boys threw the harness upon the mules and led them out with all possible speed, while Mrs. Barnaby stowed the children away in the wagon-box, and counted them to be sure they were all there.

"Mother," said John, pausing for a moment in his work and looking earnestly across the lake toward Willis Blake's dwelling, "let Tom and Melinda finish hitchin' up, while I run over and get Isis."

"John Henry Barnaby!" exclaimed the mother, "haint ye got a single grain o' sense left in ye? You'll do no such thing!"

"Why, mother?" he asked.

"Can't ye see why, you numbskull? We might git away with only a load of seven, but if Isis comes, of course Mrs. Blake an' them two young uns 'll have to come too; that 'll make 'leven, an' the more load we have the slower we'll have to drive, an', besides, there aint no time to go after 'em."

"O mother!" exclaimed the boy, "I can't go without Isis;" and he paused entirely in the work of harnessing and stood looking across the lake in a state of intense terror and excitement.

"You can't, eh?" said the woman, seizing the heavy mule whip and applying it to the boy's back and shoulders. "Don't stop an' keep us waitin' while you argy that point; hurry up an' git them mules hitched onter that thar wagon."

"O mother, *mother!*" he plead. "I'm sure if father was here he wouldn't go without her."

"I know he wouldn't, but, thank the Lord! he aint here and I'll have no such nonsense. *He'd* run the risk of havin' the hull family murdered rather than leave her, but *I* won't. D' ye s'pose 'twill be any harder for her to be scalped all alone than 'twill be if the tops of all our heads go to keep her company?"

The mules were attached by this time.

"Climb inter that thar wagon!" commanded the mother.

The boy hesitated, but the merciless application of the whip soon caused him to obey, and clambering into the seat, Mrs. Barnaby seized the lines, swung the whip, and began the flight.

"Where is Willis? Oh! where is Willis?" moaned Mrs. Blake, faint with the great fear that her husband had been overtaken and murdered while crossing the prairie. "Surely, nothing else could detain him with such news as this abroad;" but the sight of little Maud's frightened face and the baby clinging to her

dress, and Isis's question, "What shall we do?" roused her to a realization of their own danger and the necessity of doing something for safety.

"We will go to your uncle's house, and there will be room for us all in their strong lumber-wagon. Take the baby and go, and I will gather up a few articles of clothing and follow with Maud. Make haste, and I will overtake you."

The girl's face was white as death. The fright was too much for her delicate organization and nerves too sensitively created to bear so rude a shock, and, as she moved forward to obey, she sank to the floor in a deathlike swoon.

"O Isis!" groaned Mrs. Blake, kneeling beside the insensible form and trying to restore her to consciousness.

The minutes went by and Isis showed no signs of recovery. Mrs. Blake went to the door and looked anxiously for some member of the uncle's family to come to their assistance.

"They are harnessing the team, and there is no way but to wait until they come for us," she said, returning to the unconscious girl and renewing her efforts to restore her.

When she looked again she saw the Barnaby family driving away without coming near them.

"O Isis! do wake up!" she moaned, in positive alarm lest the fright should kill the girl outright, and trying to collect her thoughts enough to devise some other means of escape; but an hour passed and still Isis lay helpless upon the floor, only reviving enough to utter a pitiful moan and immediately relapse into that deathlike state.

Mrs. Blake went outside the dwelling and scanned the horizon in every direction in the hope that some chance passer-by might come to her aid; but no relief appeared, and, just coming into sight around a hill where she had so often watched for her husband, riding single file, with long eagle feathers waving in the breeze and sharpened spears glittering in the sun, she saw the Indians coming.

What could she do? Alone, deserted, threatened by a merciless foe, no team or any means of travel, two helpless children, and a still more helpless girl depending solely upon her, and, powerless as she was, she knew that she was their only help.

If Isis could only recover enough to walk she could take the children and hasten to a place resembling a cavern in a cañon along the lake shore, and she could defend the entrance, for awhile at least, with a six-shooter which she had learned to use; or, if she could summon Mrs. Barnaby's logic, and leave the unconscious girl to her fate, she still might have, at least, a

chance of escape; but this she would not do. She looked upon her beautiful children with a heart sinking in despair, when, suddenly emerging from the distant hills, she saw a single horseman gallop into the road a mile or more in advance of the Indians. But it was not Willis. The wide, slouched hat, the pistol belt, the firm, graceful position upon the horse flying at full speed over the level prairie now intervening between him and the house, told her that it could only be one of those Western ranchmen, whose unrivaled equestrianism might challenge the admiration of the world. It was Daring Ned, of the Carlisle ranch.

The keensighted Indians discovered him as soon as he emerged from the hills into the level road, and, disappointed in their expectations, this was their first sight of game, and, with a yell that reached her ears, as she stood with eager, anxious, and excited gaze, they started in pursuit, and the race for life began.

It was not the nervous, rapid hoofbeats of the Indian pony, such as are generally used by the ranchmen, that bore the rider in his perilous flight, but the long, even bounds of the English race-horse from the ranch of the noted Carlisle Company, and there was need enough for the superior breed and mettle which the noble animal displayed.

On he came, riding straight toward the dwelling. She could distinctly see the pistol belt, filled with cartridges, and the shining six-shooters which had filled her with such dread and terror upon the occasion of Ned's former visit; but now they looked like trusty friends in the hour of deadliest peril. And the long-range Winchester rifle, a present from Mr. Henry Hutson, English manager of the Company's interests, was strapped upon the horse, ready to adjust for instant use when occasion required.

His words, "I'll never come back till I can be of use to you," were gratefully remembered now, and she knew that it was for their rescue that he was periling his life, when all others had deserted her.

To the anxious spectator, watching every motion with breathless interest, the race was terribly exciting. The Indians had spurred their ponies to their most rapid gallop, and the sturdy English horse was straining every nerve in obedience to the voice of his master, while the foam gathered upon his flanks and fell reeking from his sides. And it was a hundred against one if the horse should stumble, if any accident should retard his speed, they would be down upon him in a body, and his heroic life would be sacrificed in his chivalric effort.

CHAPTER XI.

WILLIS was driving leisurely homeward, thinking of the pleasant time that he had enjoyed, and laughing occasionally at the recollection of some witticism of his hosts, whom he decided were fit even to be invited to his house and entertained in his family. He felt sure that Belle would be pleased with them, too, for she was a sensible woman, and would recognize intelligence and refinement at a glance. "And the occasional society of a lady like Belle will keep them from degenerating into the rough, Western ranchmen. Besides," he reflected, "a man does grow decidedly careless of his personal appearance when there are no ladies about. I never realized before what an impressing influence women exert upon the lords of creation. And Belle is a woman of whom I am justly proud. She is sure to command the respect and admiration of every one with whom she may chance to meet. Won't they be surprised, though, to see what a beautiful wife and lovely children I have? I believe that I would have gone directly home, however, had it not been for a glass or two of whisky which I drank with the boys before I had fully decided, but it seemed to waken all the wild, reckless spirit that slumbers within me, hereditary, it must be, for ever and anon it *will* arise and assert its power. Nevertheless, no harm has come from it this time, and it may be the beginning of many social hours, in which Belle may sometimes participate, with no further cost than a day's time, which the enjoyment has doubly repaid."

He continued his way in the best of humor, thinking how happy they would be when they saw him coming, and how gleefully little Maud would come flying down the path to meet him.

"Where is that fellow going in such apparent haste?" he soliloquized, talking to himself for want of any other companion, as he saw a man far in the distance riding across the prairie at a rapid pace.

As soon as he saw Willis he came toward him, and in a short time halted his panting steed by the wagon side.

"Why, man," he said, "surely you have not heard the news, or you would not be driving along in this leisurely manner."

"What news?" asked Willis, in surprise at the man's words.

"The Indians have broken out from the reservation and are making a raid upon the settlers. A man discovered them in a cañon a little after daylight this morning, and succeeded in getting away and alarming the settlers without exciting their suspicions. You must have come from an unsettled part of the country, or you

would have seen the fugitives all along the road; but they came from the south, and passed northward by way of Crystal Lake not more than three hours ago."

"Are you sure that all the families escaped?" gasped Willis, turning as white as death, and trembling so violently that he could scarcely retain his grasp upon the lines.

"All but one woman, a girl, and the children. The man was away, and when the neighbors halted for a few moments' consultation, after an hour's hard driving, they were found to be the only ones missing."

"It cannot be," gasped Willis; "surely the neighbors would not desert them."

"Everybody seemed busy taking care of themselves about that time. Only one woman appeared to know that there was no one to look after this family, and when asked why she did not bring them with her, for it seems that her husband was away also, she said that she thought she did well to get away with her own flock, and the other woman's husband had been gone long enough to get back and take care of his own family, and she didn't feel called upon to risk her children to save anybody else's. They said she was the prettiest woman, and had the sweetest children in the whole settlement, but there wasn't force enough to go back after her, and they would have been too late, even if they had started as soon as they missed her, and it would have been at the risk of all the rest; but if it was my wife and children I never could look up again."

All the terrible agony that mortal man can feel came surging over his heart like a wave of darkness and despair.

"O Lord! it was *my* wife, *my* helpless children," he gasped, and with a groan of inexpressible anguish he fell heavily forward.

The man quickly dismounted and came to his assistance. He helped him into the seat, and compelled him to swallow the contents of a bottle which he carried in his pocket.

Groan after groan of unutterable anguish escaped his lips, and all power of strength or will seemed to forsake him. At length he started up with sudden energy, drew a revolver, and placed it against his head.

"No, you don't," exclaimed the man, snatching it from his hand and placing it in his own pocket. "A man who is not fit to live is not fit to die, and if you've a life to throw away, do it in a fight with the redskins, and maybe save some other man who has something to live for; the men are rallying now to drive 'em back, and if you want to be shot there's a chance for you where 'twill do some good. They've already got 'em turned and in full retreat now;

they didn't go far beyond the lake, and the boys want to overtake them before they get back to the reservation. I'll go with you to find out whether they burned your house or not, and then we can follow afterward."

Willis was too much overcome to offer any resistance, and the man tied his pony to the wagon, took a seat by his side, and drove the team for him.

CHAPTER XII.

"Don't fail me now, old fellow; only a half-mile further, and you will get a moment's breathing spell, and if you carry me safely to the end of this race you never shall know another hardship to the end of your life."

As if encouraged by his master's voice, the noble animal strained every nerve, and in a very few moments the daring rider dashed up to Willis Blake's door. In an instant he had dismounted and looked in. His eagle eye comprehended the situation at a glance. Without an instant's hesitation he raised the insensible form of Isis in his arms and laid her across the horse's neck.

"Have you seen my husband?" asked Belle, apprehension for him rising above the thought of her own peril.

"He's safe," replied Ned, again leaping into the saddle. "Give me the little gal, and gather up what bread and dried venison you've got handy, put it into that tin pail, take it and the baby, and come on. I'll take these gals down to the cañon, and come back and git you." And holding Isis with one arm and Maud with the other, Ned seized the bridle in his teeth and dashed off along the path leading to the lake shore, shouting back: "Don't be afraid. I can take care of ye and I'll do it."

She obeyed his directions implicitly, and in an incredibly short time she saw him returning to meet her. Quickly dismounting, he lifted her upon the horse, took the baby in his arms, sprang to the saddle, and was on the way again.

"Go in quick," he said, as they paused at the opening in the side of the cañon. "Come in, old racer; you're too good for an Indian's target," he said, leading the horse back out of the way of danger. "It's a pity that you couldn't know the worth of what you've done;" and seizing the pail, Ned emptied the provisions out, and running to the margin of the lake, filled it with water, and was back not a moment too soon.

"We're good for a twenty-four hours' siege now," he said, seizing his rifle and leveling it at the point around which the Indians would have to pass if they made an attack. But it was one of nature's own strongholds, and they

knew it; not one of all the band was willing to risk the probability of getting a free pass to the happy hunting-grounds by coming around the point within range of Ned's Winchester rifle, and the only way in which to dislodge an enemy from one of these places is to starve him out.

Isis was still insensible.

"Take this, and shave a little of it up as fine as powder," he said, without taking his gaze from his rifle, handing his knife to Belle with a piece of a root generally known as Indian root.

She did as he directed.

"Now bring the gal within my reach"

With much difficulty, she drew the insensible form near him, and taking a small quantity of the powdered root he blew it into her nostrils.

No one who has ever used this remedy can be prevailed upon to try it the second time; but in a moment the death-like pallor of her features gave place to a slowly returning crimson; she opened her eyes and began to sneeze.

"Get the children close to her, and don't look skereed; laugh, if you can," said Ned, as the circulation caused by this primitive remedy brought consciousness with it.

The medicine was severe, but very effective, and for more than an hour Isis could not stop sneezing long enough to faint, and by that time the feeling of safety, or Ned's threat of another dose, kept her from it.

"Now, Mrs. Blake," said Ned, after Isis was fully restored and some time had elapsed without any demonstrations from the Indians, "if you'll jest hand me a piece o' bread and dried venison, I'll be obliged to you; I've been in the saddle ever since sunrise, and I'll be hanged if I don't feel as if I'd like my breakfast;" and he laid down his rifle, and taking a six-shooter in one hand and a piece of bread and venison in the other, he commenced eating, all the time keeping his eyes fixed upon the only point of approach to their retreat. "We're as safe as if we were defended by a regiment," remarked Ned, assuringly. "I can pick 'em off as fast as they can come around that pint with a six-shooter, and when they are discharged I can kill thirty-two more, while you reload the six-shooters, and there aint but a hundred of 'em."

After the first clatter of the ponies' hoofs had ceased, there was an ominous silence over the cliffs where so lately a hundred scowling faces had peered after the retreating forms which they dare not pursue, with baffled hate and disappointed rage rankling in their savage hearts.

An hour passed by, and still that portentous silence continued.

"This is gittin' monotonous," remarked Ned.

"I'll be blamed if I wouldn't rather have an actual skirmish with 'em than to set here all day expectin' it, and if it wasn't for scarin' you women folks I'd put my hat outside just to see how many bullets I could catch in it; but hark! what does that mean?"

There was a sudden clatter of ponies' hoofs, and the Indians galloped away as if in haste, and in a few moments they saw them riding single-file along the path on the opposite shore, as if in full retreat. Ned counted them.

"Just as I expected; there's one hundred in the band and only ninety-two went away; there's eight waitin' for me to come out and be shot; but I guess they'll wait awhile. I beg to be excused on the ground o' havin' women and children to take care o'."

Again all was silent, and Ned was beginning to weary of inactivity again, when once more the sound of the ponies' hoofs was heard, and shortly afterward the remaining eight Indians were seen galloping after their companions.

"They act queer, but they've reasons for it, you may depend, and although I believe they're all gone, I won't venture out just yet," said Ned.

They waited some time longer, when a party of white men, at least two hundred in number, came riding into sight.

"There's the secret of it," said Ned; "they've kept a lookout from one of the bluffs, and saw these men when they were a long way off. They can chase 'em back into the reservation, but they can't overtake 'em. When they git down among the cañons near the line, the boys won't care about travelin' after dark, and the redskins won't risk a battle any other way. If they can sneak up in the night and shoot them pisened arrows at 'em before they can have time to use their rifles, they'll do it; otherwise they'll keep right on till they're on their own ground, and settlers can't molest 'em. At the time o' the late massacre the settlers said they'd settle the Indian question for themselves in short order if the Government would only let 'em, but it's a perplexin' question; sometimes the wrong's on one side and sometimes on the other."

Steadily on came the pursuers, until they were within speaking distance of the cañon.

Ned stepped out and called to them. Instantly a man dashed out of the ranks and came riding up to him with a face pale from anxiety and dread.

"Do you know anything of the Blake family? did the Indians kill 'em? tell me quick, comrade. Isis was my own sister's child, and it's too awful to think of," said the man, trembling with dread and excitement.

"It's no fault o' the redskins, nor their neighbors, either, if they didn't," said Ned; "but they are as safe and sound as women folks can be after having been skeert clean out o' their senses; that gal 'll be sick a week to pay for this, and if Mrs. Blake hadn't a had both sense and courage, I couldn't a saved 'em."

"Let me see with my own eyes. O pard! you don't know what I've suffered since I found that they was missin', and I can't feel satisfied till I see 'em. The very thought of that helpless family, deserted and alone in the hands of that savage crew thirsting for revenge, is enough to drive a man mad, especially when one of his own kin is among 'em," and the uncle came forward and looked where Belle, Isis, and the children stood together, listening in nervous anxiety for some news of those who had fled before them.

"Isis, your uncle never would have left you, neerer; they couldn't have taken you till they killed me, and I came back just as soon as I could when I found my own family and you wasn't with them. I can't get over it; it hurts me yet," he said, his voice still trembling with the excitement of the last few hours.

"I knew you wouldn't," replied the girl; "and you can thank Ned for our rescue. His single arm saved us from a hundred savage foes."

"It was the horse that did it, after all," said Ned. "Brave old fellow! your weight in gold wouldn't buy you."

"It was animal strength and courage, directed by human bravery and intelligence, guided by a still higher power," said Belle, fervently.

"Well, it's done, anyhow," said Ned. "The redskins have gone, and if I'm not particularly needed in the pursuit I'll go back and see if they burned the house and stay with these folks till Mr. Blake comes home, for their nerves are too badly shook up to be comfortable alone."

This proposition was acceded to, and Ned soon returned with the information that the dwelling was not molested; and he assisted them back to the house, while Mr. Barnaby rode on to join in the pursuit.

Meanwhile, Willis was riding slowly homeward, completely stunned and crushed by the terrible news that he had heard. He uttered no word, and only an occasional groan attested the agony that seemed bursting his heart.

He buried his face in his hands when they came in sight of his dwelling, for he could not summon courage to turn his gaze toward the spot where he had last seen the lovely group looking regretfully after him, and the words of his wife: "Do not stay an hour longer than necessary, Willis, for we are so lonely without you," came flitting with terrible mockery across his half-distracted mind.

Oh! had he but heeded the loving entreaty!

At last the wagon came to a halt. Was the dwelling standing, or did only a blackened spot mark the place around which was centered his holiest affections? He could neither look nor nerve himself to ask.

"Papa!"

Was it a voice from the unknown world mocking the terrible agony that crushed his heart and maddened his brain? He raised his head and looked where he had last beheld them.

Had reason been dethroned and were these visions come to taunt him with the happiness gone forever?

"Look, comrade, and tell me what you see. I fear that I've gone wild," he said, in a voice that sounded so strange and unnatural that the man half feared it too.

"I see your house, a woman, a girl, and two children coming down the pathway; and following after them is Daring Ned, of the Carlisle ranch."

"Then it is true! Ned is there, and *they were saved!*" He was assisted from the wagon, but he was too weak to stand upon his feet. Like every other element in his nature, his affections were strong and deep, and his feelings completely overwhelmed him.

He clasped the fairy-like form of little Maud in his arms as she came running toward him; tears gushed from his eyes and great convulsive sobs heaved his bosom.

"What ye cryin' for, pard? they're all here!" said Ned, trying in vain to keep the mist from his own eyes, but failing utterly, he took the baby from its mother's arms and walked back to the house.

The two men remained with them that night, and on the following morning, when Willis and Ned stood together in the yard talking over the events of the previous day, the daring fellow said:

"Now look a here, Mr. Blake, I didn't want to rile ye up any more, last night, for I seen that ye had jest about as much as yer could stand, but now that you've had the night in which to git yer nerves settled, I'll tell ye how things looked when I got here. I came in from the hills, and struck the road about a mile ahead o' the redskins, and I didn't come a minute too soon. They took after me like mad, and yer wife stood and watched the race, knowin' that if I didn't win, it was all day for her. When I got here, Isis laid on the floor, lookin' as nigh like a corpse as any livin' person could, and that little four-year-old gal stood over in a corner with a face white as death and a wild, scared look in her eyes, moanin', 'Papa! O papa!' 'I'll take ye to papa,' says I, and she came right up for her mother to hand

her to me; but s'posin' I'd 'a been just one minute too late? Yer wife was as powerless as if she'd a been chained, and where was you?"

"Oh! don't, *don't*, Ned!" said Willis, imploringly, turning pale in spite of all his efforts at self-control.

"Well, I won't any more'n I can help, but there's some things that's got to be said," replied Ned. "Now, I aint a castin' no reflections when I say that whisky's to blame for this hull thing. I don't know as you had a drop, for I happen to know that Messrs. Haney, Good & Smith don't drink, and I don't s'pose you got anything stronger than good coffee while you was there, unless you took it along; but you know, and so do I, that you do sometimes git considerable the worse for drink, and if this was one o' the times, you know it, an' I don't; but whisky was the cause o' havin' the red devils stirred up in the first place, and if it was the cause o' your bein' away, with only me to stand between yer wife and the little beauties and a hundred redskins, it's enough for you to know it—I don't want to; but if ever ye go to put the stuff to yer lips again, I hope the sight that I saw when I got here 'll rise up before ye like a grim warning from the other shore."

"O Ned! Ned! *do stop*," pleaded Willis. "I've suffered enough to make me turn sick at the sight of anything that recalls this scene as long as I live. Oh! I would give five years of my life to forget it."

"Well, I hope nothin' but the smell o' whisky 'll ever remind ye of it again," said Ned. "You may think it's queer for me to be a givin' you a temperance lecture with a bottle stickin' out o' my own pocket, but s'posin' I'd a dranked it, what then? I brought it along to use in case of an emergency. If I'd a seen that I couldn't git away, and been so sure that the top o' my head had to go that I could almost feel the clutch of an Injun in my hair and see the gleam o' his knife as he cut a circle in the air, I should have called it an emergency, and swallowed the hull thing, and then I shouldn't a minded the scalpin' any to speak of. There are times when a man's justifiable in drinkin' whisky, and this would a been one of 'em. But come into the house now and talk about something that'll take the women's minds off o' the scare."

"Tell me first, Ned, what I can do for you. Words cannot express the deep sense of gratitude for what I owe to you, and I feel that I could lay down my life if it would be of any use to you," said Willis.

"I wouldn't," replied Ned. "I'd a plagued sight rather you'd save it and make good use of

it. All I ask of you is never to touch a drop o' the stuff again, not for my sake, but for them that has a right to ask it."

"I never will," replied Willis, solemnly.

Ned led the way to the house, and ere long had succeeded in engaging Mrs. Blake in a conversation involving a description of her Eastern home and various incidents connected with her school-girl days, and no subject could have

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

diverted her mind from her recent troubles like this.

Thus ended the Indian excitement for this time, without the loss of a single life at the hands of the red men, but there is another difficulty brewing, and when, ere many months hence, my readers see it in the columns of the daily papers, they will understand its causes better from having read this story.

"THE RIVER'S SONG."

BY M. G. McCLELLAND.

LONG, long ago, in a quaint little village in a distant Scandinavian province, there lived an humble student lad whose name was Eric Hjärne.

His parents were very poor, and, like most of the Swedish peasantry, they were forced to toil early and late to earn a scanty living and put by a trifle for the time of sickness, the old age, and the burial fees that the future would surely bring. And the boy was forced to toil also, long and closely, at his father's trade, and in his busy life was little time for the books that his soul loved.

Only an hour or so each day could be spared from work, and then, instead of games with the other lads, he would steal away to the old bridge that spanned the beautiful river, and there sit and read and dream until the shadows from the hills stole down, and the sound of the schoolmaster's supper bell would rouse him from his musing and send him home to read again by the light of the small lamp beside which his mother sat and knitted silently.

The summer evenings were the times he loved best, for then his father would dismiss him earlier, and he could seek his beloved river at once and sit on the wooden railing of the bridge and pore over the pages as long as the light lasted. When it became too dark to read he would swing himself over the railing and climb down to a little niche he had found in one of the wooden piers, and there sit listening to the song of the river.

And the river seemed to know and to loiter, on its journey to the distant sea, beside the little village and the quaint old bridge. And the wind from the pine forests would sigh gently, softly, as it mingled with the murmur of the river's song, and amid the lowly graves of the simple burial-ground beyond the pines, the shadows would linger, as though the water's

lullaby wooed them to rest forever with the peaceful dead.

And the boy listened and listened, and to him the song seemed ever the same, and in his brain it became so woven that all his life seemed set to its music, and he felt that if to him were only given power to interpret it to the world his life would be blessed beyond all lives.

The boy was a poet, but as yet the creative power lay hidden within his soul, like a bud within its chalice, and of its strength he was only dimly conscious. Verses—clever verses—wove themselves within his brain, but no poetry, for Eric had never loved.

He dreamed of what his art might be, and was vaguely discontented, but as yet he had no knowledge of how to breathe a living soul into the lifeless body of his verse. He could not tell—so young was he—that poetry, being the language of emotion, can only speak from a heart that feels. To interpret, one must live; to make soul music, there must be melody in the soul. All this young Eric was to learn, for a poet grows to full stature slowly.

One evening, as he sat in his favorite niche, the song of the river rose so full and clear that it got into his brain and made him do a strange thing.

Climbing down as near the water as he dared, and holding with one hand, he stooped and dipped the other in the stream, and baring his young breast, wrote thereon with his dripping fingers:

"I swear to learn the river's song and give it to the world. Body and brain and heart's best love, and every hope of happiness, I give to the quest."

And the river, curling around his feet, lapped against the wood-work, and from its bosom rose the whisper, growing clearer as he listened: "Work, work, and my song is yours."

With all his power, then, young Eric worked—hard at his trade all day and over his books far into the night. Less now than ever could he play like other boys, for before him was a noble purpose.

With rare exertion, and the friction of thought on thought, his mind grew bright and polished, like Damascus steel, and his brain, tilled by the thoughts of others, began to sprout and grow and garner sheaves of its own. His verses grew more noble; there was music in them, but not the highest; spirit, but as yet no soul. Years went on, and the boy Eric had passed away, and in his place stood the man Eric, deep and thoughtful of nature and strong of heart.

And the river kept its secret, and sang as ever the old, illusive melody, only that now it seemed to say: "Love, love, and my song shall be yours."

Then in the soft twilight of the summer evenings there would be two figures instead of one beside the railing in the old place—Eric, and by his side a woman, fair as any poet's dream, gracious, and very beautiful.

And Eric loved her as a poet loves, merging every emotion of his being into the passion. In her presence he seemed to develop into a nobler, grander self; in her absence, to dwindle into a mere automaton. And one evening on the old bridge he told her of his love, taking her fair form into his arms and pressing long love kisses on lips that seemed made for love alone, and gazing deep into eyes that were downcast and shy, yet luminous with passion like his own. And in the fullness of his joy, Eric grew heedless of the vow of long ago, and no longer bent his ear to the music of the water, which slipped softly past, with gurgling of low laughter and its secret still untold. Then a pair of married lovers came to the bridge at evening and wandered back and forth, and murmured vows and made noble plans for all the future, and enjoyed the golden present. And the verses strengthened and grew deep and tender, and the melody of them had a truer ring.

Months passed away, and one evening Eric came alone and stood for a moment gazing down into the stream, and then hurried away. Then over the bridge passed a long, sad line of people—peasants, and some nobler born—and in front the man of God, and beside him Eric and the old schoolmaster from the village. Women in mourning garments paced slowly, two and two, and men with heads uncovered. Before them was borne the coffin, laden with the strange, pale wildflowers of the province and with streamers of black and white. And the women had pinned on their bosoms each a

full-blown rose, with a tiny bud beside it; for when Death's rude hand had snatched the human rose, the sweet, pale bud was broken also.

The procession moved on slowly—all the length of the silent bridge, across the beautiful, mocking river, and so away through the shadows and the deepening dusk to the burial-ground beyond the moaning pines.

The bridge again at twilight. Long, gray, and black shadows stretch across it; for the moon is struggling to free herself from the dark entanglement of the pines and to sail gloriously up into the fair, blue sky, so that on the dreaming world she may spy leisurely, discovering all its strange mysteries and its hidden things.

There are things to be seen this night that had better far be hidden; for a man leans on the railing with downcast eyes and a purpose in his gloomy thoughts that is no fair or lovely thing—a dark, fierce purpose, for all the weariness, the hopeless longing of his broken life, have run into an evil mold and there hardened and set.

The voice of the river rises full and strong. There have been heavy rains, and the stream, full-fed, rushes down tumultuously, like a man grown riotous with strong wine.

Eric steps over the railing and lowers himself to the old niche in the side of the pier. It is wet and slippery. A plank hangs loosely; one end moved slowly up and down with the swing of the current. Crawling things have made their lair in the little nook, dark grasses grow in tufts around it. There is scarce standing-room for the man where the boy had rested securely.

The wind rises, cold and damp and penetrating. It chills him where he stands. The sound of the water rises and rises, filling his brain with the old strange, seductive melody.

"Work has failed, love has failed—try death," it whispers, softly. "Come to me—body and brain and heart's best love and every hope of happiness. Lay them here, on my breast, with the wreck life's cruel hands have made. Come to me; come, and peace and rest and the song you have loved shall be yours."

Over and over the words are sung, until they become the song itself, and the cadence winds itself through the aching brain and echoes softly in the void of the empty heart.

"All, all," the river sings; "bring all to my bosom, and the song is yours—forever yours."

Eric's hand loosens its hold upon the timbers, his foot is slipping, slipping on the oozy, mold-

ering planks. Lower and lower, lower and lower he lets himself sink, until the water touches him; lower still—O God! The water has claimed its own and clasped him in its cold

arms and filled his brain with its syren song as it bears him swiftly away.

And its secret is all his own at last; but to the world it will never be given.

CARRIE'S MISTAKE.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

WE are four friends boarding together for the summer, and the most charming feature of the old-fashioned country-house, so far, at least, is the fact that we have it all to ourselves.

Angela Mitchell and Nora Day are artists, and have come to this mountainous country because of its exquisite views. Carrie Werth and I being musical, are content with any place that is large enough for two pianos, and we have willingly agreed to spend our summer in this commodious old house.

The weather is unmercifully hot, and we have come down to the noon dinner in every variety of wrapper and dressing sacque. Carrie has even presumed so far on our freedom from masculine restraint as to appear with her yellow fringe all twisted up in the tightest of curl papers, though, for that matter, she is pretty enough to stand even that most trying of trials and come out victorious.

Women must have something to be enthusiastic over, and if there are no husbands, lovers, or brothers about, and no children to fuss over, why, they will fall into enthusiasms over each other. Thus we have exalted pretty Carrie Werth into a sort of Queen of Beauty and of Love, and whatever she does we admire with loyal allegiance. So we traverse the halls in our easy, comfortable costumes, and sail toward the shady, cool dining-room, all unwitting of the presence of the foe.

A smothered but distinctly audible exclamation from our sedate Angela startles Carrie and me, who have loitered behind the other two.

"Why this vehement language?" cries Carrie, as she hurries in. "Is the cat on the table? Has the dog eaten all the dinner, so the poor girls have none? Gracious!"

Two manly forms bow gracefully as we enter; and we, in our multiform *dishabille*, exchange rapid glances of despair, solemnly return the salutations, and eat our dinner in sulky silence. It is a very good dinner, and some absurd idea about good cheer being consumed in such ill-humor crosses my mind. It is not a very funny idea, but it strikes me as being so and I giggle.

The strangers look up in pleased relief, and one of them passes me some fruit. I remember that my ruffled dressing sacque trimmed with lace is rather becoming than otherwise, and I accept a plate of berries at his hands with thanks. The other one, encouraged by the boldness of his companion's example, tenders me the sugar bowl. I begin to feel that I am monopolizing all the attention, and I would not be a woman if I did not enjoy it.

"I like a great deal of sugar on fruit," I remark in the air, as I heap up a snowy mound.

"So do I!" cry both gentlemen, in a rapture of agreement.

Once started, we talk on pleasantly enough, and the others, after a brief mental struggle, also give in and accept the situation, so the meal ends better than we expected.

"We have been here so long alone," explains Angela, majestically, as we rise to leave, "that we have indulged ourselves in all sorts of ease. We were not informed of any new arrivals, which must account for our, ah—unconventional costumes."

They bow again in grave silence, but it is too grave; they overdo it; and we all know they are only waiting for us to be out of hearing to give way to their pent-up mirth.

"Hateful things!" says Carrie, putting up both white hands to her curl papers. "To think of my being caught like this by two strange men."

"Never mind, sweetheart," I say, consolingly. "You don't look badly. In fact, you look very pretty, indeed, just as you are; and wait till those curls are brushed out and you are dressed for the evening, they will never know another moment's peace of mind."

We are *en route* for the kitchen, and there we fall upon our hostess with reproachful indignation.

She defends herself, laughingly:

"I did send the little girl up to tell you, but she knocked and knocked and you wouldn't let her in."

This is true. The child has a tiresome habit of bringing up dead insects, half wilted weeds

and coarse nosegays, which she deems rare treasures to the city folks. We supposed her knock only meant another cargo of damaged butterflies and uncanny bugs, and so we had missed our warning.

"Well," I sigh, "it can't be helped now. But who are they, Mrs. Wood?"

"Two artists. They have been here three or four seasons. The fair one is Mr. Walter Lang; take care of him, young ladies; he has the reputation of being a heartless flirt, and he slew his dozens here last year, when the town was full of visitors. He scarcely left a whole heart behind him. The dark one is Mr. Leon Valery."

"He has the prettiest name," responds Carrie, meditatively; "but the fair one is the best looking."

"I don't agree with you," I observe. "But isn't it too bad, after all the freedom we have enjoyed, to have these two disturbers of the peace break in upon our 'solitude of four'? It will never be the same again."

In this observation I am justified as time goes on. It certainly never is the same again. We no longer leave our doors open at all hours, nor congregate in the wide hall up-stairs for cozy, sentimental chats by moonlight, nor lounge around in *dishabille*. We unpack all our finery—that is, Carrie and I do. Angela and Nora are both engaged to be married, so they naturally take things more temperately, and, indeed, seem half inclined to snub the newcomers. Carrie and I insist that this is the jealousy and rivalry that comes from their belonging to the same craft.

"We others, musicians," we loftily assume, "we can admire the beautiful paintings of these artists without any biting criticism, without any green envy."

These insinuations are met with the scorn which, perchance, they merit.

"I do think, though," says Angela, gloomily, "that it is rather too bad of that Lang man to ask Carrie to pose for his Undine. I hope she refused him flatly."

"Indeed, then, I didn't," cries Carrie. "I felt so elated that it was all I could do to keep from shouting, in the words of another, 'You do me proud, sir' and it took all my control to look properly reluctant. I was so afraid he would change his mind!"

"Mr. Valery will be asking Lucy to sit for some other impossible character next," grumbles Nora, "and then you'll be lost to us, both as companions and as models; and you have been agreeable in the one phase and very convenient in the other. After all, a living model is far better than these stupid manikins!" and she gives her unfortunate dummy a fling that sends

it prone on the table in a dreadfully abandoned and dead sort of attitude.

"Don't fear," I reply, reassuringly. "I haven't the style of beauty for anything impossible. It takes a fairy like Carrie for all that. Mr. Valery and his friend will be falling out next for the love of Carrie."

As the days pass this careless prophecy seems fulfilled. A decided coolness arises between the two gentlemen.

In a dense forest some little distance from the house there is a dashing mountain stream which breaks in a succession of pretty falls, then takes a final plunge—between high rocks and towering pines, beside damp green mosses and waving fern—over a rugged, slanting precipice. Above, the water is snowy white; toward the centre, where there is a rift in the rock, it separates, falling heavily to the right and breaking on the left into a dozen independent little cascades, which cover the black rock like a pearly veil, and all uniting below, rise in a cloud of foamy spray. The mad hurry and flutter of the falls contrasts strangely with the stillness of the dark pool at its feet.

Here Carrie poses day by day for the Undine, while I sit idly by listening to the forest sounds as they blend with the roar of the falling water, watching the waving boughs of the pines and the drifting clouds, gazing at the slight, white-robed figure half hidden from us by the intervening veil of mist, until all grows unreal and I feel as if we were living in a fairy tale.

Leon Valery has been sketching something a little further down the stream—at least, that is what he says as he appears and, crossing the stream, on the stones, comes over to where he sees me sitting. He is unburdened with easel or umbrella—a small color-box and a sketch-book compose his present paraphernalia—and as he flings himself down beside me he places the sketch-book in my hands, which I take as permission to see what he has done, and accordingly open it.

My heart gives one quick throb, and a dimness comes over my eyes as I look at his work. Underneath is scrawled "Study for Undine," and, as if she were part of the spray itself, I see Carrie's fair form on the page, and I know that only the hand of one who loves her well could thus depict her sweetness and her grace. If a pang of pain comes with this conviction, yet I am glad for Carrie's sake, for I have been sure for some time that Walter Lang is in love with her, and I know Leon Valery has the truer heart. Then I fall to wondering which Carrie will prefer, and again I drift off to dreamland.

"Do you like it?"

Mr. Valery's question brings me back.

"Very much," I reply, returning the book. "Your point of view is better chosen than that of Mr. Lang. How did you ever give such a distinct likeness to nothing but mist?"

He laughs in a pleased way, merely remarking: "I like it myself," and closes the book.

Someway I have a feeling that this is all in confidence, and I resolve to say nothing to the others.

Carrie never seems to tire. When Mr. Lang rises, and she is released, she seems in no hurry to stir. Raising one white, rounded arm which takes a faint, pink tinge, through the water, she catches at a spray of wild rose and begins to sing a gay little Italian love song. We can't hear the words through the noise of the falls, but I know them well, and so, evidently, does Mr. Lang; for, arranging his folding easel and camp-stool, he joins her in a fine tenor and it becomes a duet. Letting the roses go, Carrie emerges from the dashing spray and lightly climbs up by the side of the cascade to a moss-covered rock whither Mr. Lang speedily follows, and there, by the turmoil of the rushing waters, she listens to the pretty nonsense he pours into her willing ears.

She likes Walter; indeed, if any one should tax her just now with loving him, I doubt if she would deny it. I think she would only blush with maybe a contented little smile; for if ever a girl feels sure of being loved she does.

The sun is going down behind clouds rose-tinted like the eglantine hanging over Carrie's head; but the rose has faded, and a star or two come twinkling out before we all start home. As Carrie and Mr. Lang go on together, it strikes me that he bears a somewhat heavy heart under his careless manner.

Carrie, I know, is in a flutter of happiness, yet I fancy she, too, is in vague unrest. This man has told her many times how sweet she seems to him, has said over and over that he loves her, but has never asked her if she loves him in return, has never hinted at an engagement or asked her to be his wife.

So they walk on, and we linger a little behind in silence.

"Miss Lucy—"

"You startled me," I reply, nervously. "I was thinking so profoundly that I had—excuse me—almost forgotten you were here. You were going to say—?"

"I want to talk to you," he begins, moodily; "I have something most unpleasant to say, but if our positions could be reversed, Miss Lucy, believe me, I should thank you for telling me."

"Is it about Mr. Lang?"

"Yes. He has fallen in love with your friend."

I smile.

"I knew that long ago."

"Do you think?"—he stops, then finishes bravely—"do you think she cares for him?"

"I don't know," I answer; "but I am afraid she does, perhaps, a little."

"Why afraid? Do you know anything of Lang?"

"Only that he is not suited to Carrie, and I have heard that he is a flirt."

"Has he told her he is going away to-morrow morning?"

"No! At least I had not heard of it. Is it not a sudden move?"

He does not seem to hear me. Anyway, he ignores my question, and asks:

"Of course, you have no idea where he is going?"

"None."

"At the risk of seeming to meddle, I will tell you. Lang has been engaged for the last three months to my cousin, Helen Valery, and he is to be married in two weeks. I warned him some time ago that I would mention his engagement if he did not break it off or cease his very marked attentions to Miss Werth, both for her sake and for Helen's."

I am shocked, but can think of nothing to say.

"Lang is fond of Helen in a brotherly sort of fashion," continues Mr. Valery; "but I think he cares most for her fortune. She is rich. He has fallen in love with Miss Werth, and perhaps she cares for him. He will come back here and keep hanging about her in spite of his engagement, and I say again it is not right either to her or to Helen. I have taken a disagreeable task on myself in speaking of this, especially as I lay myself open to misunderstanding, but I felt that I ought to set things right before leaving. You will know best how to manage it, Miss Lucy, and will mention this to Miss Werth or not, as you think best. I hope you do not blame me."

"I thank you, Mr. Valery, and so will Carrie; she has plenty of spirit."

We here reached the avenue gates. Angela and Nora appear below, and while Mr. Lang stops to talk with them, Carrie turns and comes back toward us, gayly bantering us on our lingering so far behind.

I hurriedly remember that we may have no other chance to speak alone without remark, and I say, gravely:

"Mr. Valery has been telling me something which has surprised me, Carrie—something about Mr. Lang."

"About Mr. Lang! well, what is it? Tell me."

"He leaves us very soon," I begin.

The pink is all gone from the west, and many stars are showing now, but through the gray twilight I can see her expression change, the smile fades, and the happy look passes from her sweet face.

"He leaves us to-morrow morning," I continue; "and, Carrie, perhaps he has told you where he is going?"

"No;" her voice sounds cold in her effort to steady it.

I look at Mr. Valery.

"Please tell her what you told me" And very gently and kindly he does so

Carrie utters no word, makes no movement of surprise for a few moments, while she watches the others as they move toward the house and disappear within the door. Then she asks:

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

She turns away from him half angrily. He lays his hand on her arm.

"No; don't go," he entreats. "If I have blundered, pardon me. To prove my sincerity, I will say what is bitterly hard to me to tell you now. I love you myself, dearly, truly, and I know you care nothing for me. I, too, leave in the morning. We may never meet again. It is because I love you that I spoke to your friend. I had no intention of paining you by this personal interview. I thought she could best inform you of this, which you ought to know."

"Mr. Valery," she says, slowly, "you said just now that you love me. Would you—"

"Would I—what?" he asks, calmly.

"Would you—take me—knowing that I don't care for you—yet? I might, perhaps, in time."

"Forgive me," he answers, tenderly, after an instant's silence, taking her hand gently between his own.

"Does that mean no?" she asks, shrinking back in painful confusion.

"Would it be quite right, Carissima, to promise to marry me because you are annoyed at a slight, and when you, perhaps, love another? No, dear; you could never care for me if I could accept such an idea. Let us wait. Remember, I shall always love you dearly, and some day I may claim you, heart and all. Good-bye, my love!"—and he walks rapidly away.

We follow slowly.

To my surprise, Carrie does not seem altogether blighted. She sleeps peacefully, and the next morning finds her calm—even cheerful. Her first bewilderment is passed and she is amazed to find herself heartwhole. The thought of Walter's treachery still brings a

pang, but she finds her pride soothed by the recollection of Leon's unselfish affection, and it comforts her greatly.

So she clips off the dead roses in the pretty garden and is gathering a great bunch of fresh bloom when Walter Lang, ready for departure, appears at her side, greets her gayly, and begs a flower for his coat. She meets him smilingly and invites him to select what pleases him. He sees no change in her, although he feels some indefinable difference in her manner. His gayety vanishes and a sad look, real or assumed, settles on his face.

"I am off on a little visit," he says, gloomily.

"Ah! I wish you a very pleasant time," she returns, politely.

He sighs.

"I am never happy away from you. Whatever may happen, remember that I love you only. Tell me once, before I go," he goes on, recklessly, turning pale as he speaks—"tell me you love me! Say something kind to me, my darling! and think kindly of me, whatever you may hear."

"I have already heard," she answers, smiling, "that you are to be married in two weeks."

He stares at her a moment in blank surprise, then stammers:

"And you don't hate me?"

"Not at all," she returns, coolly. "I congratulate you."

"I have been mistaken in you," he says, wonderingly. "I feared that this would break your heart."

"You see it has not, Mr. Lang. But you are forgetting your flower. Will this one do?"

He takes it from her mechanically, bows distantly, and rides away in wrath, while Carrie—can she believe it of herself?—laughs heartily! There is a little bitterness in her laugh, to be sure, but enough of merriment to promise her a speedy cure for this false love of hers.

* * * * *

"The beautiful summer has vanished."

With the autumn days we return to the city and resume our musical studies. We hear that Leon Valery has gone abroad, to remain some months. After New Year's Angela and Nora are both married, and there follows a round of receptions, evening parties, and afternoon teas, at all of which Carrie sings. Her wonderful voice attracts much notice, and many predict for her a remarkable career. I always play her accompaniments, and am delighted when she insists that she cannot sing without me.

We meet Mr. Lang and his charming wife frequently at these gatherings, and, thanks to Carrie's good sense and pleasant tact, we meet without embarrassment. Yet when Nora gives

a costume party, and, at my instance, Carrie appears as "Undine" in foamy, bubbly, misty white, I fancy I see a sad, yearning look cross his fair face, and I know that he sees the "dim old forest" with its dashing cascade, and there rises before him the faint fragrance of pine and fern and the scent of the sweetbrier rose.

I follow Carrie as she moves toward the sparkling little fountain in the conservatory. It is bordered with moss and fern, and the air is heavy with the odors from the flowers that bloom luxuriantly around us. Some celebrity is singing in the music room and this little bower is deserted. I leave Carrie bending over the water and wander off by myself among the plants. Presently I return, and, stepping behind a leafy orange-tree to inhale the sweetness of the blossoms, I see that she is no longer alone. Leon Valery is beside her. There is no way for me to escape, and I hear him say:

"I have never ceased regretting what I re-

fused last summer, and I have come back to ask you if I may change my mind."

"Oh! nonsense!" cries Carrie. "I am covered with shame whenever I think of my ridiculous behavior. I did not really care for Mr. Lang—only I was so afraid people would think so and would add me to his list of slain that I lost my head a little."

"And now, what of your heart?" he asks.

She hesitates and drops her head shyly; but he persists and repeats his question.

Then she murmurs faintly:

"I'm—I'm afraid I've lost that, too!"

He moves a little further away. "So I am too late!" he says, sadly. "But I have loved you faithfully, my dear! and I hoped so fondly that your love would turn to me at last!"

She nestles close to his side and looks up to his manly, earnest face.

"And so it has," she answers, sweetly. "I've lost my heart—to you!"

OUR PARLOR-MAID.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I AM the wife of a medical man in London who, I am thankful to say, possesses an excellent practice. Our house is in Notting Hill. But I need not particularize the exact locality, as it has nothing to do with my story. We employ three servants indoors—cook, housemaid, and parlor-maid. As we have no children, we do not require a nurse. And I am sure, from my own experience, when I hear people declare that there are very few good servants to be had now and that doing their duty is generally the very last thing they think of, I sympathize and agree with them from the bottom of my heart. I am convinced there are few such faithful, attached domestics to be had now as there used to be in my grandmother's days. I am a most indulgent mistress, and yet I have not been able to get servants to stay with me. If by great good fortune I have found one to suit me, she was sure either to quarrel with the others or take offense at some trivial matter or discover that the situation was not good enough and that she ought to "better herself," and then all the wearisome round of registry offices, advertisements, correspondence, and interviews have to be gone through again.

At the time of which I write, however, I was fortunate enough to have a tolerable cook and a housemaid who seemed all that was desirable.

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But I could not meet with a parlor-maid. My last was a stately, middle-aged woman with manners fit for a palace, who had come to me with a recommendation from a lady of title. But, alas! I soon discovered that she drank. Finally, she returned one Sunday evening hopelessly intoxicated, and my heart died within me at the prospect of having to hunt for another. I advertised again and had several applications. One was from a young woman who had been living for three years at a country vicarage in Surrey. She referred me to her late master, the Rev. Wentworth Allardyce, who was then at Folkestone, where he was staying on account of his health. I wrote to him at the address given, which was a fashionable hotel, and received a reply giving Eliza Willis such a high character for honesty, sobriety, and conscientiousness that I engaged her at once.

A more prepossessing girl I never saw. Imagine a Madonna face framed in smooth, soft, brown hair, pensive hazel eyes, a sweet smile, a neat, trim figure, most winningly deferential manners, and you have the portrait of Eliza Willis. She was a thoroughly competent servant, who seldom needed directions and never had to be told a thing twice—a fact which spoke volumes for her efficiency, as any old housekeeper could certify. So domestic peace at last seemed to settle down upon us, and for a

time I lived in a paradise. From morning till night Eliza labored to save me trouble and annoyance. If I forgot anything, no disaster ensued, for her admirable memory supplied the deficiency. If I had a headache, she would smooth my pillow and bring me tea with the dexterity of a professional nurse, superadded to the tenderness of a personal friend. She could sew better than any girl I ever knew, and was invaluable to me in repairing the household linen and in executing any little alteration in my wardrobe. Her skill in waiting at table and her politeness to all visitors delighted everybody who came to the house. She performed all these various functions, too, with such sweetness that that alone was a high recommendation. No one ever saw Eliza ruffled or out of temper; neither hurry nor delay made her cross. She was so willing and obliging that she never objected to doing anything required of her.

She was also honest to a degree—absurdly honest, I used to say. One night, for instance, very late, when I was sitting up for Charlie, she came down wrapped in a shawl. Hours after she had gone to bed, to say that she recollected she had given me change a penny short on returning from an errand that day and she could not sleep for thinking about it. She assured me so fervently, as she handed me the coin, that she had never wronged anybody of a halfpenny in her whole life that from that moment I would have trusted her with untold gold.

She had been with us about two months when that very unpleasant experience few mistresses entirely escape—of finding things mysteriously disappear or lessen in quantity—became mine. At first I scarcely noticed it, but by and by I had no choice but to admit very unwillingly that there must be a thief in the house. I don't know a more miserable sensation than that produced by such knowledge. The articles missed were all little, trifling things, such as an inexperienced thief would take under the impression that their very insignificance rendered it safe to steal them. I missed note-paper and envelopes, reels of cotton and silk from my work-basket, ribbons from my drawers, and similar odds and ends. Some change received from the milkman and temporarily deposited on the dresser in the kitchen was never accounted for. But the climax was the loss of a valuable sapphire ring, which, being in a hurry one day, I had placed in a drawer of my dressing-table. I turned the key in the drawer, but omitted to take it out, and when, an hour after, I came up-stairs to put it on, the ring had disappeared.

I could hesitate no longer. My husband was away, and I had none but my own counsel to

rely upon, and as it was almost certain that the thief must be one of the servants, I decided to call them separately into my bedroom and interrogate them, and if they persisted in denying all knowledge of the ring, I should then make them turn out their boxes before me. I first summoned the cook, whom I knew to be honest, and did not for one moment suspect. I was not surprised to hear her emphatically deny that she had ever touched my things. I went up-stairs with her, and stood by while she turned out her trunk as a matter of form, and when nothing was discovered I dismissed her and told her to send Jane, the housemaid, to me. She was a stout, hearty country girl, who had come to me with an excellent character about six months before. She was quick-tempered, and at once fired up when I asked her whether, on her honor, she had any knowledge of the matter.

"Ma'am, I never took a pin of yours or anybody else's in my life!" said Jane, with an emphasis which seemed most sincere. "And as to your ring, ma'am, I'd give a month's wages to find it, for I can't bear to think that there are people in this house who are not honest. But, ma'am—though it's perhaps mean to say so, and I know you don't encourage us servants to tell tales of one another—still I feel as if you ought to know that I'm sure one of us is a thief!"

"It is not cook," I said.

"No, ma'am; it's Eliza. You think all the world of her, ma'am, but you're deceived in her. As sure as my name's Emma Jane Collins, you're deceived in her!"

The girl's manner was so earnest that I felt disagreeably shocked.

"Are you quite sure of what you say, Jane? It is a serious thing to bring such a charge, and I never had a servant more attentive and obliging than Eliza."

"I can't say I ever saw her steal anything, ma'am," said my handmaiden, vehemently. "But I'm as sure as possible that she took your ring, and nobody else."

"Well, Jane," I said, anxious to sift the matter as soon as possible, "I hope you are mistaken in what you say; but as a matter of form, I must see your box emptied, as I have already seen cook's."

"Very well, ma'am; I'm sure I've no objection."

So I led the way to the large attic where all the three girls slept. Jane opened her two boxes with the utmost willingness, and stood beside me with a smile on her face, as much as to say: "You will see what an entirely needless business you have undertaken!"

I lifted up some collars and cuffs. What could this be? Note-paper and envelopes with my monogram, E. C. L.—Edith Catherine Lester! Hidden away among piles of winter clothing was a miscellaneous assortment of our property, some of which I had not missed as yet—small nicknacks out of the drawing-room, a volume of Sir Walter Scott, a pair of sleeve-links of my husband's, two of my best pocket-handkerchiefs, and, rolled up in an old newspaper, a pot of my strawberry jam! I turned indignantly to look at Jane, and denounce her as the thief she was, when, to my utter amazement I saw she was staring at the plunder with an expression of such complete and stupefied astonishment that a stranger would have supposed she had never seen the things before, and was puzzled to know how they came there. At the very bottom of the box was a small package of white paper, loosely tied round with thread. Opening it, I saw, to my joy, my missing ring.

"You wicked, wicked girl!" I said, as I slipped it on my finger. "Now, what have you to say for yourself?"

"If I never speak another word, ma'am," she returned, undauntedly, "I never saw those things before and I never put them in my box."

"You can hardly expect me to believe that," I said, indignant at her falsehood and effrontery. "They could not get into your box without hands."

"I never put them there," returned Jane, beginning to cry. "I don't know who did, unless it's some wicked person who wants to ruin me. O ma'am! O ma'am!" she implored, earnestly, "do believe me when I say I never took them!"

"That is nonsense, Jane," I said, sternly. "Telling a lie will not make better of it. Turn out your other box, and let me see what else of mine you have stolen."

There proved to be nothing in it but caps and her Sunday hat. She never ceased to protest, amid her tears, that she had never touched my things, until I was quite exasperated at her hardihood.

"Now, Jane, you had much better confess without telling any more falsehoods. Lying will not do any good. If you will confess—"

"I won't confess to doing what I never did, ma'am," she answered, defiantly.

"Very well, then. I shall call the others and show them these things, that they may know who is the culprit; and then you leave my service at once."

So I rang for cook and Eliza, and, pointing to my belongings on the floor, said that the thief was found. Eliza offered to turn out her

box, saying that it was only right that she should do so as well as the others. Of course, there was nothing of mine in it; but it was much tidier than either of the others, with her treasured Bible and Prayer-book neatly wrapped in tissue-paper and lying on the top.

I then told Jane to come to me in the dining-room, where a most unpleasant scene ensued; for she stoutly maintained her innocence. I am rather cowardly, like a great many women, about prosecuting dishonest servants. Rather than appear as a witness against her I would have condoned a great deal, and I did not like the idea of sending such a young girl to prison. Her mother I knew to be an honest, hard-working widow, who would be heart-broken at Jane's behavior. So I told her that, on account of her previous good character and my respect for her mother, I had decided not to call in the police; but that she must leave the house immediately and need never to refer to me for a character, and I hoped my being so lenient would induce her to repent and reform.

She listened without the smallest softening, that I could see, and turned at the door to say:

"Well, ma'am, I can only say you've been deceived. Some day you will know the true from the false."

She departed. Kind Eliza helped her to pack her boxes, fetched a cab for her, and gave her a tract at parting, with, as cook afterward told me, some excellent advice. I must say this made me admire and respect the parlor-maid more than ever. There are not many who will say a kind word to a detected thief.

Then came up the disagreeable problem of getting another housemaid at a moment's notice; but here, fortunately, Eliza came to my relief. She knew a girl, she said, a distant connection of her own, who was just leaving a situation at South Kensington. I wrote to her mistress, who gave her an excellent character, and in a few days she was installed in our house. She was not quite so prepossessing in appearance as Eliza, as she had rather a cast in her eyes; but she proved an excellent servant, and now that Jane had gone I was not annoyed by petty pilferings.

It is not often that my good husband finds fault with anything in the house, but one evening, as we were sitting at dinner, he did take exception to the tarnished condition of our plate generally, and especially of one piece on the sideboard—a large silver salver, which we used for a tea-tray on state occasions, two very massive cups, and a fine tankard, quite eighteen inches high, which had belonged to his grandfather.

"Yes, I know it wants cleaning badly," I said. "I intend to have it all done one of these days. The London atmosphere soon tarnishes it."

We had a great deal of plate—most of it very old and which had been in my husband's family for generations. As he was an only child, he had inherited it all. I had also a good many handsome silver articles among my wedding-presents. I hope I shall not be accused of boastful arrogance when I say that, between us, we had almost more than we knew what to do with. It was a nuisance to keep clean and a constant worry to me. We kept it all in the house. We had tried leaving it at our bank, but that method was very inconvenient when we were giving a dinner-party and needed a number of extra articles. Also, my husband liked to have it to look at, as also to show occasionally some particularly old and valuable piece to some connoisseur-friend. So, though we had often been threatened by our friends with burglars, and warned that we should have our plate stolen, we continued to store it, except those articles in use, in a small room at the head of the stairs, next to our bed-room, where we must hear any sound there in the night. The plate was not in a safe, being so large in quantity; but we had had an especially strong oak-press, with double doors lined with iron, made expressly for it. The press was fitted with shelves and drawers lined with green baize. Connected with it was an electric bell, which must infallibly ring if any unaccustomed hand essayed to open the outer lock. The locks themselves were of complicated construction, and we never left the house in the daytime without at least one servant in it. On the rare occasions on which I could persuade my husband to indulge himself with a few weeks of holiday, we always sent all the plate to the bank. I may add that the door of the plate-room itself was always kept locked and the key in my possession, and that the window was protected by heavy iron bars inside.

My husband laid but few restrictions upon me; but there was one point upon which he was resolute—nobody must ever go to the plate-room but me. No matter how trustworthy the servants might be, I was never to give them the keys, or even allow them to know how much plate we had. Charlie's firm belief was that at least three-fourths of the burglaries that occur were planned either by the servants or by associates and friends of theirs.

I must say I found the restriction sometimes rather tiresome, when I was busy preparing for a dinner-party, and the housemaid came to say that she wanted more spoons and forks and

other articles for the table. It would often have been an immense relief to me to hand her the keys and say: "I am very busy; get what is required yourself." But I never did, although I might think Charlie over-cautious.

The very day after my husband had spoken being pouring wet, and the servants not having much to do, it occurred to me that I had better go to the plate-room and get out what silver required cleaning, and let them have it. It was always a tedious operation. So I went up-stairs, got out my keys, opened the press, and began work. It was more than a year since most of it had been cleaned, and I looked over everything, determined to have it all done, and well done, in readiness for our next dinner-party. The articles which needed polishing I put down on the floor, for there was neither table nor chair in the room, nothing but the press.

"If you please, ma'am," said a soft voice at my elbow, "here is a letter the postman has just brought."

It was Eliza. I must say that for half a minute I felt vexed to think that, no doubt hearing me stirring about, she had followed me in here. True, I had never told any of the servants not to come into that room, for I had not thought it worth while. However, here Eliza was, and I saw her gaze wander, very naturally, to the open press with its well-filled shelves, and the accumulation on the floor.

"Oh, ma'am, what beautiful things!" she said, admiringly.

"Yes, are they not?" I said. "Dr. Lester is very proud of his silver; for most of it has been a long time in his family. I want you and Sarah to clean the plate to-day. I will put what requires cleaning outside the door, and you can come and fetch it."

Eliza went out with—I could not help fancying—just the slightest shade of unwillingness in her manner, and I carefully locked the door, after leaving some of the things outside. In due time they were brought up-stairs again brilliantly polished, and I put them all away, feeling rather heroic for resisting the temptation to call in Eliza to help me. Had it not been for my pledged word to my husband, I certainly should have done so.

Two days afterward, late in the afternoon, Eliza came to me in my bedroom with a glowing face and handed me a gentleman's card: "Rev. Wentworth Allardyce, Oakwood Vicarage."

"It's my dear master—my dear late master, I mean, ma'am," she said, looking quite overjoyed. "He was in London, and he called to see how I was getting on; and he would like to speak to you, ma'am, if you are not engaged."

I went down to the drawing-room willingly enough. Eliza had often told me about this Mr. Allardyce, who had been very kind to her; and I was really glad to see any one who was interested in so excellent a servant.

The clergyman was a handsome man of about thirty-five, with dark, vivacious eyes and a pleasant smile. He was got up in the most correct style of High Church costume, with long, straight coat, buttonless waistcoat, a round collar, a cross suspended to his watch-chain, and a flat felt hat.

"Mrs. Lester, I believe," he said, coming forward most courteously. "I trust you will not think I have taken a liberty in calling to see a domestic who served me faithfully for three years, and in whom I shall always take a sincere interest."

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Allardyce," I said.

"And I assure you it gives me great pleasure to make the acquaintance of a lady of whom I have heard so much. Eliza often writes to me, and is eloquent in her praises of you, and her gratitude for your kindness."

"She is a very good girl," I said.

"She is a good girl—a thoroughly good girl—conscientious and sincere," he answered, as if he felt pleased at my praise. "As an inmate of my household she was admirable in every particular. I also had the pleasure of preparing her for her confirmation. That being the case, I was naturally anxious not to lose sight of her when she came to London."

"She has often spoken of you to me, Mr. Allardyce. She often praises your beautiful garden, and the pretty meadows near your vicarage. We poor Londoners envy you your privileges."

"Yet this is a delightful part of London," he said, with a glance out of the window.

"Oh! yes, we like it very well. Only the summer is coming on, and we naturally yearn for the country. The parks are a poor substitute for it."

"My garden is beginning to look very pretty now. You and Dr. Lester must really run down to Oakwood—it is only an hour's journey from town—and gather strawberries for yourselves, and taste our country cream. I can promise you these simple pleasures at least, and a game at tennis. I should like you to see my roses."

"Thank you; you are very kind."

"Is Dr. Lester at home? I hope I shall have the pleasure of making his acquaintance before I leave."

"I expect him in every minute. He said when he went out that he should not be long."

"I understand he has a very large practice?"

"Very. And he is particularly busy just now."

"A most enviable profession, his," remarked Mr. Allardyce, gazing round the room as he spoke. "To soothe pain—to relieve suffering—to awaken hope—I can imagine few things more delightful to a man whose heart is in his work."

Eliza—all smiles and delight—now entered with afternoon tea, and while she handed it round in her peculiarly deft and pleasant way, Mr. Allardyce talked to her.

"Your mistress says she is very fond of the country, Eliza, and some day she is coming to Oakwood, to eat strawberries and cream and sit under the trees."

"Oh! how nice, sir!" cried Eliza.

"I think she would admire the roses. You remember that large bush in the middle of the lawn? The frost killed that in the winter."

"Did it, sir? Oh! I am so sorry!"

"And poor old Nat Welsh, my gardener, is dead. Oh! and Mrs. Allardyce told me not to forget to tell you that the Sunday-school is most flourishing. There are a hundred and—yes, a hundred and twenty children in it now. I hope you keep up your good habits, Eliza, and go regularly to church, and read your Bible, as you used to do at Oakwood?"

At that moment I heard my husband's latch-key in the door, and I stepped out into the hall. "Mr. Allardyce is here, and is anxious to see you," I said, as he came in; and added, *sotto voce*, "he is such a nice man! Do come and speak to him."

Charlie followed me into the drawing-room, where Mr. Allardyce gracefully came forward, while Eliza removed the tea-things. And then ensued a delightful chat of about an hour's duration. To give even an outline of the conversation would take too long; but I remember that we touched upon a great number of topics. Our guest seemed to have traveled much, both in England and on the Continent, and he related some very amusing experiences for our entertainment. I could see Charlie was delighted with him.

"Are you making a long stay in town, Mr. Allardyce?" he asked, as the hall-clock struck six.

"No; my time is not my own, and I must return to-night."

"We should be most happy to offer you a bed."

"Thank you; you are very kind; but I promised Mrs. Allardyce I would return to-night. She gets nervous in my absence, and imagines burglars and all sorts of horrors."

"But you will stay and dine with us? Our hour is six."

"Thank you; I should like to do so very much, if I can manage not to miss the half-past nine o'clock train at Waterloo, which I said I should return by."

"I can promise that; I will send you in my brougham," said my husband. And then Eliza came to say that dinner was on the table, and we went into the dining-room.

The meal was a very pleasant one, for our guest exerted himself to be agreeable. We were both charmed with him.

"You will excuse my remarking what very fine specimens of antique plate you have on your sideboard, Dr. Lester," said Mr. Allardyce, when we were sitting at our modest dessert. "I flatter myself that I am a connoisseur in old silver, and I never saw more splendid designs."

"I confess I am rather proud of them," said my husband, highly gratified, as he always was when anybody alluded to his hobby. "Would you like to examine them?"

Our visitor rose with a graceful bow and smile to me, and went to the sideboard, where he handled the cups with evident appreciation. "How massive they are! and how beautifully ornamented! I suppose they are Jacobean?"

"The date of the tankard is 1684; the cups are five years older," said my husband, who was learned in Hall-marks, and knew the date of every piece of plate we possessed. (It may not be generally known that by means of letters, which represents figures, the precise date of any piece of Hall-marked silver may be ascertained.)

"Very fine indeed," said Mr. Allardyce. "Even my neighbor, Lord Fitzgeorge, has nothing better. What a massive salver? Your coat of arms in the centre, I suppose?"

"Yes. All these things belonged to my grandfather. Since you so much appreciate such things, Mr. Allardyce," said my husband in a state of high gratification, "I should like to show you a few other specimens I possess. I have a Queen Anne tea-service—genuine Queen Anne, dated 1712—which has been admired very much. We do not keep it in every-day use, and, indeed, we never leave more silver out than is absolutely necessary, on account of thieves. I will show you my plate-room and what I have there. But won't you take another glass of wine?"

"No, thank you," said Mr. Allardyce, eagerly. "I should so much prefer to see your plate. I have quite a passion for old silver."

"Edith, dear, you have the keys," said my husband. "If you will go and unlock the door, we will follow you."

It was still broad daylight, being June. I went up-stairs and unlocked the doors, and

then the two gentlemen came in. Our visitor was delighted as one thing after another was brought out. Charlie had never had such an appreciative critic before.

"A most beautiful and valuable collection," said the clergyman after he had examined everything. "But do you think it safe to keep so much plate in an ordinary dwelling-house?"

"Oh! perfectly," said my husband. "You see the bars on the window; and the doors are always kept locked. Besides, any one who incautiously touched the press must ring this bell," he added, showing where it was and how to avoid ringing it.

"I suppose you have locks of complicated construction?"

"Very. Where are your keys, Edith? See, Mr. Allardyce. This is the key for the inner door, and that for the outer. You perceive they are of very peculiar make, and they are never allowed out of my wife's possession."

A knock at the door, and my husband opened it an inch or two to be informed by the housemaid: "Please, sir, you're wanted in the surgery."

It was always the way when we had visitors. Charlie went rather reluctantly; and I had scarcely turned to Mr. Allardyce to say I was sorry my husband had been called away, and I hoped his patient would not detain him long, when I heard Eliza's voice at the door, saying: "If you please, ma'am, may I speak to you a minute?"

I asked Mr. Allardyce to excuse me, and went out into the passage.

CHAPTER II.

ELIZA'S communication was not a very important one, merely referring to a small domestic matter which might have waited a little longer. But that was just like Eliza—she was so conscientious that she could not bear to run the slightest risk of failure in her duty. And when the slight domestic affair was disposed of, she still seemed inclined to keep me talking.

"Don't you like Mr. Allardyce, ma'am?"

"I do, indeed," I said. "Dr. Lester is charmed with him."

"I knew you would like him, ma'am. I'm so glad he called to day. He was so kind and good to me, and you've been so kind and good to me, that I've often wished you knew each other. And Mrs. Allardyce is a very nice lady, too, ma'am; I'm sure you would like her if you knew her. Oh! just one minute, if you please, ma'am. I broke one of the claret-glasses just now as I was carrying the tray down-stairs, and I couldn't rest until I told you. I'm so

very sorry, ma'am ; I hope you won't be angry with me."

"Accidents will happen," I said, sagely. "And now, Eliza, I really must go. I have left Mr. Allardyce all by himself."

"Shall I light the gas in the drawing-room, ma'am?"

"Why, no. It's not dark yet."

"But when it is dark?"

"Certainly," I said.

I found our guest standing in the middle of the plate room, with his hands in his pockets, softly whistling "Nancy Lee."

"I must apologize for running away," I said, as I began to lock up the press. "I am sorry Dr. Lester has been called away also. If you can find your way down to the drawing-room, I will put my keys away and follow you."

"Thank you very much for affording me such a great pleasure," he said, courteously, as he went out on to the landing. He descended the stairs as I locked the outer door of the press. As I did so I felt something crunch beneath my feet. I picked it up and found it was a small piece of white wax. I did wonder for half a minute where it could have come from, as I never carried candles into the plate-room, which was lighted by gas, and nobody but myself had access to it. But the matter passed from my mind as I rejoined our visitor in the drawing-room and Charlie came in. Eliza brought in coffee, after which we had a little music; and I could hardly believe Charlie when he said that the time had come for ordering the brougham to take our guest to the station. Mr. Allardyce bade us a friendly farewell, and was most urgent in his desire that we should visit Oakwood before long. We promised to do so, and parted, delighted with our visitor, whose pleasant manners had charmed us both.

A few days afterward I received the following letter:

"OAKWOOD VICARAGE,

Saturday, July 6th.

"DEAR MRS. LESTER:—I trust you and Dr. Lester have not forgotten your promise to come and visit us this summer. This glorious weather makes the country especially enjoyable, and Mrs. Allardyce and I propose to give a garden-party on Thursday next, at which we should be very glad to have the pleasure of your company. Some famous local tennis players have promised to come, with whom your husband ought to try his skill. In case Dr. Lester's engagements should not permit him to remain here for the night, there is a train for town at nine P. M. We trust you will come early and

we will meet you at the station. With kind regards, I remain very sincerely yours,

"WENTWORTH ALLARDYCE."

After some little discussion we agreed to go, but decided that it would be better not to stay all night. So I wrote a note to that effect and dispatched Eliza with it to the post, telling her that Mr. Allardyce had invited us to visit Oakwood and that we were going on Thursday. The good girl was delighted to hear it.

On the morning of Thursday my husband started very early on his rounds while I made an elaborate toilet in honor of the occasion, and by twelve o'clock we had reached Waterloo and were in the train for Oakwood. The only other person in the carriage was an elderly clergyman, very gray and fragile-looking, but with a good, kind face. He asked me whether I liked the window up or down, and from remarking on the fine weather and one thing and another, he and Charlie soon got into conversation.

People always talk to my husband when he is on a journey. I suppose his genial face and manner attract them. At all events, I never knew him travel any distance without somebody entering into conversation with him.

He and the clergyman began discussing politics, and sympathized most cordially, being both ardent Conservatives. Then they talked on general topics for a few minutes and then rambled on to Continental experiences. Our companion told us that he had a living in Surrey, but that his health had been so bad latterly that he had been compelled to travel abroad for three months, his duty being taken by a clerical friend meanwhile.

"I was in Manchester for many years," he said. "I had a very populous parish, and the work was so hard that I was glad to have the offer of a quiet country vicarage. But Oakwood lies so low and there are so many trees that it is sadly unhealthy—"

"Oakwood?" I involuntarily asked.

"Yes; Oakwood, in Surrey, near Guildford. Do you know the place?"

"We are on our way there now," I said, "to a garden-party at the vicarage."

"At the vicarage?" he repeated, looking very much astonished.

"Yes. I suppose there are two churches in the place—yours, and another?"

"No, my dear madam, only one—St. Paul's, of which I am the Vicar."

I never felt so puzzled in my life; and he looked equally bewildered.

"But the Vicar of Oakwood is Mr. Allardyce."

"My name is Wentworth Allardyce." He

took up his traveling-bag and showed me his name and address engraved on a small silver plate. Charlie and I exchanged glances. Our companion was evidently a gentleman, and we could not think of doubting his assertion. On the other hand, who was the other charming Mr. Allardyce?

"Have you a son or any other relative of the same name?" asked Charlie. "A young man with dark hair and particularly agreeable manners?"

"I have no children. My wife has been dead for years. My only nephew, John Allardyce, is in Canada with his regiment."

"Well, really, this is most incomprehensible!" said Charlie, astounded. "Our parlor-maid, Eliza Willis, whom you recommended to us—"

"My dear sir," said the clergyman, looking at him as if he thought he must be an escaped lunatic. "I never had a servant called Eliza Willis in my life; and I certainly never recommended her to you or any one else."

"I am Dr. Lester, of Notting Hill," said Charlie, producing his card. "Really, this is a most extraordinary thing. We engaged a parlor-maid about three months ago, who said she had been living at Oakwood Vicarage with Mr. Allardyce. She said he was then at Folkestone; so we wrote there and received an excellent character—"

"Excuse my interrupting you, but I never was at Folkestone in my life."

"And a few days ago a 'Mr. Allardyce' called to see her as he was passing through London. He spent the evening with us and we were both delighted with him. To-day we are going, at his invitation, to a garden-party at Oakwood Vicarage."

"Then, my good sir, I fear you have been imposed upon," answered the clergyman. "Some unprincipled person must have made use of my name. I have been abroad for three months and am just returning to Oakwood. I assure you I have not the slightest intention of giving a garden-party. My bachelor household does not admit of gayeties of that kind."

"O Charlie! our plate!" I cried, as a suspicion flashed across me like lightning. And my husband turned pale.

"We have a good deal of plate," I hurriedly explained. "This man who passed himself off for you professed to admire it very much, and we showed him all we had—and, O dear! how we locked it up and everything!"

"I should fear he had designs upon it. It is a most mysterious affair all through. Of course, you have only my assertion that I am Wentworth Allardyce."

"We don't doubt that for one moment," said my husband.

"But if you come to Oakwood," went on the Vicar, "my parishioners will be able to certify that I am their Vicar, and no other."

"Indeed, I think we ought to go back to London at once," said my husband, who was evidently uneasy. "I fear we have been duped by a persuasive stranger, and that this garden-party pretence is only a dodge to get us out of the way. Our house is probably now being robbed."

"But, Charlie, there is Eliza!"

"Mr. Allardyce knows nothing about her. Her character must have been a forgery."

"So it must," I said, feeling completely overwhelmed. "Oh! I wish the train would stop, so that we could get out and go back to London."

"It stops before long at Marsham Junction," said Mr. Allardyce. "You can catch a London train there."

"Is not wax used to take the impression of a key?" I asked, as another recollection came to me. "I found a piece of wax on the floor of the plate-room, Charlie, after—that man had been there."

"Then we may say good-bye to our Queen Anne tea-service!" said my husband, grimly, as the train gave a warning whistle.

"This is Marsham," said Mr. Allardyce, letting down the window. "I trust you will let me know how you found things at home," he added, kindly, as we got out. We gave him a hurried farewell and dashed down the platform, where a porter told us the London train was just going.

We had a fearful scramble, and, quite out of breath, were bundled into a carriage at the very end of the train, which was already moving. It was third-class, and not over clean, but we were only too glad to get in at all.

During the brief journey back, Charlie told me what he intended to do; and, as he did not think it would be safe for me to go back to the house at first, I agreed—though very unwillingly—to wait at a neighbor's until he came for me. He took a hansom at Waterloo, and we dashed homeward at great speed. At the police-station nearest to our house, Charlie got out and, after a few minutes' conversation with the inspector, we resumed our way. Four constables, under the command of a sergeant, were to follow in another cab immediately. We got out at the end of our road, which the policemen were also to do, so as not to alarm any one who might be in our house with the sound of wheels stopping at the door. Charlie left me at my friend's house, and turned back to meet the cabful of policemen, which was just in sight. My friend's

house was nearly opposite our own, and, after a hurried explanation, I took my stand behind the curtains in the dining-room window to watch, feeling quite sick with apprehension. In front of our house, hitched by the reins to the lamp-post, was a small truck, drawn by one horse, such as might have belonged to any respectable tradesman; and that was the only external sign of anything about to happen.

I saw Charlie and his company come down the street. One policeman quietly descended into the area, and stood there ready to arrest anybody who attempted to escape that way; two remained on guard outside the front door; the others slipped off their boots, and Charlie noiselessly admitted himself and them with his latch-key.

I had watched for about twenty minutes in an agony of dread, when I saw the door open and my husband came out. He was by my side almost immediately, and told me what had passed. Nobody met them in the hall, and they made their entry quite unperceived. It may be wondered at that no one was on the watch to give the alarm. But the plate-room was at the back of the house, away from the road, and besides, we were supposed to be safe at Oakwood by this time—where, but for a most fortunate accident, we should have been—and “Mr. Allardyce” and his gang thought themselves perfectly secure from interruption. Charlie and his party crept cautiously up the stairs, hearing voices and laughter coming from above. On the first landing was a wooden piano-case, in which ingenious and innocent receptacle our plate was to be packed and put on the truck which was waiting at the door, in which guise it might safely be trusted to elude the notice of every policeman in London. The thieves were so secure in their fancied safety, that when the door was pushed open and they found themselves surrounded by the policemen with drawn truncheons, they were blank with amazement. “Mr. Allardyce”—not in clerical costume this time—had opened the press with the false keys, which the wax impressions he had taken enabled him to make. A second man, the driver of the truck at the door, was standing by with a chisel, and my saintly parlor-maid, laughing at the ruse which had been successfully practiced on her master and mistress, was helping the housemaid to roll up the plate in green baize bags.

“Mr. Allardyce” drew a revolver; but before it could be discharged, he was stunned by a blow from the sergeant’s truncheon. The others were quickly secured, and, escorted by the policemen, were driven off to the nearest police court, to be charged before the sitting magistrate. Our plate was saved; but it had the narrowest

escape in the world. Only ten minutes more and the thieves would have got clear off with their booty, and we should never have seen a vestige of it again.

The conspirators had contrived to send cook on an errand which would detain her an hour or two soon after Charlie and I left. The housemaid—who, it will be remembered, came to me through Eliza—was in the plot, and they thought themselves safe. The parlor-maid in whom I trusted so implicitly was a member, *sub rosa*, of the swell-mob, of which distinguished profession “Mr. Allardyce,” who had received a good education, was one of the brightest ornaments. He had written the letter from Folkestone by means of which she entered my service. Eliza derived her knowledge of Oakwood and of Mr. Allardyce’s affairs through having once stayed there for a few weeks with a family in whose service she was. For four or five years she had played a game similar to that she had tried on me; getting mistresses to confide in her, and then, when she had found out where their plate and valuables were kept, betraying the house to her accomplices. These burglaries remained profound mysteries, thanks to her consummate hypocrisy—her complicity in them never having been suspected. Her entering my service was not the result of chance, but the consequence of one of the gang one day hearing a remark that Dr. Lester, of Notting Hill, had some valuable plate. At first, she and her confederates thought of carrying it off in a night attack; but the difficulties in the way, thanks to Charlie’s wise precautions, caused them to change their plans, and they concluded to try the stratagem I have recorded.

The four were tried, and each sentenced to long terms of penal servitude. A few days after the trial was concluded, I was astonished to receive a call from my old housemaid Jane, who had been dismissed for dishonesty. She told me that she had only just heard of what had taken place, and that had emboldened her to come and tell me that she was sure Eliza, knowing her box would be searched, had purposely placed articles belonging to me in it that very morning to insure her dismissal. She said that one or two things Eliza had said to her indicated very little regard for other people’s property; but, finding that Jane was honest, Eliza pretended to turn it all off as a joke. But from that time forth she no doubt made up her mind to get rid of Jane, as an obstacle in the way of her schemes. It is needless to say that I at once took Jane back into my service, and that she is with me now.

We had had a lesson. We sent all our plate off to the bank the next morning. People who

come to dine with us see a good deal of silver, as they imagine; but it is chiefly electro-plate. One attempted burglary is quite enough in a lifetime.

We renewed the acquaintance with the real Mr. Allardyce, so strangely begun, and he is

now one of our most valued friends. We often joke about his "garden-party" which never came off. But if our parlor-maid had succeeded in her nefarious designs, there would really have been no joke in the matter.—*Chambers's Journal.*

SIX HUNDRED A YEAR.

BY MARTHA.

NOW, let us begin to deal with facts and practical details as to the way in which we are to manage our two hundred and twenty-four dollars a year on our table. It will be easy enough to spend it; but we must try, and, I hope, succeed, in making it cover a surface that will not only support and nourish us, but surprise and please us at the same time.

Two hundred and twenty-four dollars a year is about four twenty-four a week—sixty cents a day. It does look little, dreadfully little, when we thus divide and subdivide.

First, let us take a single week and provide for a family of—let us say—five persons, such provisions as we consider to be necessary, dividing our small sum by the supposed needs of an average family. You know it may be arranged very differently for particular cases, taking away from one item to add to another. We say:

Meat,	\$1 50
Bread,	85
Vegetables,	56
Coffee and tea,	63
Milk,	21
Sugar,	49
	<hr/>
	\$4 24

—leaving a balance of seven cents.

We will consider meat, first, by the prices which rule in the Philadelphia markets—not by provision-store or order-book prices, but regular market prices. One-fifty a week for meat only gives us a little over twenty-one cents a day. Let us take a week of dinners as the most formidable meal to deal with, and see what capabilities lie in the purchasing-power of twenty-one cents.

Monday.—Baked shoulder of mutton, at the cost of thirty cents. *Tuesday.*—A mince of mutton. *Wednesday.*—A fricassee calf's head, at twenty cents cost. *Thursday.*—Calves'-head soup and sheep's liver; cost, ten cents. *Friday.*

—Pork chops, twenty cents. *Saturday.*—Mutton necks, with rice, stewed; cost, ten cents. *Sunday.*—Rolled, stuffed beef, two pounds, at twenty cents. Altogether, one dollar twenty cents. The shoulder of mutton may be too much enjoyed on Monday to appear, unassisted, for Tuesday's dinner as mince or hash; so we make additions, according to the quantity left. Cut all the meat from the bone; mince it well, add a little chopped onion, some potatoes—other vegetables also, if you wish, or they are necessary to add to the quantity of the hash; stew all together for fifteen minutes, and then put it in a deep dish; cover with bread-crumbs and bake quickly in a hot oven.

Wednesday comes the dinner of calf's head. Boil the head, according to its size, till tender—not till it is stringy or glutinous; remove the meat from the bones and cut it in small pieces; season rather highly with herbs, salt, pepper, and a little onion; put it in a pretty deep baking-dish; cover it with broth; have some bread-crumbs over the top and bake.

Thursday we have to make soup from the broth in which yesterday's dinner was boiled. Calves' head makes an excellent stock and may be used for almost any kind of ordinary soup. Then we have sheep's liver. Two of these stewed make a good and sustaining dish. Before stewing, boil the livers in two changes of water; then cut in small pieces and stew till tender, adding parsley and thickening to the gravy half an hour before serving. After adding these, allow the stew to simmer only.

Friday our two pounds of pork chops may be either fried or boiled—or you may bake the chops with sweet potatoes.

Saturday.—Mutton necks must be carefully selected or you will get hungry before your next meal comes. Some necks have quite a nourishing supply of meat on them and some make us pity the poor sheep that owned such necks in life. Having made a good choice, have them carefully chopped up; stew them

with rice till tender; thicken the gravy slightly and serve on a dish, with the rice laid round the meat and the gravy covering all. These necks may be fried brown; then, making a brown gravy, cover them up tightly and allow them to simmer half an hour or more.

Sunday.—Our steak, of course, is from the round; let us cook it with so much care and attention that its locality while in life won't count seriously against it. Spread it on a board, salt and pepper it well, then put in the filling, and roll it into a round shape, tie it securely, and baste it constantly while cooking (not too long). The filling can be made of a mixture of bread-crumbs and potatoes, a little onion and parsley, and some slices of fat pork.

Let us now vary our bill of fare (and this can be done almost indefinitely), and begin another week:

<i>Monday.</i> —Pork and beans,	\$0 15
<i>Tuesday.</i> —Veal, or giblet pie, . . .	15
<i>Wednesday.</i> —Beefsteak, two pounds,	25
<i>Thursday.</i> —Sheep's loins with pork,	15
<i>Friday.</i> —Codfish cakes,	10
<i>Saturday.</i> —Forepart of mutton . .	42
	—
	\$1 22

Sunday.—Hash in crust.

For *Monday*.—There are a number of ways in which to cook this time-honored dish. Try this one: Soak the beans over night in plenty of water; boil two hours without the pork, and one hour with it. Then put it in a deep baking dish, the pork in the middle, the beans around and over it; a little salt and pepper, and enough—a tiny bit—of molasses to brown the beans nicely; keep it well moistened with the water in which the beans and pork were boiled, and bake slowly for several hours.

Tuesday.—Every veal butcher has nice little scraps of veal, which can be procured at a low price and do almost as well for pie as cutlets or chops. Cut the veal into pieces of a uniform size, stew half an hour, with a few cut-up potatoes and a sliced onion; put in a crust and bake. Giblets are excellent filling for pies, economical and nutritious, as well as pleasant to the taste; stew them till tender before putting under crust.

Wednesday.—As our steak is not to be a first-rate cut, select good meat and cook it well; pounding takes away from the juiciness of a steak, though it adds to its tenderness; don't fry meats if it can be helped; but if you *must*, have your pan so hot as to retain the juices in the meats by the heat. If you like onions with beefsteak, and it is a popular, if old-fashioned, taste; still, it may be broiled frying some onions. Meantime, add a little water and juice from the steak to the onions; put the steak in

a pan, and pour the fried onions over it; allow all to remain tightly covered in the oven for ten minutes.

Thursday.—Liver and pork; both must be nicely sliced and fried quickly; serve with a thin slice of pork on each slice of liver; and make gravy of browned flour to pour over.

Friday.—Of course, everybody is aware that codfish cakes are a combination of fish and potatoes, the fish or vegetable preponderating according to taste. Form the fish and potato mixture into small cakes or balls, fry a delicate brown, and serve on a napkin. After the codfish is boiled, it may be served alone, with a drawn butter poured over it; or cut in small pieces, milk added, and then baked in a quick oven.

Saturday.—Our piece of mutton for to-day is rich enough to allow some of its substance to escape into potatoes while it is baking, or we may boil this piece of meat, in which case the broth will be useful for flavoring rice or macaroni or other tasteless vegetables.

Sunday.—We take what is left of the Saturday's mutton, cut small, add a few potatoes, an onion, a carrot, herbs, and half a can of tomatoes. Stew with a half cup of water for ten minutes, then put into a deep pie dish and cover with a short crust.

You will see we have little, or very little, money to spend on meats for breakfast or supper, but we are going to have good bread, tea or coffee, as a background to these lesser meals, and other things to appease the appetite. Still, we will try what can be done in the meat line. We carefully keep all good bits of meat or vegetables which are left from dinner, and form them into a compound for a reappearance. We can form it into little meat sausages, or moisten it with milk and put it in cups of pastry, or shells, as some call them; or we can make it into fritters or meat pancakes. Then, when other things give out, we resort to these.

Pork kidneys are to be bought at six and eight cents a pound. One pound and a half, after boiling four hours (in three changes of water), are to be chopped fine; add a teaspoonful of mustard, one of corn-starch, salt, and pepper to the gravy, and, after baking it a half hour, you have a nice dish of deviled kidneys for breakfast or supper. The mustard may be omitted and the kidneys be stewed in milk, in which case let them stew till nearly all the gravy is absorbed.

A pound of soup-beef only costs seven cents. It can be converted into numerous good dishes. I give a few. For instance:

Roll the beef as compactly as you can tie it, to keep it in shape; stew gently, with spices, for a long time in a closely covered vessel. Or,

chop the beef into fine pieces; mix with an egg, half cup of milk, and enough flour to make a thick batter; drop into hot lard from a spoon to make cakes about the size of an oyster. Or, put the beef in a covered vessel, with a cup of water, salt, pepper, and herbs, a few potatoes, two onions, a carrot, and a turnip; allow all to cook gently for two hours. Or, boil the beef with two cups of water twenty minutes; mince fine with a tiny bit of onion, salt, and pepper; put in a small baking-dish a layer of beef and one of bread-crumbs; put a little grated cheese over the top, cover with broth, and bake. Or, chop it into small pieces, also two boiled potatoes; put a piece of butter in a pan and scramble the beef and potatoes, serving it on a round of hot toast.

There are still other ways of serving our seven cents worth of beef, but in my small space I can give no more here; only I hope every housekeeper who needs it has ingenuity enough only to need a few hints to extend their practice into further directions.

Let us come to our vegetables. Here we are allowed only fifty-six cents a week. I might tell you what that small sum could buy, in fifty-two varieties, for the different weeks in a year. Space only gives me room for one, so, instead of reproducing it, I hope you will do a little thinking.

Fifty-six cents will buy one pound of rice (eight cents), one quart of beans (ten cents), half-peck potatoes (fifteen cents), one quart of hominy (eight cents), and one can of tomatoes (eight cents). A quart of hominy, well cooked, will give a vegetable for two dinners (this is boiled hominy); for a breakfast, it allows some to fry, and perhaps a little to stew for a supper, for, like dried apples, it swells greatly in cooking. One-half peck of potatoes will give a vegetable for two dinners and leave some to fry for breakfast or supper. The rice can also be boiled, and will serve at two dinners; it can be mixed with grated or thin slices of cheese to give it character, and, if still some is left, mix it with a half can of tomatoes, and bake either for supper or dinner. Beans will furnish several dinners or may be used as a breakfast dish. We have still our macaroni. It will give a little variety to our meal, and the half can of tomatoes to stew or bake with enough bread to make a creditable dish in size.

There are other cheap vegetables, very cheap ones, and the different seasons give us quite a choice. While we are waiting for fresh vegetables let us learn to convert carrots, cabbage, beets, parsnips, and other winter vegetables into palatable dishes. Don't forget to use dried peas and corn in making fifty-six cents do full

duty. Fried mush is also a good thing to rely on. Bread, as I have already said, must be of the best, and made at home, if we have vigorous appetites to satisfy. We must get all the nourishment we can for our money here, and a seventy-cent bag of flour can be made into a much greater amount of solid food than our baker can possibly provide for the same sum. Still we have fifteen cents left to spend on the effort to make our suppers and breakfasts more attractive. Corn-meal is the cheapest good material we can buy, I suppose, and it is capable of so many changes in the way of cooking and serving it. It is good for innumerable puddings, cakes, bread. I remember (in the South) eating what were called "dodgers," simply corn-meal, salt, and water. These were made into a stiff dough, which was formed into elongated balls or rolls, and baked in a hot oven or in ashes. If they are made of good meal and eaten very hot, corn dodgers are delicious. I am sure I thought so, though they may be like Thackeray's famous tarts, and owe some of their excellence to the strong flavor of youth thrown round them, for it is years since I have tasted any.

I have allowed for one and a half pounds of coffee. Of course, this only allows it to be used as a breakfast beverage. If it is needed oftener, some other item must be pinched.

There are a good many cups in a half-pound of tea, provided the tea is well chosen. You can procure very poor fifty-cent tea for one dollar a pound, but you may select fifty or sixty cent tea so well as to make it answer for the dollar article. Allowing one pint of milk a day is, of course, only for use in necessities, as in one's tea or coffee. It would be well to teach your family to take their coffee without milk; better it is for their health, and they will profit by having the milk to use for other purposes, and you will need all you can get.

The last item is sugar. One pound a day is ample for the average family, we calculate; of course, some people need more sweetening than others.

MAKING ALLOWANCES.—That is a very lovely disposition which excuses the faults of others, albeit severe with its own, on the plea that there is some reason, unseen and unsuspected, which, were it revealed, would go far to modify a harsh judgment. We are told of, or we observe in some fellow-creature, actions which our tastes or our principles condemn, or we are pained by something which a friend says or does. Let us not have patience only, but also let us be tolerant, since we cannot know all the difficulties with which another must contend.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

READ ALOUD TO YOUR CHILDREN.

THERE are so many books written nowadays for children, which are attractive as well as instructive, that we hardly know what to commend. Subscribe for the *Wide Awake*, *St. Nicholas*, or *Youth's Companion*, or others which will meet this requirement. As they grow older, select books of history and travel, and have them read for themselves, but, if possible, let each book come under your own inspection first. One-half the Sunday-school libraries ought to be exterminated. The books are more harmful in their tendencies than many of the fairy tales which would not be allowed a place on their shelves. *Do not thoughtlessly condemn a book in the presence of your children.* Be pretty sure, if you do, that inside of twenty-four hours they are in possession of that book. It may not be possible, always, to know what books come into our homes, but it can be frequently regulated much better than it is. Sometimes we hear condemnatory words of public libraries as being prolific sources of evil, because young persons thus have easy access to all sorts of literature. To this charge the City Library of Springfield is exempt. *Personally*, we know that its librarian is conscientious to a fault, and allows no books to go out which he considers immoral in their tendencies. Many a young person has been kindly advised to a better course of reading by his excellent judgment and tact.

It is a delightful way to pass the long winter evenings, when the children are old enough for it for the family to take up the plays of Shakespeare, assigning the various parts to different members of the family. If your own circle be not sufficiently large, call in your neighbors. Let the young people be made to read correctly, intelligently, and well; thus you are able to accomplish several things. An ease of manner in reading is acquired, a correct ear, a knowledge of the best use of words, and naturally follows a love of the highest literature. Then when it becomes possible for the children to see some one of these familiar plays on the stage, take them yourselves. Thus they will easily see that the theatre is to you a place where something good may be seen and heard; possibly you may be able to form so correct a taste in early life as to preclude all desire for inferior actors and plays. Set your intellectual standard high and try to keep yourselves in sympathy with the children in every way, and they will have no desire to conceal anything; the book, the amusement, the friend, will be all the more enjoyable because of the presence of the father and mother into their inner life.

Seek to know the companions of your children. Young people must have amusement and recreation. Let the companions be freely invited to the home. It is well to set our standard high in this regard also, and if in the matter of home amusements and companionships we start correctly, we shall find that there *naturally* follows the love of the best amusements, the entertaining,

wholesome book—the choice use of language. Let the evenings at home have something to entertain. Enter into the games. We think, many times, that parents err in this respect unwittingly. If, when the lessons were learned, the games were shared by all, even teaching the use and abuse of cards, there would be less heartache by reason of sons addicted to gambling, etc. The boy who is brought up to see that his parents derive amusement from a quiet game of cards will be likely to remember it when asked to play behind some barn or in a cellar where his parents have taught him “never to let them catch him playing cards.”

Teach your children the proper use of money. Begin with a small allowance of pocket money which they shall feel is *their own*, and let an account of its expenditure be made to you. Carefully guard against any ridicule if there have been foolish purchases, for that will soon beget distrust, then follows deceit, and very soon you will never know what has become of the money. *Kindly advise*, so that if your boy is tempted to spend his money in a way he knows is wrong, he will freely come to you and tell of it. Until you feel positively compelled to it, do not withdraw your allowance. It may be that you will find no other way to stop a career of wasteful and sinful extravagance, but let all effort be made in other ways first. Teach your boys to earn a little for themselves. Many little ways will suggest themselves. It is so much more helpful to them, as well as an enjoyable pride, that it's always well to encourage all such endeavor. We know a mother who prizes, above all her other possessions, a pair of gold sleeve-buttons purchased with the first money her boy ever earned, and though he is now in business for himself, we fancy he never invested any money more cheerfully than that.

Early seek to influence your children politically. If, instead of seeking for the ballot-box, every mother in this land would seek to inform herself intelligently on the great questions of the day and discuss the same in the home circle, she would do more good than by her public speeches or her vote at the polls. It always seems natural for the boy to form his political opinions like unto the father. However this may be, encourage him to act independently, and be able to give a reason for so doing. Be patient in explanation of political questions. *Women* have all the duties and rights they can well perform in the home, and largely here her work is *influential*. Even if she be neither wife nor mother, forlorn, indeed, must be the female who has no influence over some member of the sterner sex. Let it be exerted wisely and the whole world will be the better and purer for every such life in the home. In our busy American home life we give too little heed to these practical thoughts. It may be impossible to carry out these theories in every-day life, nevertheless we believe in them, and if any shall regret that we come into homes no more at pres-

ent—yea, better, if any shall have been incited to better and higher aims in life, giving more and more of themselves to perfecting their respective man and womanhood, the coming generations will be the happier and wiser for these homely words of ours, and ourselves have shared in the noble work to be accomplished through the medium of good housekeeping.—*Good Housekeeping.*

A MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

"**LADY!** please don't let the ragman take me," exclaimed a golden haired child, running toward me as fast as her little feet could carry her.

"Where is the ragman, my child?" I asked, placing my arm around the trembling little form.

"Over there," pointing across an open lot with her shaking finger. "Oh! he is coming here! don't let him put me in that great big bag," pleaded the child; as she clung to my skirts. Her little face was blanched with fear as she gazed over her shoulder at the dreaded "ragman."

Bending my head, I looked into the child's face, and said: "The ragman will not hurt you, dear."

"Yes he will, 'cause mamma says so," replied the child.

I did not pause to consider what the consequence would be if the child's faith in her parent's word was shaken, but I did think of the great wrong being committed by a thoughtless woman, and that woman the child's own mother. Claspings the little hand, I said:

"Come, dear, I am sure that the ragman has children of his own. Suppose we ask him."

The child drew back. "Are you sure that he won't take me?" she asked.

"Quite sure," I replied, in a quiet, firm tone. While we were speaking the man approached; he evidently suspected that he had been the subject of our conversation, for he touched his hat respectfully, and said:

"Good day, ma'am, what's the little one afraid of?"

"She thought that you intended taking her away in the bag," I answered, smiling.

"Bless her purty face, I've six of me own chicks to feed, an' sorra a bit ud be left fer her, I'm thinkin'. Sure, 'tis a cryin' shame fer ladies to be frightenin' their childer like that. Is the little gurl your own, ma'am?"

"No; the child is not mine," I replied. "I agree with you in considering it a dreadful thing to frighten young children. You say that you have six little ones. Is their mother living?"

"She is indade, ma'am, but the poor sowl's not long for this world. She's not left her bed these six weeks, an' I'm thinkin' they'll be carryin' her out afore long."

The man's voice trembled, and he drew his rough coat-sleeve across his eyes. I felt so sorry for the poor creature that, for a moment, the child was forgotten.

"Have you any very little girls, Mr. Ragman?" asked a childish voice.

"Bless yer heart! I have that; two little tots about the size of yerself, an' 'twould do yer heart good to hear them shout whin they see daddy comin'."

"Will you take these two pennies and give them to your little girls?—and please, Mr. Ragman, I won't be afraid of you any more. I guess mamma was mistaken. I'll tell her what a nice man you are and that you have a whole lot of little girls."

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, ma'am, an' may a blessin' rest on the little gurl for givin' her pennies to the childer!"

The man shouldered his ragbag, and, touching his hat, went slowly down the street.

"I must go now, lady. I know the ragman won't take me; but maybe the big black man who goes around in the dark and eats little girls might catch me. I wish mamma was 'mistaken' about that, too," said the child, wistfully.

How my heart ached for the poor child as I assured her that the Saviour, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," would watch over her constantly!

The child looked relieved; but as the little form moved rapidly along in the direction of her home, I could see that she cast furtive glances to the right and left, as though in momentary expectation of seeing the "black man."

A few years hence, when the child is able to think and act for herself, will she say, "Mamma was mistaken"? If that mother could be made to see that she is standing upon a volcano that, in the course of time, will pour forth lava and ashes so blinding that her heart will be crushed and her whole future made barren! Many a mother can look back and date the ruin of son or daughter from the time when, in order to "break their will" or exact instant obedience, the "ragman" was called to "take them away" and the ogre invited to "eat them up." Pause, thoughtless mother, ere it is too late! The confidence of your child is too precious to be cast away ruthlessly, and when in the years to come sons and daughters gather around you, let your heart be glad if doubt upon any subject can be set at rest by the simple words: "Ask mother; she will know."

MARY AUGUSTA THURSTON.

FLOWERS FOR THE TABLE—After the linen is pronounced nice, and the little table appointments are in order, then, dear mother, or sweet elder sister, do let us have flowers. Nothing is so productive of a good appetite as fresh flowers, wild ones especially, with the cool, green leaves. Do not despair if you have but one or two to spare out of a scanty window garden. Put those in a slender vase rising out of your fruit dish filled with rosy apples; or lay them as a boutonniere before father, mother, or Tommy, who is just down stairs after a siege of sore throat. If you live in the country you can always get the beautiful clusters of pine or of other evergreen. For the home table, more than for any other use, we would counsel the keeping of flowers through the winter in our sitting-rooms.

MARGARET SIDNEY, in *Good Housekeeping*.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

DOLLY DOBSTICK AND THE BITS OF SUNSHINE.

A FAIRY STORY.

CHAPTER I.

DOLLY DOBSTICK was a grumpy, stumpy, little old woman. She wore a coal-scuttle bonnet and a blue cloak; her face was all wrinkles, and her cheeks were like apples. She had a habit of asking questions, and poking one with her stick if she was not answered directly. The village folk always dodged out of her way and crossed the road from her. Only little Maysie never dodged away from her; because Maysie had a very pretty habit of being nice to old people, whether they were grumpy or not.

So that very day, as sunburnt little Maysie was going down the corn-field path, with her pinafore full of red poppies, as soon as she saw the old woman stuck on the top of a stile unable to get down, she said kindly, "Will you lean on my shoulder?" and helped her to the ground.

"Thank you, my dear. Take that!" said Dolly Dobstick, and tumbled her over with a poke of the stick; and all the poppies fell out of her pinafore.

There was a tree shading the stile. The sunshine through its branches made round bright spots of trembling light on the ground where Maysie lay. Before she could rise, the old woman grabbed up all the flowers, and stuffed them into the pockets of her apron.

"Oh! where are my poppies?" said Maysie, leaning on one hand as she sat on the ground.

Old Dolly Dobstick nodded her nose and chin and patted her pockets. "It's all right, my dear. I don't you trouble, I've got 'em."

"Then please keep them—and good-morning!" said Maysie, timidly, trying to get up.

"All right, my dear; and what will you have instead? What?—what?—what?"

"I don't want anything, thank you," said Maysie, in a great hurry, for the stick looked as if it were going to poke her.

"Oh! nonsense, my dear. You must have something for giving me all your poppies. Take that!" And Dolly Dobstick gave Maysie another little poke, that just rolled her tidily over when she was getting up.

She was not in the least hurt. She got up laughing, and shook the earth off her pinafore. And only then she found sticking to the palm of each hand a round bit of sunshine about the size of a penny. The bits of sunshine were loosened off her hands with a touch; they were like pieces of transparent gold, or like some kind of very thin yellow jewels. They must have stuck to her hands when the old woman tipped her over twice and said "Take that!"

Dolly Dobstick was nowhere to be seen.

Maysie would have liked to say "thank you;" but there was no one to say it to, so she ran straight home to Thatch-roof Farm and showed her bits of sunshine.

The farmer was grumbling at the weather, though it was sunshine and blue sky. His wife was crying because the fox had stolen the speckled hen. She said it would be better to make all the other hens into roast fowl, and to make the pigs into sausages, and to sell the house for a song, and go and live in the barn and keep nothing but the donkey—because it was a miserable world. The maids were quarreling in the kitchen because the milk was spilt, and the men were quarreling in the farm-yard because they had been sitting in the shade of the haystack all the morning trying to make each other stand up and feed the animals.

The farmer hung up one bit of sunshine in the hall between the case of stuffed birds and the clock. And the farmer's wife hung the other bit of sunshine on a red ribbon round Maysie's neck.

Everything brightened up. The farmer said it was glorious weather; his wife said there were two dozen speckled hens yet in the yard; the maids said, "There's no help for spilt milk but to call the cat:—puss! puss! puss!" The men found out that they were cross because they were idle; the animals were fed, the cows trooped out to the meadow, field work began, and every one and everything were as happy as could be.

CHAPTER II.

A WHOLE year went happily by; the corn was ripening yellow again. Maysie went down the path gathering red poppies, just as she had done a twelvemonth before. And there again was old Dolly Dobstick stuck on the stile, kicking with her foot and banging with her stick, unable to get up or down. The sunburnt little girl helped her down, and said, "Thank you for the two little bits of sunshine."

"Thank you, my dear, for helping me off the stile. You are a good little girl. Take that!"

Maysie had begun to skip away; but there was no poke of the stick this time; instead, the old, brown, wrinkled hand was held out to her.

"Don't run away, little girl, here's a spider for you. It is my pet spider, so take care of it. And it is very kind, indeed, of me to give it to you. Say thank you, now."

"Thank you," said Maysie, meekly.

"Aren't you fond of 'em. See what nice long legs he has got." The old woman put the spider into her hand, and patted him for good-bye with her finger. "If ever you let my spider go, he will find his way back to me. Now run home, and tell your father that sunshine is better than gold. Good-bye, my dear." And she gave Maysie a poke that started her at full speed toward home.

At Thatch-roof Farm there was a peddler selling all sorts of fine things at the door; he had just given fifty sovereigns for the bit of sunshine out of the hall.

"O father!" said Maysie, "Dame Dobstick

sent you a message: that sunshine is better than gold."

"Tut, tut! nonsense!" said the farmer, and put the fifty sovereigns in a fat leather purse.

Then the peddler persuaded Maysie that just because she was such a nice little girl, he would give her a necklace of red jewels as a great bargain, in exchange for that bit of ribbon and that bright thing she wore round her neck. So Maysie sold her bit of sunshine too.

Then everything was sad, and nothing was done at Thatch-roof Farm. Maysie found that her grand necklace was only red glass; so she threw it down the well and cried. And her father found that his fifty sovereigns were all bad, so he flung the bag into the fish pond, and sat on the edge and wept. And his wife said it was a miserable world, and it would have been better for them to have gone long ago to live in the barn and kept nothing but the donkey. And all the maids sat in the kitchen in tears, with their aprons thrown over their heads; and all the farm men sat in a row with their backs to the haystack, sobbing very loudly; and the donkey hee-hawed bitterly; and the cows belowed sadly; and the bull went mad, and ran after a little boy who had been making fun of him; and the grunting of the pigs was doleful; and in fact, between moaning, and groaning, and cackling, and cooing, there never was heard such a hullabalooing.

At last Maysie's father said they all ought to go to Dolly Dobstick and tell her about the loss of the sunshine; but nobody knew where Dolly Dobstick lived. Then Maysie took the spider out of the bottom of her pocket; the old woman had told her he was sure to find his way home. They all set off in a long line to follow the pet spider.

The worst of it was that the spider did not go straight along. Whenever he stopped, the whole procession stopped. They had often to sit down in a row and wait for him. He pretended he was going to weave webs; he lay still for an hour on the gravel, with all his eight legs spread flat; he went dodging round pebbles and trying to catch flies. One by one the followers gave up. Day changed to dusk, and dusk changed to night, and little Maysie, all alone, was following the spider; and it shone in the dark like a speck of light.

The spider led her to a ruined castle, beautiful in the moonlight. The spider-spark disappeared into the ivy; and then little Maysie looked in through the ruined arch of the gateway.

The fairies were dancing in the ruined castle. One could hardly tell whether they were figures in white or shapes made of moonlight. But there was no mistake about it—they were fairies, and they were dancing in a ring. Sparkling insects were glittering all over the ivy, and all the owls and all the cats of the neighborhood seemed to have assembled for the occasion; they were sitting in rows on the ruined walls, and their eyes were shining like pairs of little round yellow and green lamps.

Only for one happy moment could Maysie look upon the fairy revel. It vanished when she came. Flap, flap, flutter went all the owls overhead;

and the cats ran home in every direction—a few of them were heard in the distance going cater-wauling on their way down the fields. One fairy remained—only one—a beautiful white fairy, as pretty as a young princess of fairyland. She had little wings, shaped like the wings of a butterfly, and a wand, and her flowing white dress was frosted all over with silver. On her hand she held a spider shining like a spark of light.

"Beautiful fairy, please do tell me the way to Dolly Dobstick's house," little Maysie implored.

"Why do you want Dolly Dobstick?" the fairy asked. "Why?—why?—why?" and she began poking Maysie with her silver wand to hurry up her answer.

"Because she gave me sunshine and we sold it for bad money and glass jewels," said poor Maysie, crying as if her heart would break.

"And if you got your little bits of sunshine again would you part with them for anything in the world?"

"Oh! no, no!" answered Maysie. "Father says a little bit of sunshine is the best treasure in the world."

"You are a good little girl, after all. Take that!" said the beautiful fairy, giving her a kiss. And at that moment when the fairy embraced her, Maysie found her father's piece of sunshine in her hand; but her own little bit of sunshine was squeezed through her pinafore and into her heart, so that she could never lose it again. After this fairy embrace, Maysie was let go from the arms of an old woman with an apple-cheeked, wrinkled face, a coal-scuttle bonnet, and a blue cloak. It was no other than Dolly Dobstick.

She took Maysie home by a short path in one minute. Before Maysie could open the gate, Dolly Dobstick tried to climb over it, and, of course, stuck on the top. So Maysie climbed over and said:

"Let me help you down; and won't you come in?"

"No, thank you, my dear. Good-night!"

The old woman took a skip off the top of the gate; and then—you know how an India-rubber ball hops from the ground—Maysie saw her go over the hedge and up the opposite field, bounding away like a ball in the moonlight.

So Dolly Dobstick was a fairy in disguise, after all. Perhaps she was going about the world sticking on stiles to find out who would be kind to a stumpy, grumpy, little old woman. And how had she got the sunshine from the peddler? Well, when the fairies found the peddler with bits of sunshine, they knew he had got it dishonestly, so they took it away while he was asleep.

And so Thatch roof Farm was happy again.

The village-folk put up stiles all over the country; they hoped to find Dolly Dobstick stuck up somewhere or other; they would all run to help her down now. But she was never seen again. Somebody was once heard in the farm-yard singing:

"Sing a song of sunshine,
More than wealth untold;
Cheery hearts are brave hearts,
Full of Fairy Gold."

It might have been the fairy, or it might have been Maysie, for she was as merry as any fairy now. And so shall you be if you begin in good time to carry a little bit of sunshine about with you, no matter what happens. A.

THE OWL AND THE CAT.

THE Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the stars above
And sang to a small guitar:

"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy! my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl: "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing;

Oh! let us be married, too long have we tarried,
But what shall we do for a ring?"

So they sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Piggy, are you willing to sell for one
shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy: "I will."
So they took it away and were married next
day
By the Turkey that lives on the hill.

They had apples and quince and piles of mince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon.
SISTER ROSE.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

"IF THE CAP FITS, WEAR IT."

A STORY FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

I WAS getting very weary and turned longingly toward home after one of my periodical visits round the outskirts of my parish. As my tired horse jogged on, my thoughts were more painful than joyous when I recalled the homes I had visited. With every desire to benefit my people, I felt there was an unexplainable something that was wrong.

I had two more parishioners to call upon; they were sisters, but so unlike that each visit I paid to them increased my wonder at the relationship. In fact, to be candid, woman was a mystery to me. I would not own to a disappointment in my own home; but now as I rode through the bare lanes, with the tall, gaunt trees standing in the waning light of the bleak winter afternoon, it was not the chilly atmosphere that made me feel a winter cold within. The frost had got into my life as surely as my eyes beheld it on fence, hedge, and tree.

"What is it?" I asked, as I had often done of late. "Whose fault is it?"

I loved my wife, and no home was more joyous than ours when we began our life's journey together ten years ago. But it was not the same now; why I could not tell. From my own hearth I traveled in thought to others, and kept on asking if it was so with them. That wintry day God answered my question in a manner that was as strange as it was beneficial. How little did I dream, when my horse stumbled and fell, that his doing so was to be the occasion of my learning a lesson which revolutionized my life!

I had intended to visit my favorite of the two sisters last, because I felt the gladness of her happy manner a stimulant to my own jaded self, and liked to carry the influence with

me the rest of my journey. As the accident, however, occurred near her house I had no alternative but to lead my lamed steed to the hospitable door. To my dismay I found Mrs. Graham from home; but before I could express regret, a hale, hearty, jovial old man gave my limping horse to the care of a servant.

Following the happy-looking old man, I was met indoors by a bright old lady. There was no resisting the sunshine which their very appearance seemed to spread around them.

"You must not think us strangers," said the sweet-looking old lady, as she invited me to join them at dinner. "Our daughter, Mrs. Graham, has made us acquainted with you and all her friends by description." Then I heard how Mrs. Graham had gone with her husband to minister to her mother-in-law in a sudden illness, which it was feared would prove fatal.

"I see from whom Mrs. Graham inherits her bright, cheerful face," I remarked, as I looked upon this delightful couple, with the same pleasurable feelings as one looks on an interesting picture. "I often wonder how it is her sister, Mrs. Cecil, is so different."

"Excuse me," interrupted the old lady, with almost girlish animation, "but being a man you might go on wondering all your life, and die without finding out the truth. Your sex is not far-seeing where women are concerned, otherwise you would soon see that our children's faces only reflect their lives, and that it is the husband who colors those."

My face must have looked the surprise I felt, and though I joined in the hearty laugh of her husband, I failed to see anything laughable in his wife's remark. Nor could I understand the significance of his caressing action as he gently patted her hand, and with a half sigh, half-laugh, said—

"It's all because we men do not think. No, no; we do not think."

After dinner it was quite a refreshing picture to watch these old figures in their exquisite courtesy, the old lady bringing her husband's pipe with an expression of simple pleasure in waiting on him, while he placed her chair by his, arranging the cushion for her back and the footstool for her feet. As I noticed all this there came a sense of something wanting in myself.

"We only want Maggie and Robert to be quite a round party," said Mr. Mervyn, as he sat the very personification of content.

"Come, wife! you began preaching and gave out hints of a sermon and left Mr. Austin without the means of putting in the text and finding out the application. Come, come! finish your work."

"Maybe, dear, Mr. Austin is not interested in it. But I should like to interest him and enlist his efforts in what you and I know to be no small matter, and we feel alike"—she went on, half speaking to me, yet addressing her husband, her whole manner so sweetly sure of his oneness with her—"that our dear Lord is on our side and pities the sad mistakes so constantly made by His children."

I assured them that I was longing to solve the problem—how man in some way was accountable to woman for an error, willful or otherwise, on his part toward her.

"Just so," said the old lady, with glistening eyes; "and yet no great mystery, after all. A few words sum up the case. You need but to keep your eyes open to see that the *want of demonstrative love and sympathy in little things* is the cause of endless troubles. Ah! I see you think the mountain has indeed brought forth the mouse. But unless you had watched as I have watched how lives are wrecked, you could not imagine what those simple but important words mean."

I was amused at the one expression used by the old man, who seemed to sum up the whole mountain (as his wife called it) in his oft-repeated—

"We do not think. That's all the mischief. We do not think."

"Mr. Austin, have you ever thoroughly studied women—say of your own congregation? You have the fault-finding ones; the loud, self-opinionated ones; the not-to-be-put-down ones, with their woman's rights and wrongs; and the timid, easy-going sort. But how many of the real, genuine, cheery, good-natured, heart-happy, hearty-laughing ones are of the number? You never thought of it? Of course not. But I can tell you the reason why the latter are so few and the others so numerous is because the *start* in life began wrong and gets more so every year they spend together as man and wife. If you care to think upon this, I can better show my meaning by telling you of our early life and love and how I came to find it all out."

"Tell him, my dear," said the old man, in his hearty, cheery manner. "Your position, Mr. Austin, favors you to help many out of the pit we got into, and an old woman's story may have some interest for you."

I felt quite sure of this, and as the words fell from the lips of that happy-faced old lady, they were as arrows darting into my heart.

"When we were married," she began, "I was ignorant of the duties and responsibilities a wife is suddenly thrust into. What a change it is from being a merry young girl surrounded with brothers and sisters, ever leaning upon her mother for counsel and resting securely in a father's sheltering care! What few cares the girl has! The home-life is generally too busy a one to find room for monotony. At least that was my girlish experience, and from it I stepped into my new house, full only of bright anticipations, with scarcely a thought of anything beyond glowing desires to be the very best wife any man ever had or should have. One thing was certain: I had an infinite capital of love. That never, never was to fail. It might increase—though there seemed no room for more—but diminish it never could. You know it is every word of it true, dear," she broke off, as her husband stroked her white hair—such a gentle, caressing motion the most inveterate hater of "spooneyism" could have felt no repugnance in witnessing.

"Thank God! yes, yes," answered the old man. "But we do not think, dear. It seems but the other day when we began our life together. Yes, go on, tell Mr. Austin what drafts I drew upon the capital. He has not got into clear sailing yet; go on and clear away the fog."

"Well, then, I began my married life as I told you. One thing, my dear, good, wise mother insisted upon, and which I lived to bless her for, and that was, to take no help, but to work with my own pair of hands. This seemed the first shadow in the sunshine, for, like most people, I was not ambitious of being behind my acquaintances in the social scale; but I gave in to her instructions. I thought I could not have too much time to prepare nice dishes to surprise my husband with my skill, and to say all we had to each other. But three months had not passed before I had gone over to my mother's way of thinking; for I could not all at once leave the nineteen years of unbroken companionship of our home circle and not miss the home ways and faces. But after the first novelty of being my own mistress had passed, though it was as dear and as cozy as ever it was, yet it seemed so *silent*, and I found, even with all my work, more leisure than I knew how to employ, and would sit impatiently waiting for my husband.

"I thought then that never did clock tick so loud as ours. We had never noticed the one at home. Time crawled now—it did not fly as it used to do when we were all together. I did not dare to own there was any dissatisfaction or disappointment lurking in my heart. Sometimes the discontent was with myself, especially after any calling of my husband to account for a falling off in his care of me. Then he would make me more than ashamed of my doings, and be his own loving self in chasing them away. Ah, Mr. Austin!"—as she broke off pathetic love was shining from her eyes—"the devotion of the lover is so sweet, so *dangerous*

in its wondrous surprise, to the girl who is suddenly raised from being a mere ordinary mortal to a pinnacle of dizzy elevation by the worship she receives, that she becomes blind to everything except that he has found out perfections she is only all too willing to believe are real. This dazzling happiness loses its brightness more or less slowly, and too often sets in gloom, and all because there has been a false start in life. When my dear husband," she continued, looking half sadly into his sympathetic face, "dropped one by one the endearing ways of the lover, and took up all the civil rights of husband, then my hard fight began. Efforts, laughable to me as an old wife, but which as a young untried one, were as very thorns in the flesh, grew irksome from want of appreciation. There was no word of encouraging sympathy, and when, womanlike, I showed the disappointment, not always in the wisest manner, he would chide me for being so foolish as to suppose he could not feel gratification unless he expressed it. Then I would see for a little through his spectacles, and think my nature must be changing. Your sex never know what evil you are doing with your 'silent gratifications' or 'mental appreciations.' If you only expressed a little of it, you would reap a harvest of reward from your loving notice of the little things of life. And this, Mr. Austin, is just what I want every young husband to learn. It is this want of demonstrative love in minor things that makes the wife's tones sharp, brings the lines on the brow, and the hard feeling to her heart.

"Time went on, and cares and duties multiplied. We had fewer mortal battles, but the truce brought neither peace nor joy. I got irritable over things I would have laughed at formerly. But dear, dear," she said, merrily, "such things try the temper and tax the patience, but never give the heartache. It is living day after day, month after month, with a sense of your husband being too busy, too much absorbed in his own interests to be observant of yours, unless recalled to the fact by yourself as you try hopelessly to re-create the bright anticipations the lover had inspired.

"You will laugh at one of my wiles to make my husband come out of himself; but most women weave similar devices, until, wearied with repulse, they sink into the cold, apathetic, or sullen ways we have all known. I determined, as I sat one evening awaiting his return, to try what effect imitating his example might have; so I said to myself, if he is in one of his 'yes' and 'no' moods to-night, I will leave him to enjoy it, and go straight to bed. So when I heard his dear self unfastening the gate, I fled to welcome him with all the love in my heart showing itself in my eyes. Now you must not," said the old lady with a sweetness indescribable, "think I was too hard upon a weary man seeking the home-shelter after his battle with the world, in expecting more than I got. I do not, however, subscribe to the allotted path generally chalked out for men, and must affirm that his work is not a whit harder to him than that of the true woman is to her. So when my old husband, then young and buoyant, came in,

and gave me the privilege of doing all the entertaining, I determined to come in for my rightful heritage.

"When he sat drinking his tea, stretching his limbs across the warm, comforting hearth, evidently enjoying to the full his fireside, I made trial of gaining some interest from his day's doings. It was the veriest crumbs of information I could extort, either by direct question or the most insinuating suppositions. I then tried what effect giving my own and the children's doings (for we had two) might have. Most women know the exasperation of retailing these particulars and of having only a 'Yes!' or 'No!' in various keys for response. When all is done they have the mortification of feeling they had not been appearing to the best advantage, and had bored their listener into the bargain. So when my husband took up his book I said carelessly, 'As you seem quite comfortable, I am going to bed.'

"I saw his surprise, and wondered if he would miss me; but to bed with the children I went, and of course punished myself. He only thought I was tired and not in the best of tempers; so that was all the interest the unwonted move had for him.

"There was one verse had a strange interest for me. It was as if my dear Lord understood me and such as me. 'The Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit.' Who but our Father could know the meaning of those words, 'grieved in spirit' and 'a wife of youth' You must think that over, Mr. Austin; it means more than many have supposed.

"The next day that verse rang in my ears, and set me thinking. I was humbled and ashamed of the pettish action of the preceding night, and began to see clearly such ways were unworthy of a wife and mother. That afternoon I spent begging guidance from the pitiful, loving Father who understood 'a woman grieved in spirit.' At night, after the children were in bed, and we sat as usual by the fireside, I—trembling from head to foot, like Esther when going into the presence of Ahasuerus—determined to stake our future happiness on an appeal and stammered out, 'John, will you put aside your book and give me all your attention?'

"Excuse me, my dear wife," said the old man, putting down his pipe and suddenly assuming a gravity and dignity that impressed me strangely. With one hand on her shoulder, the other upraised, he turned impressively to me. "Mr. Austin, will you allow me to tell the rest of my wife's story? I confess that it seemed childish to expect a man to turn himself inside out and change his whole life, for what I failed to see was of any importance. I knew my home was my all on earth, my time given to procure the comforts of it, every hope and thought centred in it. I felt ill used when my wife took me to task in a manner that seemed to suggest I had no right to the title of a good, loving husband. I was touched to the heart, though, to see the pain in her face as I expressed all this. There was no mistaking the fact that she spoke from conviction, and I told her truly I would lay down my life to in-

sure the happiness of herself and our little ones, and promised, as I had so often done before, to try every effort to secure it.

"I am coming out of the battle vanquished as ever," she said. "I cannot get to your vulnerable part. But if you would only treat me as you do your dog I would be content."

"This was going a little too far, and I could not help showing my displeasure, but before I could express it she rose to leave the room. At the door she paused, half wistfully, half reproachfully, and said, 'You may think as badly of me as you will, but love that dog as much as ever you may' (he was lying on the hearth, a splendid Newfoundland I had had before my marriage), 'and never show your love by pattings on the head and by a cheery "good fellow," and then see how much wagging of the tail you will get. He would cease in time to notice you any more than another member of the house; and wives may also grow hard and indifferent for want of the little loving demonstration that would save them.'

"Sir," he continued, with impassioned fervor, "I never felt more angry with a fellow-creature in all my life than I did at that moment with my wife. All I had ever read, seen, or heard of the follies and weaknesses of woman played riot through my brain, and in proportion as I thought of myself and brother men, she and her sex grew heartlessly small.

"It was Rover putting his nose into my hand brought me down from my pitying exaltation of self. 'You would never turn from me if you got less notice—we understand each other, and that's enough, isn't it, old fellow?' but even as I said it my sense of security suddenly seemed very frail.

"I thought, Mr. Austin, that night as I never had done before, and to make sure I determined to test what my wife had said. From that night I systematically set myself to overcome habit; first with my dog, and if that proved what was predicted, I determined to make it the business of my life to begin home life afresh.

"I repressed every accustomed show of affection or notice of Rover, and what it cost me I never can tell when I noticed his grieved surprise shining through his beseeching eyes as his barks and bounds brought no response. Not one word did I breathe to the wife; I determined to make my observations free from all comment. For years he had been my daily companion, and I would have given much if he would have stayed now at home instead of going as usual with me to and from business. I felt there was something positively cruel in my conduct to the faithful creature; instead of bounding before me with his joyous bark, and the sobering into a close pressure at my side, he began to lag behind. It went to my very heart to see his cowed manner as he stole to his accustomed place in my office. I often wondered which of us suffered most. He next took to lying nearer my wife, as we sat in our usual places, after the children were in bed. When she would leave off sewing to stroke his head I noticed the response growing from a faint flap of the tail to a decided wag. It took time for all this, but in the end he shunned me; and

one morning he was nowhere to be found as I started for business. That was the longest day of my life. I wanted to get home to think things out and to see what had become of the poor fellow. My wife told me afterward how she hated herself for having spoken as she did, and thought my manner toward the faithful creature was a tacit reproach for her supposed jealousy of him, and so she tried to make up for my neglect by extra attention. I could understand that old Dutchman who could sell his dog, but could not sell the wag of his tail. My dog at the sound of my voice now held his tail tightly out of sight. I had gone far enough, I concluded, with the animal, and now meant to regain my old place in his affections; so, to the utter astonishment of my wife, in my old tone and manner of patting the knee, I called, 'Here, Rover! dear old fellow.' Never tell me dogs are devoid of expressing feeling; as surely as my wife looked her surprise, so did he his, as he slowly rose and stared me in the face, without the slightest wag of the tail or any bounding to me, as I expected. It was my turn at astonishment. No 'Come here, sir!' stern or coaxing, moved him. After surveying me, as if I were a curiosity, he turned to put his head into my wife's lap.

"Like the lightning's flash, my conduct to that dog; his to me, and that of my wife to both, opened a page in the history of my life that was full of horror. I went to my room and locked myself in, and on my knees I thought it all out. If we only thought, O sir! if we only thought, there would be no use for the Divorce Court. I thanked God who had given me a Christian wife, and that her love to Him had kept her heart pure. Many questions forced themselves upon me. I thought if it were possible to go into the history of the ruined lives in the world, how many would be traced to a lack of attentive sympathy toward the wife. There must be something, you cannot but admit, that turns the warm, girlish love into indifference and all other evils. That experiment with my dog seemed full of an awful reality. How many men had acted similarly to their wives—loading them with caresses and every attention when wooing, and afterward leaving the loving nature to fall back upon itself, or, worse still, into the power of another, who takes up the influences laid aside by the husband!

"I feel in my inmost being if every man would but continue his first loving sympathy—which is the need of the woman's nature—his wife would be so much a part of himself that the aspect of married life would soon present a very different phase from what it does at present.

"I will not make much further demands upon your patience," continued the old man; "but I, John Merwyn, went from my room another man. I must own there was a shamefacedness at commencing the part I had mapped out, but when I went back my dear wife gave me interest for the kiss which was to be the harbinger of better times. I do not think I disappointed her; eh, my dear?"

It seemed to me the pleasantest, yet strangest

sight I ever beheld, when the old man put his hand under her chin and looked in her face with his "eh, my dear?" and she, with her eyes glistening with tears, said:

"You got so good, so thoughtful, that my verse had to be changed, and I had to give very earnest, very prayerful heed to the caution of St. John at the end of his first epistle. Since that time we have gone hand in hand, helping yet leaning upon each other; and knowing what it is to be so nearly shipwrecked, you cannot wonder, Mr. Austin, at my trying to prevent others from falling into the like peril."

I was already full of as many new thoughts as I could well bear, and felt thankful when my kind hostess showed me to my room. As I sat at the bright fire, I felt conscious that I was undergoing somewhat of the same experience so graphically described by the old man when under conviction. "Could it be true," I asked myself, "that my Mary missed anything on my part in our home life? Was I ministering to others and starving my other self?" I felt the hot blood mount into my cheeks as I traveled back in thought to our early life, and a woman grieved in spirit seemed to answer at almost every point in it.

I must have sat a long time, for the fire was quite out when I turned into bed. I was feverishly anxious to be home, afraid—yes, I may as well confess the truth—afraid to meet the physicians below who had showed me my disease. After what would have been a most enjoyable breakfast in such company, I was glad to be once more behind my horse, which still limped. This at any other time would have been a matter of concern, for with five children and so many needy ones in my parish, I was not free to be indifferent about expense. But just now I was miserably curious to see if the cause of the growing irritability of my wife, and lack of hearty interest in my plans generally, arose from myself or from the burdens incidental to a wife and mother. She certainly had a laborious time. Night was taxed as well as day. But why did it strike me now for the first time?

Keenly now I noted how listlessly my wife welcomed me. She was kind and thoughtful as ever for my comfort, yet I felt the want of the bright elasticity, the joyousness of spirit, that shone so unmistakably in the old lady I had left. I felt terribly shy in making trial of new ways, but do it I must. So when dinner was over, instead of going, as usual, direct to my study, I took the child from her arms, and began in my new capacity. I felt her surprise without looking, and though my arms ached (I wondered how she ever managed so much of it), would not accept her repeated requests not to tire myself. The dear little woman, she always thought of me, and I took every attention for my comfort as a matter of course! I found myself again and again unconsciously echoing Mr. Mervyn—"We do not think. That is it. We do not think."

I did not feel the least shame in carrying out my determination to emulate the pleasant picture of that courteous old man. If my Mary and I were spared to an old age, what more

could I wish than to be such a true specimen of a Christian gentleman?

The dull monotony of daily life soon began to ripple and murmur with returning life. The hard lines on my wife's brow gradually smoothed, and there was a surprised pleasure hovering on her lips. I greeted every sign with the most intense satisfaction. Never since my courting days had such delightful emotions been called forth; it was like the healthy excitement the hunter experiences in the chase.

We seemed to grow younger; I am sure my wife looked ten years so. And I could have laughed like a schoolboy when I saw the color steal faintly but surely into her cheek, as for the first time I wheeled her chair before the fire.

"Be courteous" now had a different meaning to me. It occurred to me that St. Peter might have put into brackets "except in your own household," judging from the frequent oblivion of the exhortation in the every-day details of many family circles.

I never could put into words the joy mingled with much remorse which I experienced when my wife at last broke through her wondering gladness, as with streaming eyes she asked me one day, "If I were always going to be so good and kind?"

I wanted to solve this human problem, even as my old friend did his canine one, so I asked with a feigned coldness, "Had I ever been other than kind?" (I could not conscientiously apply the other adjective), and was startled out of myself when she almost wildly implored me not to notice her foolish words, fearing lest she had broken the spell by noticing it.

"My darling," she said with such piteous entreaty that I was on the verge of becoming the lover, with every aggravated symptom, but pulled up in time, and was a model of the undemonstrative husband—"oh! do not, for pity's sake, be your old self" (that was a nice home-thrust, if you like). "I could not live and bear the old time again. You have been lately just what—I used to sit and picture many a time before I was your wife. Yes, yes, dear, you were ever kind; but bear with me, just this once. I really thought I was a sober, settled matron, and am surprised to find myself with all the feelings of the girl awakened; but it is the result of your loving consideration of late, and that is so precious—so—so—I do not know what to say," she broke off with a great sob; "but do not take it from me. The work, the care of the children, dearly as I love them, taxes my nerves and temper at times almost beyond endurance, but since you became so—so—" (she stammered fearfully in expressing herself) "so sympathetic, I wonder what has become of the burden. I feel" (another pause) "so glad—some that I could positively do double the amount of labor when you look so cheery, and just say as if you really felt it, 'Mary, you must be tired.' My heart positively leaps—do not laugh at me—it does, and I feel as if"—(a stammer here of the most prolonged description, and then it came forth with the force of a bomb-shell)—"as if I could never do battle enough while you are so mindful of me."

Mr. Mervyn did not feel more astonished when his dog turned from him to his wife than I did when mine fini-hed up with such an outburst of feeling. From that time we made it part of the business of our lives to show and express love and sympathy in the "little things" of daily life, and not to be content with merely feeling them.

But not at my own hearth was this resurrection of happiness to stop. I hungered to impart it to others; and now, instead of thinking alone in my study about my people, my mind and desires were imparted to my wife, who astonished me with the practical interest she evinced.

I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER a fair, sweet day, full of mellow sunshine—not thin and pale—but the warm, red gold, such as burns under the crystal-blue skies of childhood—a day when the winds come tenderly and sweetly with far-away music, as of angels sounding their harps and viols; when all the happy birds sing over and over again a lullaby of joy, such as beautiful mothers sing when the glad darlings in their arms drift into dreamland's rare surprises; a day when the blissful fields stretched out and away o'er undulating sea, where snowy and emerald waves were flashing in the sun as they kept time to the swaying of unseen wands, and the butterflies, like fairy ships, sailed heavenward with music in their winged oars; sunny mists slept far off golden between earth and sky; each tree flung out its thousand tiny banners to the life-giving kiss of June, for June, that perfect jewel of the year, filled all the wonderful world with her gracious and beautiful presence. Do you remember such days as this? They may not come now, but the mystic realm of childhood holds them in all their glory. There are many such days, that have not a cloud to dim their shining, not a sorrow to mar their completeness, and with no thought of the morrow brooding, shadow-like, in the sky. Thanks to the All-Father, we have all seen such days, when we knew not the sound of farewells and felt not the shadow of death. O halcyon days! when a tiny hand, small as our own, lay warm in our clasping, and out from the rich dark hair shone a precious face. But we saw not the light of Heaven upon it; we only knew that two little girls were glad and happy in God's lovely world.

But when autumn came, and each leaf tremblingly let go its clinging hold and fell in the careless wind and the flowers seemed so sorry and pitiful and the dear birds had flown away to sing and build in summer lands, then it was the dreamy twilight eyes took to themselves a far-off look, and they grew more heavenly and holy, as though they gazed upon the face of One who said: "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And soon but one little child walked about under the same sky and upon the same earth.

Years have flown away, but the glory has never quite returned; for something went out in tears and loneliness, a shadow fell over the

glad world, making mists that have never quite rolled away.

Thus it is we come some sad day to find the gates of childhood's land have noiselessly closed behind us and we have lost the glory that crowns the enchanted realm. We come to a time when earth is earth, with the fairies all stricken out; when the sky is sky, not a lovely blue dome sparkling with gems and supported by glistening columns of precious stones far off at the poles. We come to days that rest in the shadow of yesterday and reach out to the dusk of to-morrow. Yet the dear Lord, our Heavenly Father, will lead us, if we but trust in Him, and give us at all times to drink of the river of peace, that we may ever rejoice in His love. Though we have lost childhood's wonderful secret of living without a sense of past, present, or coming pain, yet, after all, we have not lost all its glory, for its warmth and light shines forever, reaching, in level, golden bars, on and away, a gleaming path to the gates of pearl and to the home and city of God.

HOW TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

READER, do you make home happy? Results too great to be reckoned on earth depend upon your smile. We cannot always dance with joy, but there are pearls lying at the bottom of our hearts, which only sorrow, as she dives down into the cold depths, can bring out into the sunlight of God's love. Sorrow should only sweeten the smile. Don't stand still and let a whole swarm of blues light upon you. Run away from them, and if they follow, whistle and you'll charm them all. Blues are contagious. You can give them to a whole family.

Father, don't bring a whole knapsack of cares home with you every night. Leave them at your office; they will not be stolen. Nobody wants them. Get acquainted with your family. There's more genius in them than you think. Perhaps in the hurry of business and greed for gold you forget those diamonds given by Him whose wealth is boundless. Are you keeping them safe for paradise? There is nothing sadder than to hear a father wish that his son would not follow in his footsteps. No better advice can be given a father than that he walk in a path that will lead his son to glory—that earthly glory made brighter by God's smile. Be merry at home. Your solemn words of warning will then have double weight. Spend your evenings at home. Make home attractive for your boys. Let music and rippling laughter fill the house. Your children will carry the refreshing echo through all life's after toils. When evening draws her misty veil do not forget to gather around the hearth in solemn prayer.

The poets sing of thee, mother. What a sculptor thou art! What beautiful characters depend upon thy chisel! So many mothers mistake their mission! they think it is abroad, not at home. Your children need your gentle voice every golden moment. Correction is not all of training. If you guide them out of a

wrong path, they will surely stray into another, unless you take their little hands and lead them in the narrow way. The little sermons you might daily preach are more beautiful to God than the grandest pulpit oratory. Let your children have all the innocent fun they want and be happy yourself. Don't let them see you with a long face all day long. Let them remember your smiles and not your frowns. Memory bears no sweeter thought than that of

a faithful, loving mother. You helped to build the monuments of fame. When the cold world frowns and life's hopes have vanished, or when the trumpet of glory sounds in our ears, how peaceful and tranquil o'er the hills of by-gone days float the thoughts of "Home, Sweet Home," and a mother's smile.

In our next we will show how much children have to do with making home happy.

FLORENCE EMILY.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned
again,

'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright
forms,

Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mold
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored
wings

Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope
throws

Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows
throw,

And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE OLD-FASHIONED DIVORCE.

IN the old-fashioned days and primitive ways,
When a loving young couple were married
They started out poor from the girl's home-door,
And scant was the luggage they carried—
A bed and some chairs—splint bottomed at that—
A bake-pan to sit on the coals,
A long-handled frying-pan, tea-kettle, too,
And they thought themselves happy, dear
souls!

A big chest full of blankets, coverlets, too.

Ah! the girls of those days they could spin;
They made towels, sheets, tablecloths out of
flax

And had health such as industry wins.
A pillow-case full of the stockings they knit,
A big wheel, a flax-wheel and looms;
If the father was able, a round, cherry table,
A churn, and some home-made splint brooms.

Attached to the cart by a new flax rope,
The cow she had raised from a calf;
Some sheep followed on; of horses not one.
Such a wife was a man's better half.
A Bible, a hymn-book, an almanac, too—
Some women were weather-wise then—
True helpmeets, indeed, in man's hour of need,
Though seldom they handled a pen.

A short gown and petticoat—every-day wear—
Linsey-woolsey dyed dark brown or blue;
Checked aprons so neat the outfit complete
When we add the low country-made shoe.
One thing was essential to housewifely art—
To such art did all maids aspire—
Near the cupboard was stored a johnny-cake
board

To bake cakes on before the great fire.

The years rolled away and children at play
Enlivened the hearthstone of home;
And unless it was election or town-meeting
day,
Men had little occasion to roam;
But sometimes, perhaps, in a world of mishaps
Dissensions arose and disgrace;
Then the hearth-fire burned low—a sure token
of woe—
And that house was a sorrowful place.

Then the woman went back on a desolate
track,

With her part of the goods safely stored,
And the comment was then among gossiping
men:

"She's gone back with her johnny-cake
board!"

Divorces unknown, one refuge alone
Some rest to her sore heart restored—
When things went too bad for a wife grieved
and sad,

She went home with the johnny-cake board.

—The Patron.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE VALUE OF SUNSHINE.

"**W**HAT a horrible glare! The sun will take all the color out of the carpet;" and such like remarks, issue daily from the lips of thrifty housewives in summer. The value of sunlight is but little understood, and yet its advantages are apparent everywhere. Note the pale cheeks of the town-bred child which passes more than half its existence in the house, and which, when out-of-doors, the sun usually reaches through a veil-like cloud of smoke. Note, again, a geranium grown in a dimly lighted cellar. Its leaves will be pale, if not almost white, for lack of sunlight, and it will look only what it is—a weakly, sickly plant. Transplant child and geranium into the country—roses bloom at the end of a few weeks on the cheeks of one, flowers and green leaves appear on the other. But sunlight does more than give rosy cheeks and health; it absolutely prevents disease in many cases; for, if given time enough, it kills the germs of the air which produce putrefaction. It seems to be a wonderful provision of nature that the putrefaction which is often caused by the heat of the sun, can be prevented, or even stopped, after it has commenced, by exposure of the putrefying substance to direct sunlight. This fact is evidenced in sun-dried meat or fish. If the meat or fish, instead of being hung in the sun, were placed, subject to a similar heat, in the shade, it would quickly become tainted. It is clear, therefore, that the light has as important an influence in the operation as the heat. The latter dries up the juices; the former prevents putrefaction; for in sunlight the germs which bring about that state cannot continue to live.

Many experiments have been attempted to determine the effect of sunlight on germs; but the results have been anything but satisfactory, being rather mystifying than otherwise. A French savant, M. Duclaux, has, however, recently conducted certain experiments on the ordinary germs of the air that produce putrefaction, with some definite and therefore gratifying results. The experiments, though no doubt difficult to carry out, were very simple in their nature, and are quite within the comprehension of the ordinary reader.

M. Duclaux commenced by cultivating the microbes which are chiefly responsible for the "turning" of milk, because a microbe that can break down a substance such as milk would, generally speaking, be very similar to the disease germ that breaks down the tissues of the body. At the germ-forming period, he introduced some into each of a number of carefully sterilized flasks. The flasks he then stopped with wool, so that the air, but no fresh germs, could enter. The various flasks were then treated in different ways. Some were exposed to sunlight; others were kept in ordinary light—that is, not in the sun; others, again, were

kept in an ordinary light, but in a temperature equal to sun-heat. The results proved the great value of sunlight. The milk in the flasks which were exposed to heat only turned putrid almost immediately—that is to say, the germs preserved their vitality. (It had been ascertained that for three years the germs could be exposed to a tropical heat provided there was no direct sunlight, without harm to them.) The results were very different with regard to the flasks exposed to the sunlight. In these, it was found that after a month the power of putrefaction of the germs decidedly diminished, and that their vitality was lowered. After two months' exposure the noxious germs were destroyed in two out of five flasks. There the experiments stopped. It is probable, if not certain, that different varieties of germs require different periods of exposure to sunlight to be killed.

These scientific experiments are valuable as showing *how* mankind is benefited by sunlight. That mankind is so benefited has been acknowledged for ages by thoughtful persons, though the extent of those benefits are not so generally known or appreciated as they ought to be. Except in the hottest summer weather, sunlight should be admitted freely into houses, and never, even on the plea that otherwise the sun will put out the fire, should blinds be pulled wholly or partially down in winter. It should at the same time be borne in mind that in hygiene, fresh air ranks equal to sunlight in importance. "Live on the sunny side of the street, for there the doctor never comes," is a proverb which should never be forgotten, and is the outcome, not of scientific experiments, but of the experience of generations.

THE HOME CLUB.

MEETING AT MRS. WOOD'S.

Mrs. Greyson.—A good many times this winter I have made a Lancashire pie which we all think very good. I find it a very nice dish for cold weather. Several times, when Mr. Greyson and the boys have had a long, cold drive, I have made it for supper. It can be all prepared while finishing up the morning work, so that there is nothing to do but set it in the oven in time to bake for supper.

Trim all the gristle and the most of the fat off of the cold meat on hand. Several kinds of meat can be used, and cold liver or cold ham or bacon is an addition. Chop the meat very fine; season with pepper and salt as you would for hash; spread a layer of bits of stale bread moistened in boiling water over the bottom of a deep, earthen baking-dish or pan; next add a layer of the chopped meat, then a layer of hot potatoes, mashed and seasoned as if for the table; add alternate layers of meat and potatoes (but no more bread) until the dish is well

filled; put a layer of potatoes on top; set in the oven until cooked through and nicely browned on top. If the meat seems very dry, moisten it by sprinkling a little hot water or gravy over each layer.

Mrs. Wilton.—I have lately found it necessary two or three times to make a chicken-pie the day before it was to be eaten, and was glad to discover that they were fully as good as when made the same day. I do not bake them quite done, then, half an hour before dinner-time, I set them in the oven and finish baking them.

I have prepared them so several times on Saturday for Sunday dinner.

Mrs. Steel.—Please give your recipe for chicken-pie?

Mrs. Wilton.—I line a deep pan with crust made as for an ordinary pie, only not quite so rich. The chicken is cut into small pieces and stewed until tender, then placed in the pan, with a few potatoes cut in halves, if large, or left whole if small. I sprinkle a little pepper over the top, pour in the soup in which the chicken was cut, add a few bits of butter, and place on the upper crust, pinching it and the lower one well together around the edges.

Mrs. Gilbert.—I want to thank Mrs. Hall for her suggestions about pasting up cracks around windows. It was so late when we moved last fall that I did not get things fixed as well as I would have liked. And not knowing much about the house, I could not tell that windows which seemed to fit tightly would prove to have cracks enough about them to let in too much cold wind for comfort. I believe in a great amount of fresh air, but I want to have the regulating of its admission myself, and while it is fully as necessary to ventilate our rooms in cold weather as in warm, a constant current of air is not conducive either to health or happiness, and causes a perceptible increase in the coal-bill. Another winter we will have double windows on the north and west sides. For this winter I covered the cracks of such windows as I would not need to raise with white paper, cut in strips and pasted on with boiled flour paste. At the windows which must be frequently raised, I stopped the cracks to a great extent by laying a strip of folded newspaper in the frame between it and the sash, making the paper as thick as I could to still let the sash slip up and down.

Mrs. Dawson.—There are weather strips for tacking on doors which can be bought for a few cents a foot. I have used them and found them very nice.

Mrs. Sloan.—I saw a convenient button bag the other day. I had seen bags the same shape before, but I had never thought of putting them to that use. The one I saw was of dark red creton; it was in one piece, cut circular, twelve inches in diameter. It was lined with a light-blue silica, and had button-rings sewed around inside one inch from the edge. A ribbon run through the rings gathered the bag up, and the frill fell back and showed the blue lining. Instead of having to pour out the buttons to look them over, the bag is spread out and there they are.

Mrs. Wood.—I do not have cider to make

vinegar out of, and others situated like myself may like to know how I manage. Toward spring I draw off all the vinegar remaining in the vinegar cask into jugs, and have the cask set in a corner of the store-room or in the kitchen. Into the cask I put, for the beginning, all the "mother" which has formed in the vinegar during the winter, one cupful of sugar and one cupful of vinegar. I cover the bung with a piece of wire netting, and keep a plate turned over it when any sweeping or dusty work is going on. Whenever I have any apple parings or fruit which has soured in the cans, I pour water over them, simmer them over the fire a little while, then let them stand in a stone jar until the next morning, or whenever it is convenient for me to attend to them, when I strain off the juice and add it to the contents of the cask. I rinse out all fruit cans to get what juice is left in them, and add all such juice as is left from fruit prepared for the table. During the summer, when putting up fruit and making jelly, I treat the peelings, skins, stones, and pulp as I did the apple parings. It takes but a few minutes' work at a time, and I soon have a cask full of good vinegar; the article is pure and excellent for table use, and will keep pickles as well as cider vinegar.

RECIPES.

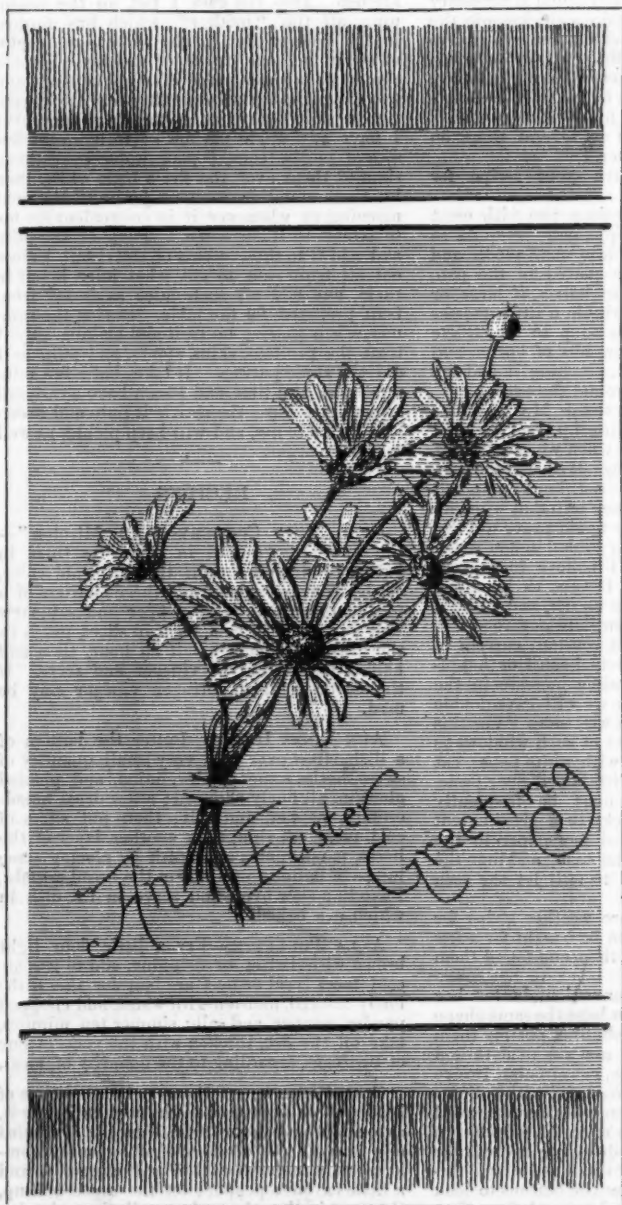
COLD MEAT COOKERY.—"Au Miroton."—Cut two large onions in slices, fry them in butter or dripping until they are gold color, dredge flour over them, add three-quarters of a pint of broth and some pepper and salt, stew half an hour; cut cold meat in slices, put it in the gravy, stew gently half an hour, then add half a teaspoonful of vinegar and serve. If the flavor is liked, tarragon vinegar may be used.

AUX FINES HERBS.—Butter the bottom of a dish, strew over it a very small quantity of sweet herbs, some parsley, onion, and pickled gherkin, all finely chopped; a few dried bread-crumbs, pepper, and salt; then put slices of cold meat, cut thin, then another layer of the herbs, parsley, etc., and finish by placing some lumps of butter on the top of the bread-crumbs. Bake in a slow oven and serve in the dish in which it is baked.

A LA POULETTE.—Fry a little flour light brown with butter or dripping, add to it some cold meat (veal or beef are best for this dish) finely minced, moisten with water, add chopped parsley, pepper, and salt; simmer ten minutes, take off the fire, thicken with the yolks of one or two eggs, according to the quantity of meat.

COLD SALMON, TO DRESS.—Put an ounce of butter into a saucepan, sift in, while stirring it, as much flour as it will take, then stir in a third of a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of mushroom-ketchup, a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, and a little cayenne pepper; let the sauce boil up, then put in the salmon in small pieces, having removed the skin and bones; keep hot for two or three minutes and then serve.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.



EASTER CARD.

EASTER CARD.—A very artistic Easter card can be made at home by any one who can paint out of a piece of light blue satin ribbon three and a half inches wide and seven and a half long and a piece of rough, water-color paper a half an inch larger all around. Two slits are cut in it for the ribbon to be slipped underneath and held in place.

A bunch of daisies is painted on the ribbon and the ends fringed out. The ribbon can be used in the same manner on the outside of a sheet of linen writing-paper, using the inside for verses or an Easter letter.

JEWEL-STAND MADE OF A POTATO-MASHER.—A common potato-masher, valued at five cents, can be converted into a very pretty little jewel-stand for the dressing-table with very little trouble and expense.

A pair, trimmed handsomely to match the cushion, can be substituted for toilet-bottles, and will be found very useful for jewelry that is worn every day—watch keys, glove-buttoners, etc.

To make one, select a nice, smooth masher, screw eight brass knobs in the handle, as seen in the illustration (they can be found at a hardware store for a cent each). Cut a round piece of pasteboard a trifle larger than the bottom, baste a couple of layers of cotton on this with sachet-powder spread between them, cover it on one side with silk. Cut a piece of plush the depth of the lower part, allowing for seam, and

wide enough to fit snugly around it, overhand this on the bottom, sew it together on the back, slip the masher in, and gather it around the top. Gild the handle. A frill of lace is sewed around the neck, and a bow of satin ribbon placed on one side. The flowers can be painted, embroidered, or appliqued on.

NEW MITTENS.—The following is the most novel, and at the same time the simplest, neatest, and best fitting pattern for mittens that the writer ever saw. About two and a half ounces of knitting silk, or its equivalent in Saxony wool, will be required. The mittens are knit up and down, from finger to wrist, and *vice versa*, on two needles, No. 18 steel. Cast on one hundred stitches, knit one row plain. This row marks a line from end of first finger to wrist. Knit about forty rows, more for a larger hand, less for a smaller, widening one stitch at the finger-end of every alternate row, or until the work is large enough to cover the tip of the middle finger. Narrow at the finger-end of every alternate row for about forty rows more—this brings the work to the side of the little finger. Widen again for forty rows, then narrow as before, for forty rows, until the work is brought around to the first finger again, and the needle contains one hundred stitches. Bind off.

This is the hand part of the mitten. The other is worked in the same way, as there is no right nor left hand, nor right and wrong side, until after the mittens are finished. The thumb-piece is worked separately, as follows:

Cast on three stitches, widen at both ends of every alternate row for about twelve rows. This forms half of the gusset. Then cast on twelve stitches to form the inner outline of the thumb. Continue to knit, widening at both ends of every alternate row for about sixteen rows. Then widen at the ball end, and narrow at the tip-end of the thumb, alternately, for about twelve rows, one or two rows plain. Now narrow at the ball-end and widen at the tip-end of the thumb, alternately, for about twelve rows. Then narrow at both ends, alternately, for about sixteen rows. Bind off twelve stitches, narrow at both ends, alternately, for twelve rows, or until the needle contains three stitches. Bind off.

Sew the mitten up on the wrong side, leaving place in seam for the thumb. Sew up



JEWEL-STAND MADE OF A POTATO-MASHER.

thumb, and insert it in mitten. Off the hand the mitten looks rather ungainly, but drawn on it fits perfectly. Every lady who tries the pattern will be surprised at the union of elegance, simplicity, and ingenuity.

The wrist is knitted separately, like a lace pattern, and sewn on in a scant frill. Any pretty

pattern about an inch and a half wide will answer. A bow of ribbon is added to the back of each wrist, not altogether for ornament, but to distinguish between the right and left hands, between which, in the work, no difference can be perceived.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

FASHION NOTES.

SIMPLICITY seems really to be quite the order of the day for costumes. The materials most employed are fine woolen fabrics, either self-colored or striped in two or more shades; there are few or no draperies. The bustle, though still pretty full, is less exaggerated than recently.

We note several elegant dresses made of French cashmere, in a new and pretty, but not very elaborate, style. There is no combination of materials; the whole costume is of the same fabric. One is a dress of chamois-colored cashmere. Over a plain underskirt falls a second skirt a few inches shorter, plaited from the waist, but remaining open in front so as show the plain underskirt; the plain bodice is made jersey fashion, without any seam in front; a sort of fichu of the same material is draped over it and crossed over the chest; the sleeves are rather wide as far as the elbow, and perfectly tight from the elbow down to the wrist; the neck is finished by a high standing up collar.

Another costume is sorrel-green cashmere; the underskirt is plaited in flat plaits; the upperskirt is draped loosely over it, crossed over at the side and fastened with a gimp cord, prettily twisted and finished with tassels. The bodice opens with revers over a plaited plastron, but all is of the same fabric. An ornament of gimp cord forms a pretty finish to the revers. Turned-up collar, edged with gimp, as well as the sleeves, which are quite tight and plain.

This style of plain sleeve is still the most in vogue, though some attempts have been made to introduce new shapes. The heavy style of epaulet which was fashionable a few weeks since is now no longer seen. Some few models have sleeves slightly puffed in the upper part and quite tight in the lower.

The newest costumes are frequently made with a plain or plaited underskirt, and either an upperskirt or polonaise opening over it in front or at the side.

The bodice is made with deep points or a short basque or else it is peaked in front and continued into one wide, plaited width at the back, forming a sort of polonaise skirt.

Skirt of rose-colored veiling simply gathered over an underskirt of rose-colored surah; the upperskirt is open at the side and slightly looped up with a wide sash of ruby-colored

velvet. The bodice is a short Figaro jacket of rose-colored brocaded silk, opening with revers of ruby velvet over a plastron of plaited rose-colored surah. The sleeves, of rose-colored brocade, are finished at the elbow with ruby-velvet revers. Dog's collar of ruby velvet fastened at the side with a spray of roses. Gloves of cream-colored, unglazed kid reaching up to the sleeves. White rice straw hat lined with ruby-colored velvet and trimmed outside with a high cluster of monthly roses.

While fashion is incessantly devising new patterns and trimmings for ladies' dress, it is far less changeeful where young girls are concerned, and remains quite stationary when children are in question.

We have no important changes to note in the matter of children's dress. Little girls wear fewer bows and smaller ones; the sash is always put on very low; it is fastened at the side either by a bow of moderate proportions or by a metal buckle.

As soon as children begin to walk they exchange extremely long frocks for extremely short ones; there is no medium. Very young children who scarcely begin to toddle wear the same dress winter and summer—white or light-colored frocks, their under-clothes alone being calculated to protect them from cold. Cashmere, piqué, and sicilienne are the materials generally employed for them.

Up to four years old boys' and girls' dress are exactly the same; the head-gear alone differs. Little girls wear gauged caps, while little boys have some sort of cap or fez.

Both frequently wear the sailor-costume of light serge or jersey cloth; but this costume is, properly speaking, but the same shape of frock trimmed with long revers and a deep collar, with anchors embroidered in the corners.

From five to about eight years old little girls wear frocks gauged two or three times round the neck, and falling into a limp puff over a small plaited flounce which simulates the lower part of the skirt. The sleeve, rather wide, and cut quite straight, is gauged at the wrist; these frocks are made in all sorts of woolen materials. Another style of dress for this age is the plaited skirt and jacket-bodice, not coming down much below the waist and open over a vest or plastron; a wide sash is tied on over the lower edge of the jacket. Sometimes the jacket is shorter than the waist, and is worn over a full chemisette of cashmere or silk.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PORTFOLIO OF RARE AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS. From James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y. Price, \$2.00. This is a fine work, containing six beautiful plates, colored in the highest style of lithography. They comprise "Roses and Pansies," "Passion Flower," "Pitcher Plant," "Cypripedium," "Cattleya," and "Oncidium," the last three being representations of some of the handsomest and rarest orchids known. Any one of the plates would make an admirable art study, as the flowers depicted are so true to nature; they may be profitably copied in pencil, colored crayons, oils, or water-colors. The descriptive letter press forms a generous pamphlet by itself. This comprises a dainty, appreciative description of each plate, made up largely of poetical quotations. The low price at which this portfolio is offered places it within the reach of all, and amateur botanists, artists, art-teachers, and horticulturists, as well as professionals, would do well to possess themselves of copies. This book is also offered as a premium to any one who will send the names of four subscribers to *Vick's Magazine*, every one of whom will receive a copy of the rose and pansy plate, which is the only one sold separately. Price, 35 cents. This plate, however, although it must prove popular on account of its containing old, familiar favorites, is the least attractive of all. The whole volume must be seen to be appreciated.

EVOLUTION AND RELIGION. From the standpoint of one who believes in both. A Lecture delivered at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, by Minot J. Savage, of the Church of the Unity, Boston. Pp. 52. Philadelphia: George H. Buchanan & Co., publishers. One of the most forcible and luminous discourses ever delivered by Mr. Savage, presenting in his own happy manner great ideas for the world to pass its judgment upon. Few men of the age possess such clear insight into the workings of the times as Mr. Savage, and his fearless sweeping away of the misty cobwebs of superstition, while still holding the deepest reverence for the great underlying truths of God and nature, must command the admiration of all. The world is rapidly coming into accord with him when he exclaims, "It is a waste of time to fight over creeds until one has previously investigated the authority on which all creeds rest," and his explanation as to why there should be any conflict between Religion and Science is graphically given in these few words: "It is simply this," he says; "the assumption on the part of finite men that they always possess an infallible knowledge of the infinite." And who among us can deny the truth of this assertion? The manner in which he contrasts the general idea of creation and the new one of evolution is masterly. Of the first he says: "First a blank space, nothing; then a pair of elephants." Then of the second he

breaks forth into what might be termed a hymn of praise: "Not only does God shape the orbit of the farthest star, but He is in the wonder of every grass-blade under our feet, in every light-wave that beats on the shore of vision, in every nerve-thrill, in every pulse-beat, in every brain-motion that accompanies thought, in every heart-throb that answers love with love. Thus Evolution places on a secure and scientific foundation that magnificent saying of Paul, 'In Him we live and move and have our being!'"

GEORGE ELIOT'S TWO MARRIAGES. An essay by Charles Gordon Ames. 34 pp. Philadelphia: Geo. H. Buchanan & Co., publishers. This is the generous defense of a noble-minded man of an action which will always bring to the front an unanswerable doubt. Marian Evans' first union will ever provoke a question in the minds of order-loving, law-abiding people, and from such a standpoint it is to be condemned, and the other side presents itself, the thought obtruding, if, after all, the laws of the land are not answerable for much of the onus cast upon George Eliot's memory. It is an unquestioned fact that had it not been for her union with Mr. Lewes, she would never have developed so fully the wonderful talent lying latent. Undoubtedly his influence on her mental life was that of the sun upon the seed, bringing out in full development and beauty the tree that otherwise would have perished. But the moral weakness of George Eliot was, after all, not so much the fact of her connection with Mr. Lewes as that of not being strong enough to renounce him. To the parties most closely concerned, no shadow of wrong cast its pollution between and over them, for they were century-plants, who were above the limits of the law, but inasmuch as they were potent influences for good and evil, and example is so strong in life, they, for the sake of the society before whom they stood out so boldly, should have been strong enough to have set an example not only of genius, but of moral strength, that by their precedent no other man should fall. In regard to Marian Evans' second marriage, we do not agree so well with Mr. Ames in his excuses; for even granting the sick and weary and sorrow-stricken heart, bearing its heavy sense of loss and comforted by the friendly offices of Mr. Cross, it is a strange, nay, almost indelicate, weakness that will so soon take another into the sacred relationship of husband. The fact of George Eliot's second marriage is one of the most serious things that can cast a shadow over her first alliance. This essay will prove valuable reading to those interested in the life and works of this truly remarkable woman.

THE DAWNING. Anonymous. One vol., pp. 382, cloth. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.,

Philadelphia. Price, \$1.50. This work is evidently the production of a thinking and observant mind on the right track, but liable to fall into the error of many would-be reformers—that of attempting too much, and, in consequence, failing to achieve the best result in any one especial direction. There is matter enough and food for thought in this book to furnish material for at least two or three others, and the crude manner in which all this raw material is left raises the question if whether, after all, the writer is more than an iconoclast, who does not present any new gods in the place of those he destroys. True, there are many and vexed questions to settle in this transition period, but the problems presented in *The Dawning* are by no means new, for all thinking minds of the age travel in spirit over just such enigmas as are presented by this unnamed author, who, earnest as he is, need scarcely have shielded himself under the Anonymous. Why does he not come forward and join the advance guard of those who indeed hope and look for the break of a better day, for the world needs the aid of every earnest thinker and truly honest man. As a novel, the book is not so successful, the style being stiff and monotonous, but there is enough of interest in the life histories of the *dramatis personæ* to cause a feeling of gratification at the pleasant termination. *The Dawning* is a book that may, nay, possibly will, serve a good purpose in presenting a starting-point for thought, and, therefore, will fill its place in the work of the literature of the present day.

A LONELY WAIF: a Story for Mothers of Home and School Life. By Ellen E. Kenyon. 12mo, extra cloth. Price, \$1.00. New York: Fowler & Wells, publishers. A pleasant picture of the middle-class life of a large city, treating extensively of the public-school system in its actual workings and painting with good judgment the fallacious habit of "cramming," too much in vogue at the present day. The individualities are well defined and rarely overdrawn, the story in itself being bright and readable and possesses the force of an actual experience in the lives it takes up.

We acknowledge the receipt of the first four volumes of "CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY," edited by Professor Mosely, comprising, respectively: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "My Ten Years' Confinement," by Silvio Pellico; the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," and "The Complete Angler." Paper cover. Price, 10 cents. New York: Cassell & Co., publishers. For sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.—These little books are an admirable departure in the line of cheap and good literature, and if they and the similar ones in press and soon to be issued are intended to appeal to an educated class of readers who cannot afford the more expensive editions, they serve their purpose most admirably; but, on the other hand, undoubtedly such people, if they wish to read, will find their literature, even if obliged to pay for it a somewhat higher price. If Cassell & Co. would issue in this shape a more popular style of literature—Scott's and Cooper's novels, Dickens, Longfellow, popular histories and biographies—they would be more apt to raise the whole plane of reading. Only a cultured taste would read *The Man of Feeling*, *Selected Philosophical Writings of Lord Bolingbroke*, etc., but the class most desirable to reach through cheap books are the young and uncultured minds of the land, who, wide-awake as they are, will devour any and everything for mental food, and whose taste in reading is directed in most cases by the extent of their pocket. This edition is in good, cheap paper and type, and most creditable to those issuing it, but it would be gratifying to see in their list more appeal to a different class of readers, and which would open a wider field for these excellent publications to exert their influence.

THE POMFRET MYSTERY. A Thrilling Detective Story and a Novel of Incident. By Arthur Dudley Vinton. 12mo; pp 200; paper cover; 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co., publishers. 31 Rose Street.

ROSE AND ELIZA. Songs and Stories of Bygone Days in Fayette County and Elsewhere. By E. C—. Pp. 596, cloth. Price, \$1.75. New York: Edward O. Jenkins' Sons.

THE RAMBLER.

THE disgraceful scenes enacted in the Ohio Senate Chamber during January last should call a blush to the cheek of every self-respecting American. It is, indeed, a sorry sight, when the so called rulers of the foremost nation in the world show themselves incapable of even ruling one man, and that one the individual unit. What confidence can a people have in men as a body who individually have shown themselves so lost to all sense of dignity, self-respect, and decency in the indulgence to the utmost of their private and personal hostility in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol of a State large enough to be called a country in itself?

Standing out in clear silhouette against the national horizon, our lawgivers appear before the eyes of the public, by whose voice alone they have been placed in such a position of trust; and if a nation would be a leader among nations, she will never do it by the slightest deviation from the right, but by wise laws and an honest use of all means to further their effect. If, therefore, those persons of her choice prove unable to govern themselves, how shall her people have any confidence that they can govern any one else? What an utter absurdity would it be for a man who never painted a picture to enter a pledge to produce for another

a work of art as perfect as that of an artist who has made his art a life-long study and a success! Such a man would be held up to universal ridicule, and, above all, who would trust to his sound judgment in anything? It is a precisely similar case to those men in authority, who are singled out from among other men by the voice of the people, and who, after pledging themselves to wise administration of restraining and decisive measures, allow their passions so much the mastery that they present a bloodthirsty, degrading scene of unbridled license in the walls of a building built expressly to uphold the dignity and justice of the Law. What a spectacle for the youth of the land to look to for an example! What will our boys become with such a precedent? Let those who would govern others look to it that they learn first the rudimental lesson toward that end, that of self-government, for if you wish a fair and wholesome tree, the root itself must possess both qualities.

* *

The ramblings of an inquiring spirit amid lanes and byways of the journalistic life of a great city is not always of a savory kind, instancing which comes forcibly to mind at the present time the official report of a certain school inspector regarding the sanitary condition of many of our public school-houses. In a report on a very limited section, no less than twenty school-houses are placed under the ban for various reasons. One is reported in such a condition from bad location and defective drainage as to render it unwise to expend any money on its improvement, and it is therefore recommended that the building should be abandoned. Another has "air for distribution from the heaters to the close rooms supplied from the cellar, out of which a drain-pipe is laid to the sewer. *This pipe is imperfectly trapped, and has a grate opening in the cellar floor, through which sewer gas is discharged and conveyed to the class-rooms through the heaters.*" Another is not "free from the poison of coal gas from defective flues," to say nothing of "insufficient heat, defective furnace, discharge of coal-gas in the class-rooms, *inadequate light, and foul drainage,*" which comprises the complaint in another case, together with innumerable instances of a bad condition of the out-houses; and so on through the whole ghastly list. Reader, this is a fact in figures, and figures are noted for their truth-telling proclivities. How tenderly do we rear a young plant, placing it where only the winds best suited to its growth will be likely to visit it, giving it a full quota of sunshine, but at the same time carefully shielding it from scorching heat or droughts; yet our little human plants, that are entirely dependent upon our wisdom and care, are sent day after day to imbibe into their systems this dreadful sanitary influence. In many instances teachers are obliged to open the windows in self defense against the close atmosphere, and then those children nearest the open window are the recipients of the icy winter wind, carrying home with them the germs of many a serious disease. There surely must be enough of danger to health, where so many human

beings are brought into such limited quarters, by the mere fact of overcrowding, without taking a thousand extra risks that may readily be avoided. "A word to the wise is sufficient," and the sanitary condition of our school-houses cannot be too closely watched if we wish the next generation to become the strong, well-developed individuals, intellectually as well as physically, of whom the world stands so greatly in need. He was a wise man who said, "there can be no development without conditions," and conditions such as enumerated above cannot fail in the dual task of dwarfing and stupefying both mind and body, and that permanently.

* *

A most refreshing incident comes to us over the wires, causing a general smile of satisfaction to pervade our editorial presence. That Chicago church, in censuring one of its members for "general cantankerousness," gave a good, square blow from the shoulder at that dogged, contrary creature of which most communities can boast. Who does not recall one or more of his acquaintance who descends in a veritable wet blanket fashion with his lugubrious sentence of "I object" to all and every project advanced. Uncomfortable is he as a bed of nettles in every social gathering and church fair, irritating nervous members until they are scarcely left to the possession of their sober senses, and bringing down the anathema marenatha of every jovial-minded saint and sinner in the congregation. We thank that Chicago church for giving us the term "general cantankerousness," which, Chinese-like, contains in two words a world of meaning, it only being excelled in expressiveness by that of "pure cussedness," the meaning of which is best set forth in that charming little verse of Dr. Watts, of pious memory, in which

"Dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to,"

the barking and biting in the case of the human animal being exemplified by these two delightfully applicable terms. The tongue, indeed, appears to be an unruly member throughout the land; for as from the West comes the plain calling "a spade's a spade," so from the East, that State of wooden nutmegs and tireless industry, Connecticut, is wafted the news of a "Tongue Guard," an organization formed by the young women of a certain town in that State. Imagine the state of things when every woman is bound to stop in the midst of some interesting bit of scandal and drop a penny into a certain box to be devoted to the benefit of the poor of the town! Just how much truth there may be in this story we cannot vouch for, but at all events the thought presented is truly edifying, and as women are greatly in the majority in that section, the effect will be worth satisfactory contemplation. Why, the very echoes will note the difference, and the rags of character that would otherwise have been sacrificed will be still left to make use of as a partial raiment for semi-respectability, and will prove a fortune to those left in possession of them. The example of such heroic self-denial is ex-

FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1886:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE No. 1.— LADIES' COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 1.—This illustrates a Ladies' costume. The pattern, which is No. 847, and costs 40 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

Some very diversified results may be easily achieved in this costume, one in striking contrast with the original mode being here illustrated. Velvet and satin Rhadamases are the materials united in its construction, a plaiting of the Rhadamases turned down over its seaming forming the edge finish for the skirt, which is shaped in the four-gored style. In this instance the center-front drapery is omitted, and the front-gore is made of velvet and decorated with bead-passementerie ornaments. The side-draperies extend to the foot trimming, and are draped by three pair of plaits in their back edges and three short rows of shirring near the front edges, which are underfaced with velvet and caught back below each shirring. The back-drapery falls not quite to the edge of the skirt, and is draped in butterfly fashion on the basque body and rendered very bouffant by deep, downward-turning plaits high up in its front edges.



FIGURE No. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.

In the original the basque shows a pointed V-shaped vest that is inserted in Breton fashion, the vest being arranged upon a smooth-fitting foundation; but in the present instance the plaited portion is omitted altogether and the foundation only is used, forming a plain vest that is cut from velvet and very effectively elaborated with the leaf and drop portions of the bead-passementerie ornaments.

The basque is deeply pointed in front, arched high over the hips and handsomely fitted by double bust darts, under-arm and side-back gores and a suitably curved center seam. The high-standing collar is decorated with the floral portion of the ornaments, and upholds a ruff of tulle at the neck. A wired rolling collar of velvet passes across the back and down the edges of the fronts to the bust, its edges being bordered with a row of bead drop-trimming which is continued down the edges of the fronts. The sleeves have the wrists reversed in narrow cuffs that flare at the back and are faced with velvet, the floral portion of a bead ornament being fastened above each cuff near the back of the wrist.



862

Front View.



862

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 862.—Plain dress goods were chosen for the development of this jaunty little costume. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



863

Front View.



863

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 863.—This little costume is here shown developed in cashmere, with lace, braid, buttons and ribbon for garnitures. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



819

Front View.

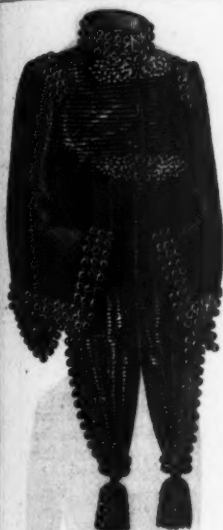
LADIES' LAWN-TENNIS COSTUME.

No. 819.—This costume is pictured as made of dark-blue cloth, with white braid for garniture. The mode is stylish for the development of flannels, home-spuns and all kinds of woolen dress goods. If a combination of fabrics be desired, the skirt may be of the darker or contrasting material. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches bust measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, will require $20\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $12\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of lining 27 inches wide for the vest. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



819

Back View.



855

Front View.



839

MISSSES' JACKET.

No. 839.—This jaunty pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment of one material for a miss of 12 years, needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, each with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the vest lining. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



855

Back View.

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 855.—Plain velvet and silk are combined in this wrap, with *passementerie* for garniture. All kinds of plain and fancy cloths, grenadines, bead-embroidered nets, etc., will make up well by this mode. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of silk and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of velvet, each 20 inches wide. Of one material, it will need $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard either 48 or 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 835.—Fancy checked suiting was used for this walking skirt, with a box-plaiting of the same and machine-stitching for decorations. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and may be employed for dress goods of all seasonable varieties. The edges may be completed with plain or fancy braids in rows or designs, or with embroidery, lace or velvet



835

Right Side-Front View.



835

Left Side-Back View.

appliqués, etc., with stylish and attractive results. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, requires $15\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $7\frac{3}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



861

Front View.



861

Back View.

GIRLS' JACKET.

No. 861.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age, and may be chosen for any variety of fashionable cloth. To make the garment for a girl of 8 years, requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



FIGURE NO. 2.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 2.—This illustrates Girls' costume No. 820. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and may be chosen for flannels, cashmere, serges, pongoes and all kinds of soft woolsens, Summer silks, etc. For a girl of 8 years, it needs $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of silk 20 inches wide for the puff, etc., and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of lining 27 inches wide for the under-fronts. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 850.—Plain and fancy dress goods are united in the basque here represented, with beads for garniture. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Woolen and cotton dress goods of all varieties may be made up in this way, with very pretty effect. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide, each with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting goods 22 inches wide for the vest, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



863

Front View.



863

Back View.

MISSES' BASQUE.

No. 863.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and is adapted to all fashionable dress goods. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



850

Front View.



850

Back View.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.

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